SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT INDIA

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SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT INDIA

A STUDY IN THE COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF INDIAN CULTURE

by

JOHANN JAKOB MEYER

VOLUME TWO

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
1930

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS, LTD., HERTFORD.

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SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT INDIA

X

Love

IN the artificial poetry, and the text-books of poetry and those of love, as oftentimes elsewhere, the hetæra is sung of as queen in the land of love. In spite of her unmistakable importance for Indian eroticism of the Epic world, however, it would be wrong to give her such a place here, too. She is there simply an article of necessity. And if Indian literature along with those fairly numerous songs of praise for the "circulating beauties" is filled with the most splendid love stories and descriptions of the passion of sex—the glowingly sensual and the sweetly tender—the Epic in particular yields a very great number of pleasing flowers of this same kind. And these flowers have also a charm which is at least somewhat rare, in that they do not wither and die on some wild heath, but go on blooming in the garden of wedlock, and in it first reveal the full depths of their glowing colours, and their innermost, strongest perfumes. Who does not know Damayantī and Sāvitrī! And Kālidāsa's Çakuntalā, however much she has won under the loving care of this favoured one of the god, comes originally likewise from the primeval forest of the Mahābhārata. Further examples of the mighty love of woman will be discussed in the chapter on the Wife. A long list of gods, holy men, and kings who loved their wives, and led a life of joy with them is found in v, 197.8 ff. For the Epic, too, the union between husband and wife is a picture of the tenderest human union (e.g. xii, 319.10). See, too, especially xii, 301.37–39 (the separation between man and wife is one of the most dreadful things).

The woman in Old India, as throughout the world, has far greater gifts for love than the man, that is, taking love in its nobler meaning, for that feeling which fills the whole being, is steadfast and faithful, grows ever deeper, and is strongly

mingled with altruistic elements.[1] But that the man, too, in the Epic is capable of a like feeling and of much romantic love is over and over again to be seen.

Romance such as this lies already before us in the earlier mentioned tale of Satyavatī, the fisherman's daughter, and King Çāntanu. For forty years he shuns women and women's love (ratim aprāpnuvan strīshu), after his dearly loved wife Gaṅgā has vanished from his eyes, and when he then finds the gloriously beautiful, wondrous-scented fisher's maid and ferry-girl, his passion for her blazes up so fiercely that he at once woos her, and becomes quite ill and wretched because it seems as though he cannot get her (i, 100.20 ff.). Still finer rings the tale of Tapatī and Saṃvaraṇa (i, 171.6 ff.).

" He that up in the sky fills the air with brightness by his disk, the sun god, had a daughter by name Tapatī of equal rank with himself, the younger sister of Sāvatrī, renowned in the three worlds, beaming, glowing. No goddess, no Asura woman, no Yaksha or Rākshasa woman, no Apsaras, no Gandharva maid was so fair. Of the right measure and proportions, and faultless were the limbs of the peerless one, deep-black and big her eyes, good were her ways and her heart, fair to the eye her raiment. There was none here in the three worlds that the awaker of life deemed worthy as a husband for her, in beauty, character, gifts, and renown. When now she had reached the bloom of youth,[2] and he saw that he must marry this daughter away, he could find no rest through anxious thought of how to bestow her. Now at that time the son of Ṛiksha, he the strong bull of the Kurus, King Saṃvaraṇa, sought to win the graces of the sun god. Filled with loving devotion, he worshipped the rising wealth of beams with guest-gifts (arghya), wreaths and offerings, and so forth, and with sweet perfumes, his mind well held in check, pure, with vows and fasting and manifold penances, obedient, free from the pride

[1] The author of the Kumārasaṃbhava has rightly seen that men have greater gifts for real *friendship* : " The love of men, which towards beloved women is unsteadfast, towards friends never wavers " (iv, 29).

[2] According to K, i, 187.11 she was then 16 years old. Fifteen or sixteen was evidently also the age of Draupadī at her marriage (cp. xv, 1.6 ; 25.9 ; 29.38).

of the self, cleansed. Then the sun god deemed the grateful Saṃvarṇa, learned in the law, with no peer on earth in beauty, a husband worthy of Tapatī. Now he willed to give this maid as wife to Saṃvaraṇa, best of the shepherds of earth, the man of renowned noble blood. For as, in the sky, the beaming one casts brightness abroad through his fiery glow, so on earth was Saṃvaraṇa full of light.[1] And as the knowers of the holy knowledge worship the rising sun, so did those among creatures that were younger brothers of the Brahmans[2] worship Saṃvaraṇa. The prince for his friends outdid the moon in sweetness, and for his foes outdid the sun in fiery strength.[3] Since the lord of the earth had such gifts and his way of life was thus, so he of the glowing light resolved of himself to give him 'the shining one' (Tapatī). One day the glorious, boundlessly brave king was roving, as he hunted, through the mountain forest.[4] While the king was busied hunting, his incomparable steed died in the mountains, overcome with hunger and thirst. Robbed of his horse by death, the prince was wandering afoot in the mountains, and then he saw a great-eyed maiden, without her like in the world. When the destroyer of the foeman's army, the lonely one, met the lonely maid, he, the tiger among commanders of men, stood there, gazing with unmoving eyes. For the ruler of men held her to be Lakshmī for her loveliness, and then again he held her to be the shining bright one of the day-

[1] Or: through his light.

[2] That is, all the subjects (so it could be also translated) who were less than the Brahmans; for the king, too, is bound and is wishful to worship these latter.

[3] Although the prefix is often found, in the Epic also, separated from the verb, yet probably ati is hardly to be thus taken. Ati and less often atīva in the MBh. is used like a kind of uninflected adjective (of course with an accus. depending on it) both predicatively and attributively, and in the meaning of "standing above, excelling". See, for instance, i, 102.32; 103.2, 110.1; 124.18, 132.62; 170.28; 171.19; ii, 11.16; iii, 36.19; 163.19; 173.32; 207.99; v, 167.3; vi, 44.13; vii, 100.5; 188.43; xii, 12.6; 134.6; i, 155.34; iv, 64.32; 68.16; xiii, 33.10.

[4] Parvatopavana.

star come down thither, like unto the sun's glowing beam in her wondrous splendour and dazzling light, like unto the moon's sickle in her friendliness and sweet softness. For on the mountain-ridge where she stood she shone and gleamed like a golden statue. Through her beauty and her garb, because of her extraordinary splendour, that mountain with its trees, bushes, and creepers was turned as though into gold.[1] When the king had seen her, he despised the women in all the worlds, and believed that now only had he found profit of his eyes. All the loveliness that he had seen since his birth he deemed as below hers in rank. His heart and eye were fettered by her with the bonds made by her charms, and so he did not stir from that spot, and knew of nought. 'Of a surety the Maker has whirled the whole world into being with gods, spirits, and mankind, and so brought the fair shape of this great-eyed one to life.' So then King Saṃvaraṇa held the maid, for the perfection of the treasures of her beauty, to be without compare in the world. And so soon as the man of glorious nobility of birth had seen the glorious one, he fell in his soul into anguished care, tortured by the arrow of the god of love. Burning with the hot fever of passion, the undismayed one to her dismayed, to the heart-entangler, said: 'Who art thou, and whose, thou lovely one with thighs like banana-stems, and wherefore art thou found here? And how comes it that thou roamest alone in the forest empty of mankind, thou of the bright smile? For thou art in every limb without a fault; and decked with every ornament, thou art as the beauty itself that is sought in these ornaments. I hold thee to be no goddess and no Asura woman, no Yaksha nor Rākshasa maid, for no snake fay, no Gandharva woman, and no human beauty.[2] For whatever glorious women I may have seen or heard of, thou, to my mind, art like none of them, thou mazed allurer. Thou of the lovely countenance, so soon only as I set sight on thy face with its lotus-leaf eyes, which is more

[1] Cp. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, canto iii, stanza 4; Swinburne, "Tristram of Lyonesse," canto vi (*Poems* [1904], vol. iv, p. 90); Eilhart von Oberge, *Tristan*, ed. Lichtenstein, 6512 ff.; Lewis Truman Mott, *System of Courtly Love*, p. 124; Arnold in *Zeitschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, vol. 12, p. 166 f.

[2] Less likely: for now I set no value on (I despise) goddess, etc.

ravishing than the moon, the stirrer of the heart stirred up, as it were, my whole heart.' Thus did the warden of the earth speak unto her, but she answered not a word to him that was tormented by love in the lonely forest. While the prince was thus confused by speaking, the great-eyed one disappeared where she stood,[1] like the lightning in the cloud. Seeking her, her with the lotus-leaf eyes, the commander of men now ran all over the forest, wandering about like a madman. But when he found her not, the first among princes raised much lament there, and stood a moment without stirring. When she now was no longer to be seen, the smiter of the foeman's hosts, the love-stupefied ruler of men, fell down to earth. When he was lying on the ground, then the sweet-smiling fair one with the swelling, long hips, showed herself once again to the prince. Then the glorious one spoke with sweet voice to the herdsman of the earth, the heir of the Kurus, whose soul was smitten by love ; with a light laugh Tapatī spoke the sweet words : 'Rise, rise, I beg ! Thou tamer of foemen, tiger among princes, that standest before all eyes on earth, thou must not come to be thus overcome in bewilderment.' Thus addressed with sweet speech, the ruler of the earth now saw the wide-hipped one standing before him. Then spoke the king to her of the black eyes, his soul ringed by the fire of love, with a voice that uttered only confused sounds : 'Come, thou black-eyed one, thou mazed allurer, love me that love thee and am tortured with yearning ; for the spirits of life are leaving me. Because of thee, thou great-eyed one, who shinest like the cup of the lotus-flower, the god of love is ever piercing me with sharp arrows. Therefore, thou of the lovely face, that hast swelling, long hips, take me to thee ; for in helpless plight I am being entwined[2] by the mighty snake of desire. For on thee my life depends, O thou whose words sound sweet as the song of the Kinnaras, thou, free from fault in every limb, woman with countenance like unto the lotus-flower and the moon. For without thee, O shy one, I cannot go on living. The god of love is wounding me here, lotus-faced one ; there-

[1] Literally : just there, then and there.
[2] Literally : bitten.

fore take pity on me, thou woman with the all-powerful eyes. Black-eyed one, thou shalt not repulse me, who am thy servant in love, for, glorious one, thou shalt save me through a union in joy. My heart, where love has been awakened through the sight of thee, is deep shaken ; now that I have seen thee I have no wish left to see another, thou noble one. Grant me thy favour, I am in thy hands, love me the lover, thou glorious one. For since I have seen thee, thou fair-hipped woman, the stirrer of hearts, O big-eyed one, is piercing me sorely within with his arrows. The fire that has been kindled by love, O lotus-eye, slake it for me with the life-giving water that comes with the union in joy. Thou kindly, thou glorious one, bring the god with the flowery dart, him so hard to overcome, armed with cruel arrow and bow, that has awakened at the sight of thee, and is drawing on me with arrows beyond bearing, bring him to rest by giving thyself to me. Come unto me after the wise of the Gandharva wedlock, thou all-excelling woman ; for among marriages, O banana-thighed one, the Gandharva marriage is held for the highest.' Tapatī spoke : 'I am not mistress of myself, O king, for I am a maiden that has a father. Dost thou harbour liking and love for me, then ask of my father. For as thy life-spirits have been taken and held by me, so by the very sight of thee have my life-spirits been borne headlong[1] away by thee. I am not now mistress of my person ; therefore, O best of princes, I go not to thee ; for women are not free. For what maiden in all the worlds must not wish for herself the renowned prince of the nobility as shield and tender-loving husband ? Therefore, as things are thus, do thou ask of my father, the sun god, through humble showing of honour, through penance, and a vow of mortification. If he will give me to thee, O slayer of foes, then will I ever live, O king, after thy wishes. I am, indeed, Tapatī, the younger sister of Sāvitrī, I am the daughter of that light of the world, of the awaker of life, O warrior-bull.' After these words the faultless one swiftly rose in the air, while the king fell down on the ground again where he stood.

The minister who was seeking for the king, the best of

[1] Or : so and still more (liter. : more so, so still more).

princes, with an army, then[1] along with his following saw him fallen to the ground in the great forest, like the raised banner of Indra.[2] When the king's comrade saw the great bowman lying thus on the ground like an outcast, he was kindled as though with a fire, and he hurried towards him, seized by a tumult of distress owing to his tender affection, and put the prince, overcome with love, the lord of earthly rulers, on his feet, like a father his son that has fallen. When the minister, who was old in understanding, years of life, renown, and state wisdom, had set him up, the feverish pain left him. And he spoke to him that was raised with loving, sweet words : 'Fear not, O tiger of men ; hail to thee, thou good man !' He believed that the prince, exhausted from hunger and thirst,

[1] Kāle "at the time, then, now" is often found in the Epic. So, e.g., i, 25.3 ; 49.3 ; 167.14 ; v, 91.16 ; 94.20 ; vi, 120.66 ; xii, 31.6 ; xiii, 167.25, 29; Rām., iii, 16.15 ; iv, 20.8; 22.20 ; v, 27.9.

[2] The favourite festival of Indra or Indra's banner is often mentioned in the Epic. A very good description is given in a Jain tale which I have translated in my *Hindu Tales* (pp. 142–3); and MBh., i, 63.17 ff. describes how King Uparicara founded this joyous festival and first held it. The standard was set up seven days before the full moon of the month Āçvina (Sept.–Oct.), waved day after day in all its glory and then on that day of the full moon was thrown down on the ground. Before this it had been held up by cords. K, i, 64, has interesting details, wanting in B. Because of its beautiful colours and richness and its sudden fall to earth it is in constant use as a comparison in the Epic. See i, 163.18, 19 ; 70.14 ; 173.1, 2 ; ii, 77.9 ; v, 59.15 ; vi, 119.91 ; vii, 15.29 ; 49.12 ; 87.6 ; 92.66 ; 94.69, 70 ; ix, 17.53; Rām., iii, 34.3 ; iv, 16.36, 37, 39 ; 17.2 ; iv, 34.3 ; vi, 45.17. By MBh., i, 63.20, I am brought back to my suggestion expressed in *Hindu Tales*, p. 143, n. 3, that ḍoya denotes a wooden utensil, perhaps in particular a wooden box or basket (piṭaka). On the raising and lowering of the Indradhvaja see also Yājñav., i, 147 ; Agnipur., 121.65 f. ; but above all Bṛihatsaṃhitā, chap. 43, and Meyer, *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, 385 f. (note). Yantra in MBh., vii, 94.70, however, does not mean "lever". The meaning of piṭaka is not made clear by Bṛihats., 43.8, 41, 50, 57, 61, 64, 41–50. The Karm festival among the Urau is probably akin. *Zeitschr. f. Ethnol.*, Bd. 6, p. 346 (after Dalton). Both, anyhow, are fertility festivals, as are the well-known May-tree festivals (with them cp. Tod, *Rājasthan*, ii, 217). See also Wright, *Hist. of Nepal*, pp. 38, 41.

he the destruction of the foe in the fight, had fallen to the ground. With very cool, lotus-scented water he sprinkled the king's head, tearing off his diadem.[1] Thereupon the life-spirits came back to the herdsman of men, and the mighty one dismissed his army, except this one counsellor. Then at the king's command the great army withdrew; the king sat himself down again on that plateau. Then in those lordly mountains he stood there on earth, having acquired ritual purity, his hands folded before his forehead, and his face lifted upwards, to bring the sun god's favour on himself. And in his mind, Saṃvaraṇa, the king, fled to Vasishṭha, best of the Ṛishis, his foe-destroying house-priest.[2] As now the herdsman of men was standing at one spot day and night, the Brahmanic Ṛishi came to him on the twelfth day. Since the great seer with the pure soul already knew that the commander of men had been carried away by Tapatī, and had come to know this in super-mundane wise, the best of the Munis, he filled with virtue, addressed the prince that was thus fast harnessed and bridled in his thoughts, in his yearning to carry out his business. Before the eyes of the ruler of men the sublime Ṛishi was wafted up towards heaven, he that was gifted with the sun's brightness, to pay his court to the sun god. Then the Brahman, laying his folded hands on his forehead, came before the thousand-beamed one, and announced himself, filled with joyful love, saying: 'I am Vasishṭha.' To the best of Munis said the light-spreader: 'Great Ṛishi, welcome to thee! Speak thy wish. Whatever thou wishest from me, this thy desire, I will grant thee, even though it were hard to carry out.' Thus

[1] I read āsphuṭan (instead of asphuṭan) and take it as transitive. Intransitive verbs are often used in the Epic as transitive (causative). See, e.g., i, 92.7; 139.26; 153.29; iii, 40.19; 192.54; iv, 1.25; v, 75.12; vii, 79.31; xii, 242.23; 269.45, 68; 287.11; xiii, 164.2; Rām., iv, 66.7; vi, 114.28. K (189.10) has the straightforward reading aspṛiçan: without touching (wetting) (the king's diadem). Ākarshan would likewise be clear. Nīl. says: "With the other reading the meaning is clear." But he does not say which. His interpretation does not agree with mine.

[2] In the Epic also it is one of the main tasks of the Purohita of a prince to bring hurt on the prince's foes by witchcraft.

addressed by him, the seer Vasishṭha answered the light-spreader, the abounding in beams, falling down, he the mighty one in penance, before him : 'It is thy daughter, Tapatī by name, the younger sister of Sāvitrī, that I woo from thee for Saṃvaraṇa, O thou filled with brightness. For this king has high renown, knows the religious and the worldly duties, and has a noble mind ; Saṃvaraṇa is a fitting husband for thy daughter, O wanderer through the air.' Thus bespoken by him, the maker of day resolved : 'I will give her,' and answered the Brahman with joyful consent : 'Saṃvaraṇa is first among princes, and thou, O Muni, art first among Ṛishis, Tapatī is above all women. What else could there be, then, but to make grant of her !' Thereupon the shining one himself handed over the shining one (Tapatī), her without fault in any limb, to the high-souled Vasishṭha for Saṃvaraṇa. Then did the great Ṛishi take over the maid Tapatī, and, dismissed (by the sun god), Vasishṭha now came back again to where that Kuru bull known to fame, the king filled with love's unrest, was waiting, and in mind was by her side only. And when he saw the maiden of the gods, the sweet-laughing Tapatī coming to him with Vasishṭha, he was lit up with overflowing joy. She of the lovely brows shone exceeding bright as she was wafted down from the sky, lighting up the quarters of the world with flashes like a falling flash of lightning. When scarcely twelve days had gone by, Vasishṭha, the august Ṛishi with the pure soul, came to the king.[1] After Saṃvaraṇa had brought the god that grants wishes, the prince of the beams, the lord, to be favourable to him, he won his wife only through the majesty of Vasishṭha. Then did the bull among men take hold of the hand of Tapatī in lawful wise on that prince of mountains, the resort of gods and Gandharvas. With Vasishṭha's leave the kingly Ṛishi was minded to take his pleasure with his wife on this same mountain. Then the herdsmen of the earth left that minister (as his representative) in the city and the kingdom, in the forests and the groves.

[1] Or samāhite taken substantively : when the king (rājñaḥ) had firmly concentrated his thoughts ? The version given in the text is perhaps better for the reason that the tale in its present, not very old form is meant to set before our eyes the greatness of the Brahmans.

Vasishṭha then took his leave of the prince, and went away. The king now took his delight on that mountain, like an immortal. For twelve years did the king find his pleasure in this wise together with his wife in groves and forests on that mountain. In this king's city and in his kingdom he with the thousand eyes (Indra) did not rain in all the twelve long years. Then when this drought came all creatures fell to destruction, those that move not and those that move. While this very dreadful time thus prevailed, no dew came down on the earth, and therefore the seeds grew not. Then did mankind with minds bewildered, tormented by hunger and dread, leave their houses and wander forth to every quarter of the heavens. Then in this city and this kingdom folk gave up wife and possessions, and slew one another, released from law and order, tortured with hunger. So did this city with its hungry, foodless people, turned to (living) corpses, seem like the city of the king of the dead, filled with the dead.[1] When the holy Ṛishi Vasishṭha

[1] This drought and its dreadful consequences came about because there was no king in the land. As elsewhere in the East, the prince according to Indian literature and particularly the MBh. is the source and origin of all that happens in his kingdom; he is a blessing or a disaster for his land, equal to all the gods, destiny, the ladder to heaven or to hell; he makes the sun to shine, the fire to burn, rules as the god of wind and of the sea, is Çiva and Vishṇu; he makes the four ages of the world, all power is set in him—and that by the Brahmans, and so forth *ad infinitum*. This flower of princely apotheosis had its roots, indeed, in the ground of reality. The king in Old India often made his subjects' lives very uncomfortable, and he was often of most benefit when he—slept (Cardonne, *Mélanges de lit. orient.*, 1788, p. 117); on the other hand he could do much good. Cp. Kirātārj., i, 17, and the precious remarks of Hopkins, *India Old and New*, p. 234. Now above all the king makes it to rain, and this not only through his fitness as a ruler, but through his magical presence itself; where there is no king the fruitful moisture does not fall. But the king also brings the curse of drought on his land if he is evil, while under the good king the gift of rain in right measure is poured on the kingdom, which is the beginning and end of all for India, the land of agriculture. On this subject see my note on p. 344 of the Daçakum., and with it cp. Manu, ix, 246, 247; Tawney, Prabandhacintāmaṇi, 70; Vikramorv., iv, between str. 3 and 4; Jātaka, i, p. 94; v, 193; Rückert's

saw what was happening, he with the soul of virtue, the best of the Munis came thither.[1] And he had the tiger among princes, who had been away together with Tapatī far off for endless years,[2] brought home to this city. Then the slayer of the foes of the gods rained there as before. So soon as this tiger among princes had come into the city once more, the mighty one of the thousand eyes made rain to fall and so the crops to grow. Then did that city and the kingdom rejoice with joy beyond compare, raised up by this the foremost one of earthly rulers, by him that was lofty in soul. Then did the high herdsman of men, with his wife, make sacrifice for twelve years in return, as Indra with Çacī. Thus was the excelling one, Tapatī by name, the sun god's daughter, thy forbear,[3] O Arjuna, because of whom I declare thee for a child of Tapatī. By her King Saṃvaraṇa begot Kuru."

poem : " Der Fürst ritt auf die Jagd " in his *Weisheit des Brahmanen* ; Bulloram Mullick, *Home Life in Bengal*, p. 24 f. ; Temple, *Legends of the Panjab*, i, 264; Ward, *View of the Hindoos* [5], 273; Divyāvad., p. 435 (cp. Jāt. Nos. 334, 520) ; Cardonne, *Mélanges*, p. 89 ff. ; Crooke, *North-Western Provinces of India*, p. 170; etc. From the MBh. some of the passages are : i, 64.15, 16 ; 68, especially 10 ; 105.44 ; 109.1 ff. ; ii, 13.14 ff. ; 33.1 ff. ; 38.27–29 ; iii, 185 ; 207.28 ff ; iv, 28.15 ff. ; 132.15 ff. ; v, 147.25 ff. ; xii, 29.51 ff. ; 69.75 ff. ; 91.9 ; 141.9, 10 ; 223.5 ff. ; xiii, 62.43 f. The Old Indian king, too, does not know better : In the kingdom of the Kalingas there is a heavy drought; everything is ruined. The people make complaint to the ruler, who then says : " I will make the god rain," and gives himself up to good works. But as this is no good, King Vessantara's state-elephant is asked for ; where it comes, there it rains (Jāt., vi, p. 487).—To tat we can add puram. Or the liter. transl. might be : Hence it became (or : It became) in this way like the city filled with ghosts, etc.

[1] Read abhyavartata instead of abhavarshata. In itself the text, indeed, might be quite right as a senseless insertion for glorifying the Brahmans. But if we are not to reject the whole çloka, which indeed is not altogether unsuspect, then this amendment offers itself quite naturally, and is moreover supported by K, where abhyadravata is found.

[2] That is, of course : an endlessly long time.

[3] It is to him that the tale, told by a Gandharva, is addressed.

Still more splendidly than here does the man's love for his chosen one shine in the legend of Ruru (i, 8.5 ff.) : "There was once a great Ṛishi, endowed with asceticism and knowledge, famed under the name of Sthūlakeça, gladly given up to the welfare of all beings. Now at this very time the king of the Gandharvas, named Viçvāvasu, begot offspring with Menakā. The Apsaras Menakā exposed this child near by the hermitage of Sthūlakeça, when her time had come. And having left the child on the river-bank, she went away, she the Apsaras Menakā, ruthless and without shame. This girl like a child of the gods, blazing, as it were, with the splendour of beauty, that was exposed on the river-bank, and in the unpeopled wilderness bereft of her kindred, was seen by the great Ṛishi, the majestic Sthūlakeça. Now when the great Brahman Sthūlakeça had seen this maiden, the best among Munis, filled with pity, took her and brought her up. And she with the lovely hips grew up in his holy and glorious hermitage. The religious rites—the birth ceremony, and so forth—were carried out over her by the very great Ṛishi Sthūlakeça, the famous one, according to precept and in order. But she was the most excellent of women (pramadābhyo varā), gifted with loveliness of character and form, wherefore the great and holy man gave her the name Pramadvarā. This Pramadvarā was seen in the penitential grove by (the scion of Bhṛigu) Ruru, and he with the soul of right and virtue was at once struck down by love. Through his friends he then sent word of it to his father, the Bhṛigu scion Pramati, and the father asked for her hand from the high and glorious Sthūlakeça. Thereupon her father gave the maiden Pramadvarā to Ruru, fixing the wedding beforehand for the time of the constellation that has Bhaga for god.[1] A few days later, when the wedding was just nigh, this lovely-faced maiden was playing with her girl-friends, and did not see a snake fast asleep and stretched right across (the path). She trod with her foot on the beast, since she was doomed to death and driven on by fate. The snake, goaded on by the god of death, struck with its poison-smeared fangs deep into the heedless

[1] Uttaraphalgunī is meant. This is a lucky time for weddings often mentioned in the Epic also. Bhagadaivata also means "giving happiness in marriage" (e.g. iii, 233.8 ; 234.12).

girl's body. Bitten by this snake, she fell suddenly to the ground, robbed of all colour and of her splendour, as her charms and consciousness fled from her. Taking all joy from her kindred, her hair unbound, abandoned by life—so was she, that was most worthy of beholding, taken from their sight.[1] And it was as though she, slain by the snake's poison, had gone to sleep on the ground; the slender one was far more fascinating still to the heart. And her father and the other penitents saw her in her lotus-like glory fall quivering on the ground. Then came all the excellent Brahmans, filled with pity: Svastyātreya, Mahājanu, Kuçika, Çaṅkhamekhala, Uddālaka, and Kaṭha, and Çveta, the greatly renowned, Bharadvāja, Kauṇakutsya, Ārshṭisheṇa; then Gautama, Pramati with his son, as also other forest-dwellers. When they saw the lifeless maiden, slain by the poison of the snake, they wept for the pity that was in them; but Ruru went forth tormented by suffering. And all those excellent Brahmans sat themselves down at that very spot.

While those lofty-minded Brahmans were sitting there, Ruru went into the depths of the forest, and wailed aloud, filled with the greatest sorrow. Sore wounded, he poured out his woe in manifold heart-moving ways, and in his pain and in his memory of the beloved Pramadvarā he spoke the words: 'She is lying on the ground, the slender one, that makes my cares to grow, and those of all her kindred. What unhappiness could be greater! If I have given charitable gifts, if I have practised asceticism, if I have won the goodwill of worshipful men, then my beloved one shall thereby come to life again. And as surely as from my birth I have held myself in check, and kept a pious troth towards the law, so surely shall Pramadvarā here, the shining one, arise again.' While the sorrowing one in this wise was bitterly bewailing his wife, there came a messenger of the gods and spoke to Ruru in the forest: 'It is useless for thee, O Ruru, to be speaking words in thy sorrow; for for the mortal whose life is run there is no life left, O thou with virtuous soul. The life of this poor daughter of the Gandharva and the Apsaras has run out;

[1] aprekshaṇīyā. Lit. not visible, that is, gone over into the other world, dead.

therefore, my friend, do not give thine heart up at all to sorrow. But there is a remedy for it that has been already laid down by the lofty-minded gods ; if thou art willing to make use of it, thou shalt receive Pramadvarā again here on earth.' Ruru spoke : 'What is the remedy laid down by the gods ? Speak according to the truth, O wanderer through the air ! I will do in accordance with it so soon as I have heard. O do thou save me !' The messenger of the gods spoke : 'Make over, O child of Bhṛigu, the half of thy life to the maiden. Thus, O Ruru, will thy wife Pramadvarā rise up again.' Ruru spoke : 'I will make over half my life to the maiden, O best of the air-rangers. Dight with love and beauty,[1] my beloved shall rise again.' Then the king of the Gandharvas and the messenger of the gods,[2] the two excellent ones, went to the king of righteousness and death and to him spoke these words : 'O king of righteousness, let his wife that is dead arise once again for the half of Ruru' slife, if so thou deemest.'[3] The king of righteousness spoke : 'If thou art asking for Pramadvarā, Ruru's wife, O messenger of the gods, then shall she, endowed with the half of Ruru's life, arise again.' So soon as he had thus spoken, the maid Pramadvarā by virtue of the half of Ruru's life arose again, as though she of the lovely face had only slept. For it was this that was written in the future for this Ruru, endowed with surpassing splendour, that from him the half of his life should be cut off on behalf of his wife, when he should be far gone in years.[4] Then did the parents on the wished for day hold with glad hearts the wedding of the two, and the two lovers took their joy, each wishing all that was best for the other." But thenceforward Ruru was a bitter foe of snakes, as is told in what follows, and to this hatred he also owes his immortalizing in the Mahābhārata.[5]

[1] Or : in festal garb, beauty, and adornment (çṛiṅgārarūpābharaṇā).

[2] So according to K (9.19) : devadūtaç. The Bomb. ed. has Devadattaç, which then must be the name of the gods' messenger. But it is probably a mistake.

[3] Less likely : that is thus dead . . . if thou deemest.

[4] Or : the half of the much-grown length of life.

[5] The tale itself is also to be found in a bare shortened form in Kathās. Tar., xiv, 76 ff. Cp. Mārk.-Pur., xxii–xxv ; Hemavija's

The love romance of the Rākshasī woman Hiḍimbā is also very beautiful, to whom the whole-hearted energy of purpose in following the ways of her heart is more becoming than to many a one among her numerous Eastern sisters skilled in the campaigns of love. And with it all there is a pretty touch of adventurous humour running through this tale of a giant, which reminds us of the giant-tales of Western, especially German, lands.

The five Pāṇḍavas had escaped with their mother out of the burning house of resin, and were wandering through the forest. Bhīma the strong had at last carried all the wearied ones away, and was now watching over them as they lay asleep. Then a man-eating monster (Rākshasa), dwelling near by, Hiḍimba by name, climbed a çāla-tree, and looked about him for prey. Black he was as the rain-cloud, red-eyed, with bristling tusks and hanging belly, red stubbly beard and hair, out-standing ears, and a neck and trunk like some mighty tree ; huge were his jaws, every feature was hideous and frightful. He scratched his shaggy hair, opened his jaws in a gaping yawn, and kept on looking all round, tormented by hunger and thirst. When he smelt human flesh he was greatly rejoiced, and called to his sister Hiḍimbā : " At last I have now found my much-loved food ; my mouth is watering. Happiness is clasping me.[1] My eight sharp-tipped tusks, whose thrust none can withstand, I will at length bury in the bodies and the tender flesh. I will leap on to a human neck, tear the veins open and drink my fill of the warm, fresh, foaming blood. Go ; find out who is lying there in the forest. The strong human smell seems to refresh my nose. Kill all these persons, and bring them to me

Kathāratnākara, 106th and 183rd tales ; Fr. v. d. Leyen, *Ind. Märchen*, 136 ff. ; *Herrigs Archiv*, 11, p. 453 ; Keller's " Altdeutche Erzählungen " in *Stuttg. Lit. Verein.*, Bd. 35, p. 372 ; Meyer, *Isoldes Gottesurteil* (Berl. 1914), p. 182, and with this Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, No. 12 ; Schiefner, " Ind. Erzählungen," No. xvii (*Bull. d. Petersburg. Akad.*, Bd. xxiii, col. 29 ff.); Grimm's *Märchen*, No. 16 ; etc.

[1] Snehasravāt prasravati (printed prasavati) jihvā, paryeti me sukham. K has : Jighrataḥ prasrutā snehāj jihvā paryeti me sukhaṃ. In B one expects mā rather than me.

here. As they are sleeping in our domain, thou hast nought to fear from them. When we have eaten to our heart's desire of the men's flesh, we will both of us dance many dances together in time." Hiḍimbā went quickly off; but when she saw the mighty Bhīmasena watching over the sleepers, and towering up like a young çāla-tree, she fell in love with him, the one without compare in form on earth. "This dark, strong-armed, lion-breasted, lotus-eyed one would be a fitting mate for me. I could never carry out my brother's cruel order. The love for a husband is mighty beyond all, not so is the friendship for a brother. Were my brother to slay them, he would be sated but for a moment. If they live, then I have gladness for years unending." As she could change her shape at will, she put on that of a glorious human being, and softly drew nigh the long-armed Bhīmasena. As though shy, playfully, dight with divine ornament, she spoke these words, as she smiled, to Bhīmasena: "Whence hast thou come, and who art thou? And who are these that are sleeping here? Here dwells the evil-minded Rākshasa called Hiḍimba. He has sent me, and means to eat you. But now that I have beheld thee, that shinest like a child of the gods, there is none other whom I will have as a husband. Do thou love me who love, whose soul and body are wounded by passion. I will save thee from the man-eater, and we will live together in the mountain wilds." But Bhīmasena said that he could not leave his kindred to be eaten by the Rākshasa, and go off like one love-sick. She made answer: "Wake them, I will save them from the monster." [1] "How should I wake them that sleep so calmly? What could a Rākshasa like this do to me? Go or stay, my dear, or do whatever thou wishest. Or send thy man-eating brother here." She drew a picture of the dreadfulness of the Rākshasa, and offered herself to carry them all away through the air on her hip. Bhīma once more made boast: "I will slay him before thine eyes. The wretched Rākshasa is no match for me. See these round arms of mine, like elephants' trunks, my thighs

[1] According to K, which as so often happens elsewhere, has many additions in this place, Bhīma points out that he must not marry before his elder brother, and she answers (164.45): "I will save thee only and with thy mother. Leave thy brothers here,and mount my jaghana."

like clubs, and my mighty firm chest. Now thou wilt behold my hero's strength, that is like Indra's. Do not belittle me, thou broad-hipped one, by thinking I here am only a man." "I do not think little of thee, thou with the godlike form. But I have seen what the Rākshasa can do to men." The giant heard his voice and ran there angrily. When he beheld his sister thus in fair human shape, wearing thin garb, with a wreath of flowers in her hair, and all decked, he opened wide his eyes, and bitterly reproached her for being so bent on man-hunting, putting a hindrance in his way through her blindness, and being willing to bring shame upon the Rākshasa princes. But as he raged on with gnashing teeth, Bhīma laughingly said to him: "Why shouldst thou awake these quiet sleepers? Set on me quickly, thou fool. Come, beat me! Thou shalt not kill a woman, especially when she has done thee no hurt, but another. This maid has no power over herself: she loves me now, she is driven on by the god of love, who has his being within the body. Not against thee has she sinned. It is love that did the crime; do not upbraid this woman here. When I am there, thou shalt not slay a woman. In a moment I will crush thy head." Then the Rākshasa uttered wild threats, and fell on Bhīma. But Bhīma laid hold of the arm he stretched out, and first of all dragged the struggling Rākshasa a long way off, that the sleepers might not hear the noise of the fight. A fierce struggle now was fought between the two; like two rutting elephants of sixty years[1] they broke down trees, carrying away creepers with them. Kuntī and her sons were awakened by it, and she asked the wonderful apparition standing before her who she was. Hiḍimbā told her how things stood, and declared to her that, driven by the love that has its abode in the hearts of all beings, she had chosen the other's son for her husband. Arjuna shouted to Bhīma that he would help him, and bring the monster down. But Bhīma answered: "Look thou on as one beholding only, and be not stirred. One that

[1] The sixty year old elephant as a type of huge strength is often found in the Epic. So i, 151.4; 153.44; ii, 53.7; iv, 13.24; 31.31; vii, 28.20; Rām., ii, 67.20; vii, 23.45. Cp. Çiçupālav., xviii, 6, and Mallinātha, on the passage, where the forty year old is at the height of his strength.

has once fallen between my arms stays not in this life." The brother bade him act quickly, before the east should redden, for by twilight, he said, the Rākshasas are strong.[1] Bhīmasena whirled the giant around a hundred times in the air, dashed him onto the ground, and broke him in twain at his middle, so that he met his end with a dreadful roaring. Then the brothers went quickly on, and Hiḍimbā followed them. Bhīma wanted to send her after her brother, fearing her vengeance and craft, but Yudhishṭhira prevailed on him not to murder a woman, and Hiḍimbā turned humbly to Kuntī: "Noble lady, thou knowest the sorrow that comes on women through love. It has come on me, and the cause is Bhīma. I have borne the utmost pain while awaiting the right moment. This has now come, and must be for my happiness. Friends, my duty and my folk I have left, and chosen the tiger among men, thy son, for my husband. If I am repelled by this hero and by thee, I cannot go on living. Therefore have pity on me, thou of the lovely face, thinking of me: 'She is blinded,' or 'given up to love', or 'has followed him'". She promised the fugitives every kind of help, and pointed out that on the general view life must be preserved in any way whatever that is possible and that unhappiness is harmful to virtue[2]; but that he who like herself keeps virtue unharmed amid unhappiness, and preserves his life in holy wise is worthy of all praise. At Yudhishṭhira's bidding she was then wedded to Bhīma but on the condition that she should only take her pleasure with him by day and always bring him back again at night; and Bhīma added he would only stay with her until she had borne a son. She was content with all, and now the two lived the happiest days in a great variety of splendid places, even in the forests of the gods;

[1] The Rākshasas and other evil spirits are especially powerful by night, particularly at midnight, but also by twilight. See, e.g., 170.8 ff., 69; iii, 11.33; vii, 156.69; 173.57; Rām., i, 26.22, 23.

[2] Also hunger destroys virtue and, as the old Upanishad so clearly teaches, knowledge and wisdom (iii, 260.24; ix, 51.36 ff.; xiv, 90.90, 91; cp. v, 33.101 f.; xiii, 93.66 f.). Therefore, according to an old verse, the draught-ox, the sacrifice in fire, and the scholar must eat heartily. Āpast., ii, 5, 9.13; Vashishṭha, vi, 21; Baudh., ii, 7, 13.7–8; ii, 10, 18.13; Çāṅkh.-Gṛihyas., ii, 16.5; K, i, 85.21.

for the beloved one, appearing in bewitching form, took the hero everywhere. But then she bore a son, and directly after she had first conceived, as is the way of Rākshasa women. And since the stipulated time was now run, she took farewell of Bhīmasena without a murmur, and went (i, 152 ff.).[1]

Among the most beautiful passages in Indian literature are perhaps Rāma's love-plaints for Sītā robbed by Rāvaṇa, only we must thrust our Western feelings somewhat aside, and not find this delicate, somewhat feminine soul of a hero unmanly.

The beloved one is not to be seen near the leaf-hut in the forest, and he cries out that without her he cannot live, nor has any wish for lordship over the gods or the earth. And how the poor timid one will pine without him! The hut itself is empty; like a madman, with eyes reddened by weeping, he runs about the forest, seeking her that is lost; from tree he wanders to tree, through the mountains, over rivers; he asks all the trees in moving speech, the beasts of the forest, whether they have seen the much loved, the wondrous-fair one; and in great horror he pictures to himself how the monsters have eaten her, have swallowed her bewitching limbs. And then again he cannot bring himself to believe that she could really have been taken from him; he calls out to her that she must now put an end to her play, as he is thus suffering; she must come forth from her hiding-place; he can see her yellow silk robe. He lets himself be persuaded by Lakshmaṇa that she has gone to pick flowers; that she, who so loves the forest, has gone wandering away in it, and will surely spring suddenly out to frighten him. And once more he searches all about with his brother, but finds her not, who to him "is dearer than his own life". Then he breaks forth wailing once more; again he believes she is only hiding

[1] Rückert has translated this piece from the MBh. in a very much shortened and not altogether successful form: "Hidimba. Eine brahmanische Erzählung," *Gesammelte poet. Werke*, Bd. xii (Frankf. a. M., 1882). It is given in a short form in MBh., iii, 12.94 ff. According to Samayamātṛikā, ii, 22, Bhīma had deeply loved Hiḍimbā. As we are told in K, i, 160.4 ff. she lived seven months with him before she became with child.

herself, and he calls out as before that he can see her, that the jest has gone on long enough. And as she still does not come, he is certain she must be dead, for how could she, she of all, otherwise leave him without consolation. He never wishes to go back to the city again ; how can he go to meet his kindred without Sītā ? " And without her heaven itself would feel empty for me."

" There is no other on earth, methinks, that so
much evil in his former being has done as I ;
for on me now there falls in one long chain
but sorrow after sorrow, my heart and soul it crushes.

My kingdom lost, the farewell from my folk,
my father's death, the parting from my mother—
when I ponder on all this within me,
then the wild waves of my sorrow are swollen.

But all the sorrow died in me, O Lakshman,
when I went forth into the forest, into want :
I had Sītā ! Now it rises again
like fire, set swiftly blazing by the logs.

She so noble, so timid, by the monster
robbed, and snatched up into the air,
she that else speaks in sweet notes—how must
she have uttered sharp cry on cry of fear !

Her face, whose lips so tenderly have spoken,
and girt by a wealth of locks—
it shone surely in the Raksha's claws
like the bright moon in Rāhu's maw.

With blood are flecked her rounded breasts,
that ever knew but best of sandal-wood,
red, lovely sandal. O sure it is :
never shall I clasp my dearest one to me.

By me forsaken in the lonely forest,
ringed round and hurried away by the Rakshas,
the woman with great, lovely eyes has in sorrow
mourned like the hen-osprey.

On this rock sat with me
once Sītā of the glorious life.
How sweetly did she smile and laugh, O Lakshman,
and as she prattled, to thee said this and that.

She might have gone into that forest
of blooming, close-set trees of many kinds,
and filled with flocks of birds.—But that too cannot be.
Left thus alone, the timid one is too afraid.

What here is done, what not, thou, O sun, knowest it,
witness to the works of truth and falsehood.
Whither then went my darling? Did a robber take her?
Tell me of all, who am the mark of sorrow.

Nothing, nothing is in the universe to find,
whereof, O wind, thou shouldst no knowledge have.
Tell of her that is the treasure of her house:
is she dead? carried off? still on the way?"

Again he goes on looking and looking; the river Godāvarī gives no answer to the anguished questioner, the mountain tells him nought; but the beasts of the forest let him understand that he must go southwards, and there he finds traces: flowers that have dropped from the ravished one, wreaths, bits of ornament, other signs of the Rākshasa; his anger blazes forth; he is going to destroy the whole world. Then the prince of the apes, Sugrīva, brings him the upper garment and ornaments of Sītā. Weeping loud he falls to the ground and presses to his heart these ornaments and garment which have felt the glow of her body. His thoughts henceforth are only for his beloved; particularly when he sees the moon rise, do his tears well up, and sleep comes not to his bed. He eats but at every fifth meal; flies, gnats, and other vermin he does not keep away from himself; he does not mark it at all, since his soul is busied but with Sītā; "Sītā, Sītā!" is the only sound on his lips. As an earthquake rocks the mighty mountain, so is he thrown this way and that by his sorrow. When Hanumant brings him a token from her, who is still pining in the captivity of the man-eating monsters, the token of a precious stone, then he calls out with tear-filled eyes: "As her milk flows from the tender cow for love of her calf, so does my heart flow at the sight of this best of jewels. Yes, for me it is as though I had my darling once again. But what could there be more harrowing than this, that the stone born of the sea comes to me again, but without her of the black eyes?" She can only live, he says, a short time longer without

him, and amid the cruel wretches. And now he overwhelms the messenger with questions about her welfare, and wants to know every word she has uttered ; for that, he says, will give him life, like medicine to the sick man. At last the army is camped on the sea-shore over against Laṅkā, the city of the Rākshasas, where Sītā is being held a prisoner ; and Rāma breaks out into the words : " They say that sorrow dies with time ; but in me, who do not see my beloved, it waxes day by day.

Blow, O wind, where my beloved tarries,
touch her first, and then me, too.
In thee our bodies touch one another,
in the moon our glances are united.[1]

I dive into the waters of the sea
and sleep deep alone ;
there love's torments burn not
the sleeper with glowing fire.

This it is that for the lover means much, and it is through this that he can live—that I and she of the lovely thighs are on one stretch of land. When shall I tilt lightly upwards her lotus-like face, lit by its lovely teeth, and drink, as the sick man drinks the draught of life ? When will the quivering breasts of the laughing one, pressing against one another, swelling, like unto the wine-palm's fruit, when will they but clasp me ? Alas ! the black-eyed one who has me to shelter her, can find no rescuer, like one that is shelterless. When at last will Sītā, the kind, she like a daughter of the gods, twine herself round my neck, filled with longing, and shed tears of joy ? When shall I of a sudden cast off this dreadful pain, that comes of my separation from Sītā, like a sullied garment ? " (Rām., iii, 58, 60–64 ; iv, 6.11 ff. ; 27.30 ff. ; v, 35.38 ff. ; 36.40 ff. ; 66.1 ff.).

Bhīmasena, by far the most humanly attractive of the five brothers, shows, too, in his relation towards Draupadī, his deeper and passion-filled soul. " In this hermitary dwelt the tigers among men (the Pāṇḍavas robbed of Arjuna) for six days, earnest in the loftiest purity, and filled with

[1] Because they both look, parted from one another, into the moon. This is against the mistaken interpretation of Nīlakaṇṭha (vi, 5.6).

longing to see Arjuna again. Then the wind wafted out of the north-east happened to bring there a divine lotus-flower, like unto the sun. This wind-wafted, pure, water-borne thing, heavenly-scented, gladdening the heart, was seen lying on the ground by the princess of Pañcāla (Draupadī). When the shining one had found this shining thing, the surpassing lotus-flower,[1] she was right glad, and spoke to Bhīmasena : 'Look, Bhīma, at the heavenly, brightly shining flower without compare, perfect in scent and shape, a delight for my heart ! . . . If I am dear to thee, O son of Pṛithā, then get me many like it ; I will take them with me back again into the hermitary Kāmyaka.' When she with the lovely eyes, she free from any fault, had thus spoken to Bhīmasena, she went and took away the flower for Yudhishṭhira.[2] At once when the bull among men, Bhīma, the powerful strong one, had learned the wishes of his beloved wife, he went off filled with the yearning to do something after her heart. Facing the wind, he strode swiftly along towards whence this flower had come, wishing to bring more flowers, and grasping his gold-backed bow and the snake-like arrows, like the angry king of beasts, like a rutting elephant. All beings saw the bearer of the arrows and the mighty bow. Neither weariness nor weakness, neither fear nor bewilderment ever befell the child of Pṛithā, the son of the wind. Striving after that which was dear to Draupadī, trusting in the strength of his arms, shunned by anxiety or numbness of senses, the strong one flew along on the mountain. The destroyer of foes ranged the glorious mountain-top, clothed in trees, creepers, and bushes, paved with dark stones, the wandering-ground of Kinnaras ; it showed bright, with many-coloured minerals, trees, beasts, and birds, and was filled with every beauty, and raised up like an arm of the earth. While his eye clung always to the ravishing ridges of the Gandhamādana, and he was pondering his purpose in his heart, and his ear,

[1] Saugandhika in this meaning is often found in the Epic. So iii, 146.2, and over and over again afterwards ; 152.13 ; 153.6 ; 154.2 ; 155.13 ; Rām., iii, 75.20 ; iv, 1.63.

[2] In the doublet of this tale in K, iii, 161 (= B, 160) Draupadī says to Bhīma she will be his in love, when she has had these flowers.

heart, and eye were held captive by the notes of the male kokila-bird, and the working of the bees,[1] he went striding along in his unbounded heroic strength. Scenting the perfume wafted up from the flowers that bloom at all seasons of the year, unfettered in the forest as a rutting elephant, fanned by the wind from Gandhamādana,[2] very pure, filled with sweet scent from various flowers, cooled through having touched its father, he freed from weariness by his father,[3] his body clothed with fine hair ruffled with joy—thus did the so mighty queller of foes search the mountain, haunt of Yakshas, Gandharvas, gods, and Brahmarshi-bands, to find the flower. This mountain was wrapped in the headlong waters of the waterfalls as in threaded pearls, filled with the splendid peacocks brought to dance by the sounds of the anklets of the Apsarases, and the robe seemed to be gliding down from it in the form of the hurrying[4] waters streaming from the rivers. With young torn-up grass in their mouths, calm, keeping near him, unknown to fear, the gazelles gazed at him ; in his headlong career he set the tangle of creepers quivering in great clumps, he sported with merry heart, and so the son of the wind went along, he of the beautiful eyes, eagerly bent on fulfilling his loved one's wish, tall, in golden splendour, the youth with the stout limbs of the lion, with a hero's might like a rutting elephant, headlong as a rutting elephant. Representing,[5] as it were, a new Avatāra of beauty, thinking of the various miseries caused by Duryodhana, full of eagerness to do something pleasing for Draupadī living in the forest wilds, filled with the thought : ' How can I very speedily get the flowers ? ' —so did he range along the glorious ridge of Gandhamādana.

[1] Or : by the (mountain-ridge) filled with the kokila's song, haunted by the bees.

[2] The wind is cool since it comes from the scented forests (sandal-wood groves) and lotus-clumps of Gandhamādana. By " father " this place of origin is meant here.

[3] That is, the wind, who is Bhīma's begetter.

[4] Ākshobhya (has this meaning once or twice). I have considerably shortened down the description, too.

[5] With vikrīḍati, to play, that is, represent (by playing), cp. vikrīḍate paṇyam, to trade (iii, 188.53).

Draupadī's word was his journey's food ; swiftly ran Bhīma, like the storm-wind at the time of the Parvan days,[1] and the ground shook under his feet. The herds of elephants were terrified by him, swift as the wind ; lions, tigers, and antelopes were trodden down by the strong one ; great trees were uprooted and dashed to pieces by the mighty one in his headlong course ; creepers and climbing plants he tore off along with him in his wild career ; loud he roared like the lightning-riven cloud. At this loud din raised by Bhīma the tigers woke, and left their lairs, the forest-dwellers were filled with fear, the birds flew up in terror, and the herds of gazelles fled. Many elephants, tigers, and suchlike beasts fled, others attacked him with loud and angry roars. Then in his rage the son of the wind with the strength of his arm with one elephant put the others to flight, with the lion he put the lions to flight, other beasts with his open hand. Waterfowl terrified by the din flew up in thousands with wet wings, and when the Bharata bull followed after them he saw a very great and pleasant pond with stirring waters,[2] fanned by golden clumps of banana-trees waving in the wind, and stretching from one bank to the other. Into this pond, studded with many day-lotuses and blue lotuses, the strong one climbed down, and played in it, full of wild strength like a frolicsome elephant. When he went on his way again, the strong Bhīma winded his war shell-trumpet with all his might and with a loud note, and beat on his arms, so that the lands of the world resounded. With the notes of the shell and Bhīmasena's shouts, and the mighty cracks of his arms, the caves of the mountain seemed to resound. When the lions asleep in the mountain-caves heard this great cracking of his arms as he hit them, like the fall of the thunder-bolt, they uttered loud roars. And then the elephants, frightened by the roaring of the lions, started a mighty trumpeting, which filled the mountain."

After a truly Indian adventure with his half-brother, Hanumant, he went on his way again to search "with Draupadī's word as food for his way", and at length beheld a mighty river, and in it a grove of those particular lotus-flowers that his

[1] Probably at the time of the equinox.
[2] Ākshobhya.

wife yearned after, shining like the newly risen sun. "When he had seen it, he felt in his heart that he was at the goal of his wishes, and in his thoughts he hastened to his beloved, sore worn as she was by her life in the forest." Near here, too, was the wondrous-fair lotus-pond of Kubera the god of wealth, whence that flower had come; and this pond was covered by those rare golden lotus-flowers, resting on stalks of cat's-eye stones. They sent forth the sweetest scent, and, whirled up by the waterfowl, their pollen flew through the air. The bold hero now at once drank of the water, and wanted to take the flowers; the watching spirits, however, angrily stopped him, and demanded that he should first ask the owner, Kubera, as did even gods and holy men. But he told them proudly that he was the Pāṇḍava Bhīmasena, and had come at the sweet bidding of his wife. "Kings do not beg, that is the everlasting law. And I can in no wise set the custom of the Kshattriyas behind me. And this lovely lotus-clump grew up by the waterfall in the mountain; it belongs to all beings as much as to Kubera." They came to blows, but Bhīma with his huge club overcame his attackers, and put them to flight; he drank his fill of the nectar-like water, and plucked of the wonderful lotus-blooms to his heart's desire. Kubera, who was at once told of the matter, laughed and was content withal (iii, 146 ff.).

If we are reminded by this haughty strong man, fighting in the service of his lady-love against giants and spirits, and fetching her the golden flower, of a lover from knighthood's days, so he, too, shows knightly feelings towards Draupadī. It is he only of the brothers that is aroused by the shame put on the proud princess of Pañcāla by that disastrous game of dice, and so deeply aroused that he angrily reproaches his eldest brother, when this brother has played away his wife. That Yudhishṭhira has wagered and lost all their possessions, and then the four brothers themselves, he is quite willing to forgive; for he is their lord. "This it is I hold for a sin, that Draupadī was made a stake; for this youthful woman, who has been given the Pāṇḍavas, is through thy fault tormented by the low, cruel, rough Kauravas. Gambling ruffians have evil wives in their homes, O Yudhishṭhira, but for them they

do not play ; for they feel a loving sympathy even for them." And since he cannot pour his anger out on the hallowed head of his eldeſt brother, he is minded to burn his own arms in the fire, before Yudhishṭhira's eyes—a truly Indian way of revenge and branding (ii, 68.1 ff.).[1] In full sight of the brothers Duḥçāsana drags the but partly clad woman into the hall before all the men, and tears her clothing off her ; but Bhīma blazes up, and with quivering lips and hand pressed againſt hand swears for this to drink the blood from the shameless man's breaſt (ii, 68.50 ff.). And when Duryodhana shows her his bare thigh, flames of fire come out of every opening in the body of the giant Bhīma mighty in anger, as from the hollows of a burning tree,[2] and he swears by all his bliss to shatter with his club, in the fight, the insolent one's thigh (ii, 71.13 ff.). And both these dread deeds he carries out afterwards.[3] But he can never forget what has been done to Draupadī, and his soul is filled with pity for her that she muſt bear so heavy a burden (cp. too iii, 312.2 ; vii, 79.4 ; xi, 15.6–9 ; xii, 16.18, 21, 28 ; xv, 11.21 ; etc.). Afterwards all her sons fall at the hand of the foe, and in her agony she falls to the ground. Bhīma clasps her in his arms, lifts her up, and utters consoling, loving words

[1] Cp. the prāya (prāyopaveça, dharna) and Billington, 248 ff. Devendra Das, *Sketches of Hindoo Life*, 180 f. Tod, *Rajaſthan*, i, 740–2 ; ii, 182–3 ; 674–7 (here the Bhāts are discussed, who are related to the Kshattriyas, and probably descend from them); Devendra Das, 205 (fakirs light a fire and threaten to burn their arms, if their wish is not fulfilled); and so forth. Cp. Crooke, *Popul. Relig. and Folkl.* etc.[1], p. 122 ; Jolly, *Sitzungsber. d. bayr. Akad.*, 1877, p. 316 ; Zachariae in *Zeitschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, 1925–1926, p. 149 ff. ; E. Thurſton, *Omens and Superſtitions of Southern India* (Lond., 1912), p. 144 f. ; Hopkins, JAOS, vol. 21, 2nd half (1900), pp. 146–159 ; also Āpaſt.-Dharmas., i, 6, 19.1. For the dharna cp. Schurtz, *Urgesch. d. Kultur*, p. 615.

[2] Cp. ii, 72.14 ; iii, 277.51 ; viii, 91.19, 20 (Rām., vii, 68.9).

[3] In the same way King Dama wants to drink the blood of a low cunning evil-doer whom he has cut down in battle, but is ſtayed by the gods, Mārk.-Pur., cxxxvi, 34. The drinking of a slain man's blood, indeed, is a wide-spread cuſtom, found also in Germanic olden times. As is well known, it has, mainly, other motives than that of angry revenge.

to her. It is he then who takes on himself the charge from his mother, burning for expiation, to take revenge on the murderer of the five (x, 11.8, 9, 20 ff.). He also takes wrathful vengeance on King Jayadratha, when the latter has carried off Draupadī (iii, 264–272.24, especially 272.7 ff.). He alone, too, steps into the lists on her behalf, when the Lothario and royal favourite, Kīcaka at Virāṭa's court tries to rob her of her honour, a truly captivating chapter, inviting us to a more particular examination (iv, 14–24).

According to the agreement the Pāṇḍavas have to spend the thirteenth year of exile somewhere in hiding and unknown. They hire themselves out in various positions at the court of King Virāṭa: Yudhishṭhira as steward of the prince's gambling-house (sabhāstara), Bhīma as his cook, and circus wrestler, Arjuna as a eunuch in woman's clothes, and as teacher of dancing and music to the young princess and her companions, and so forth. Draupadī goes as chambermaid and *coiffeuse* into the service of Queen Sudeshṇā; and they succeed in keeping quite unknown. But at the end of ten months Kīcaka, the queen's brother, the leader of the army, and all-powerful favourite, gets to see the dazzlingly beautiful maid, and is fired with love for her. In glowing words he sings the praises of all her charms from the eyes down to her pubic parts, vaulted like a river-island, paints his agony of love, beseeches her to save him, and shows her how mistaken she is to wish to live as a lowly maid. He offers himself to her as husband and slave, and says he will cast off his wives, and make them the servants of the servant that now is, and give her all the earth's delights to taste. He is, he tells her, the real ruler in the land, and none on earth is his equal in beauty, youthful bloom, success with women, wealth, and other splendid things. But she bids him bethink himself what a heavy crime, what a shameful deed, and how dangerous a thing it is ever to touch another's wife. Moreover, she says, she is the wife of five hot-tempered Gandharvas, who would kill him. Whether he were to penetrate into the earth, or fly up into the air, or flee to the other shore of the sea, he cannot escape these all-destroying sons of the gods, these cleavers of the air. He is as the child sitting in its mother's lap and wanting to clutch the

moon. Kīcaka now took refuge behind his sister, and by his desperate plaints moved her to take pity and help him. Following her directions he made a feast ready, and set out much food and heady drink. Then Sudeshṇā bade her maid: "Arise and go into Kīcaka's house, O kind one, and fetch me something to drink; I am tortured by thirst." Draupadī answered: "I would fain not go into his house. Thou thyself, O queen, knowest well how shameless he is. And I wish not in thine house to follow the lust of the flesh, nor sin against my husband. Kīcaka, indeed, O thou with the lovely hair, is blinded, and over-daring in love. He will bring dishonour on me, if he sees me. I shall not go there, O fair one. Thou hast many serving-women standing at thy bidding. Send thou another, for he will show me the little esteem he has for me." Sudeshṇā spoke: "He will never do thee any hurt, if thou art sent by me." With these words she gave her the golden vessel, fitted with a lid. Weeping and filled with fear, Draupadī went. Kīcaka called out to her right gladly:

"Welcome, lady with lovely hair!
How bright the night is lit for me!
Hither as my lady thou dost come.
Be kind, fulfil my longing.

Gold wreaths shall to thee be brought
and wondrous ornament of silken robes,
gold rings, shells, stone jewels;
a divine bed stands ready for thee;
come hither and with me sip
the sweet glory of the intoxicating drink."

"'Twas for spirits that the king's daughter
sent me hither to thine house.
'Bring me to drink at once;
I am athirst.' Those are her words."

The lover answered that the queen had other serving-women, and took hold of her garment; but she pulled it towards her with all her strength, and so pulled him to the ground.[1]

[1] In the same way she pulls Jayadratha onto the ground, when he takes hold of her, the lonely one, in the forest of banishment, and tries to carry her off (iii, 268.24).

Then she ran for protection into the sabhā,[1] where Yudhishṭhira was. Kīcaka ran after her, caught hold of her by the hair, threw her down, and kicked her. But then a Rākshasa, whom the sun god had sent Draupadī, after her prayer, to stand by her unseen, headlong as the wind took him off, and flung him to the ground. Yudhishṭhira and Bhīma saw what happened; over Bhīma's eyes there passed a misty shadow, the sweat broke out from the dreadful wrinkles on his forehead; hand to hand he pressed, and ground his teeth in fury. His eyes were fastened on a tree standing near. But Yudhishṭhira was anxious lest it should be found out who they really were, made him a sign, and said: "O cook, an thou need wood, then go outside (beyond the city), and bring down trees for thyself."[2] Draupadī controlled her countenance, but threw dreadful, almost burning glances at her husbands, and bitterly bewailed the fact that this son of a Sūta dared kick her, the wife of such mighty heroes, with his foot, and that, coward-like, they stood not by her; King Virāṭa, too, she felt, and his counsellors were shamelessly neglecting law and justice; they were calmly looking on at the crime against an innocent woman, they were acting like thieves and robbers. But

[1] The sabhā serves both as gambling-house and as the place of justice; cp. çl. 43. The sabhya and sabhāsada (çl. 33, 36 ff.), and the men who sit in the rājasaṃsad (31, 43) are both law and gambling confrères of the king. H. Schurtz would see in the sabhā the well-known "unmarried men's house".

[2] Vṛikshān nigṛihyatāṃ; we should expect perhaps: nikṛityatāṃ. K (19, 36) has samūlaṃ çātayer vṛikshaṃ, which reads smoothly enough, it is true, but is anyhow not in the original, as, indeed, the whole Kīcakaparvan in K shows many insertions and changes of an evidently later date. The passive with the accus. has many parallels in the Epic. The nearest to our case is Rām., vii, 59.2: Madarthaṃ pratigṛihyatāṃ jarāṃ paramikām; and the accus. with the gerundive: kiyad adhvānaṃ asmābhir gantavyam imam īdṛiçaṃ = "how far must we go along this road made thus" (xviii, 2.16), where probably we hardly have simple Prakrit neuters, although the neuter adhvāna is often found in the MBh. Cp. too the accus. with the pass. infin. in ii, 48.17 (liter. indeed: "I know by what the overcoming of Y. is made possible."). See e.g. also iii, 68.25; xii, 215.14; xiv, 29.22; 71.14; 87.12; xv, 3.59; etc.

Yudhishṭhira showed her she must put a check on herself; he told her that her Gandharva husbands did not deem it now the time to take revenge, and would see to that by and by. Draupadī cried out: "I am but too considerate for these weak-souled men. The first-comer may beat[1] them, whose eldest is a dice-player." After these words she ran weeping and with streaming hair into Sudeshṇā's abode. She purified herself, washed her limbs and her clothes, and considered what she should do. She decided that only Bhīma could and would help her. So in the night she crept to him in the kitchen, clasped him as a creeper does the tree, and awoke the sleeper: "Rise, rise, wherefore dost thou lie sleeping, O Bhīmasena, like a dead man! For no evil man touches the wife of a man that is not dead, and still lives." Bhīma started up, and asked her what was distressing her. She burst into bitter complaints of what she had already had to bear, and that now at the fresh insult her heart was ready to burst. But what else could she expect, since Yudhishṭhira, the evil dicer, was her husband, the man who had brought himself and all belonging to him from kingly pomp and splendour into the very depths of poverty and contempt![2] She now drew a picture of the degrading life the brothers led; and she

[1] Or: slay.

[2] In K. she expresses herself far more emphatically still. There among other things she cries out (22.45 ff.): "Be thou my stay; I do not wish to turn to Yudh., the man without strength of will, without the passion of revenge (amarsha), without manhood. Oh! may no woman bear such a son! . . . As the rutting lord of the herd, the sixty year old elephant, tramples with his feet on the bilva-fruit fallen to the ground, and squashes it, so do thou, O man-tiger, pound in fragments Kīcaka's skull, after thou hast flung him to the ground. If Kīcaka rises to-morrow morning, and when the night has grown light [accus. absol. çarvarīṃ vyushṭāṃ, as, for instance, in v, 194.2; vi, 3.35; 60.1; vii, 74.46; 76.27; 29.44; ix, 30.21, like the not unfrequent prabhātāṃ çarvarīṃ], sees the rising sun, then I can no longer live. . . . And put the blame on thine eldest brother, the evil dice-player, through whose fault I have been brought to this boundless sorrow. But they, whose head and eldest is a shameful stain on his family, will probably, as men of humble spirit, follow after their excellent brother."

herself, she said, was a slave ; she, the once proud daughter of a king, she a queen, whom the sea-ringed earth had obeyed, must wait in awe on her mistress, with her delicate hands pound sandal-wood and prepare salve, and tremble to see whether it was to the liking of her lady. And she showed Bhīma her hands all horny. Bhīma raised her hands to his lips, and wept with her. Then he explained to her that he himself had wished to take a bloody vengeance at once, but Yudhishṭhira had stood in the way ; she must have patience only a little while longer, until they could come forth before the world. But she made him see that the danger from the all-powerful woman-hunter was too great, and that the warrior has no other duty but to destroy the foe. As so often before, so now again Bhīma must save her. "Break this man mad with love, like a pitcher on the stone ! If to-morrow morning the sun rises on him, who has brought me so much unhappiness, as on a living man, I shall mix myself poison, and drink it ; but I will not fall into Kīcaka's power. It is better I should die here before thine eyes, Bhīma." Weeping, she leant against his breast, and he spoke loving words of consolation to her. Then he wiped away her tears, licked the corners of his mouth [1] with rage, and spoke : "I will slay him even to-day together with his kindred. Give him a tryst this evening. There is the dancing-hall, built by the king of the Matsyas. By day the maidens dance there, at night they go home. In it there is a heaven-like, firmly made bed. On it I will show him his forbears that died before him. Look to it that thou art not seen speaking with him, and that he comes there."

Next morning Kīcaka spoke scornfully to Draupadī : "Before the king's eyes did I throw thee down in the sabhā, and kick thee with my feet, and there was none to save when a strong man laid hold on thee. It is I who am really the king of the Matsyas. Do thou take me joyfully, and I am thy slave. I will give thee forthwith a hundred golden nishkas, a hundred slave-girls, and as many slaves, together with a chariot drawn by she-mules." She made answer :

[1] An angry man's gesture often mentioned (so, e.g. iii, 157.50, 52; v, 162.17 ; vi, 84.12 ; 94.5 ; 96.22 ; 102.29 ; 111.11 ; xii, 8.2).

"Do thou now make this condition with me, O Kīcaka: no friend or brother of thine must know that thou meetest me. If there is evil speech of me, I am afeard of the glorious Gandharvas.[1] Promise me this, and I will do as thou willest." Kīcaka spoke: "Thus will I do, as thou sayest, O thou with the lovely hips. Alone I shall come into thy lonely abode, to unite with thee in the madness of love, so that the Gandharvas, shining as the sun, may not see thee." "Come thou by darkness into the dancing-hall that was built by the king of the Matsyas. By day the maidens dance there, at night they go home. This the Gandharvas will not remark. There of a surety we shall avoid any harm." As Draupadī talked on of this thing, to Kīcaka the half-day seemed as a month.[2] Then Kīcaka went back to his house, overwhelmed with joy; in his blindness he marked not his death in the form of the waiting-maid. Being much given to scents, ornaments, and wreaths, he hastily adorned himself, mazed with love. While he was thus busied, the time seemed to him very long, for he thought but of that great-eyed one. Right splendid did he look, just when he was to leave his splendour behind, like a light when it is about to fade away, and strives to use up its wick to the end. Draupadī slipped away to Bhīma, told him all, and once more with strong words called on him to bring the haughty one, who used contemptuous words about her Gandharva husbands, to his end. Wild with rage, he boasted he would tread down Kīcaka's head, as the elephant does a bilva-fruit, and slay all the Matsyas, and then Duryodhana, and rule over the earth; Yudhishṭhira could stay on as a servant to his heart's desire. But she impressed on him that he must carry out the vengeful deed in secret. In the night the thirster after love came into the hall deep in darkness, and spoke with a heart stirred with joy: "Mine

[1] Probably less likely: I am afraid of evil speech about the Gandharvas (anupravādād bhītāsmi gandharvānām yaçasvinām). In view of what follows the meaning might rather be: I am afraid that the Gandharvas will upbraid me.

[2] The instrumental, probably liter.: "became through Kīcaka, in K.'s eyes"; or the modal: "according to K., in K.'s opinion." Kīcakasya in K. is probably a reading which has been touched up.

house and my women's apartment, adorned with fair-shaped, most pleasing young women, and bright with merriment and love's pleasures—all this I have left for thy sake, and have come hither.[1] Quite of their own accord (akasmāt) the women that are in the house do constantly sing my praises : 'Fair-clad, and a sight of splendour art thou, and no other man is equal to thee.'" Bhīmasena called out :

"Luck be with thee, thou vision of all splendour !
Luck be with thee, thou singest thy loud praises !
Now will something be brought thee
such as thou never yet hast touched.

Contact thou dost know, thou hast been distilled
with every kind of water, and art well skilled
in the way of love, thou delight of women ;
no man can here be seen like thee." [2]

Saying this, he sprang up and laid hold of his wreathed hair, But Kīcaka clasped him with his arms. And now began a long, hard-fought wrestling-match between the two stout opponents. But at length Bhīma overbore him, squeezed his throat, and strangled the life out of him like a beast.[3] Then with awful strength he rammed arms and legs, head and neck into his trunk, so that only a shapeless lump of flesh remained. He then called Draupadī, kindled a light, and showed her the sight. Full of joy she ran and told the wardens of the sabhā that the Gandharvas, her husbands, had slain Kīcaka, the luster after women. The kindred, and followers of the murdered man came, and wanted to vent their rage on Draupadī.

[1] I would read saṃhāyāhaṃ instead of sahasāhaṃ. It is hardly : Allotting thee . . . my house, I have come at breathless speed.

[2] Or perhaps better : "as the delight of women no man can here be seen like thee."

[3] It is only by the sanctifying death from the weapon (çastrapūta) that the warrior comes into heaven, as the MBh. tells us over and over again. The hero, therefore, likes to slay a specially hated foeman in such a shameful way (paçumāraṃ mārayati), so that the wretched man may thereby lose paradise. Moreover, it is also awkward if we, like Yudhishṭhira (xviii, 1), see C. F. Meyer's words coming true : Even in heaven we may meet a man we cannot bear.

They laid hold of her and dragged her with them to the place of the burning to give her to the flames along with the lover, and so do him a loving service even in death. Loudly she cried out for help, and Bhīma leaped over the wall, and fell on the Sūtas, tearing up a mighty tree, and swinging it as a weapon. In terror the men let the girl go, and fled before the supposed Gandharva. But he killed a hundred and five, "this made with Kīcaka a hundred and six." Filled with fear and terror they now importuned the king to take all care lest his kingdom should fall a prey to destruction; for the Gandharvas, they said, were so strong, and the waiting-maid too fair; and such a lovely object for the senses attracted men all too strongly to the pleasures of love. Virāṭa now exhorts his wife to send away the waiting-maid, saying he could not tell her for fear of the Gandharvas,[1] while a woman would not come by any harm if she did it. Meanwhile Draupadī came home again, and the girls, who were being taught by Arjuna disguised as a eunuch, came out and congratulated her; but the queen asked the dangerous one to go away. Draupadī begged to be allowed to stop another thirteen days (iv, 14–24).[2]

[1] Naturally tām is to be read instead of tvām (24.10).

[2] With our tale compare above all Holtzmann, *Das Mahābhārata u. seine Teile*, iv, 98; Daçakumāracar., p. 172 ff. (Pushpodbhava's adventure), espec. 176 ff., and my note on p. 178; Daçāvatāracar., viii, 555 (a woman may have Gandharvas as husbands; these then kill any man touching her); Weber's *Ind. Studien*, xv, 337 (in the Siṃhāsanadvātriṃç., a Rākshasa even lays hold of a surpassingly lovely hetæra); Kuṭṭanīmatam, 347 (a demon has a woman in his possession and slays her lover). Daṇḍin's tale is assuredly not unconnected with the Kīcakaparvan.

The Gandharva, and later the Gandharvas, as owners before marriage, and afterwards lovers of the wife, and other lustful spirits have been alive in Indian thought since Vedic times, and, as is well known, there is nothing singular about this fact; for monsters, and supernatural beings of every kind, even Christian saints, know only too well how to appreciate fair women, and often bring down misfortune or destruction on the mortal man who is the mate of such a one. See the St. Petersburg dictionaries, and Monier-Williams, under "Gandharva"; Pischel u. Geldner, *Vedische Studien*, i, 77 ff.; L. v. Schroeder, *Mysterium u.*

Mimus, p. 60 ff.; 309 f.; 324; Bṛihadāranyaka-Up., vi, 4.19; Divyāvadana, p. 1; Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, i, 243, 264; Garnett, *The Women of Turkey*, etc., ii, 92 ff.; 378 ff.; Dunlop-Liebrecht, 68, 468, n. 126; *Revue des trad. popul.*, 14, p. 480; Basset, *Contes popul. d'Afrique*, 151 ff.; Ploss-Bartels [4], i, 391 ff.; Meyer, *Isoldes Gottesurteil*, note No. 214; *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, 373; Reitzenstein, *Zeitschr. f. Ethnol.*, vol. 41, p. 657 f. The woman belongs first to Soma, Gandharva, and Agni, and only afterwards to her husband. Thus she can never be sullied; Soma (the moon) gives her purity (çauca), Gandharva (probably a genius of fertilization) her sweet voice, and the fire god gives her the stainlessness (to be taken actively and passively, "cleanness," sarva-medhyatva) in her whole body and being. Rigveda, x, 85.40–41; Pāraskara's Gṛihyasūtra, i, 4.16; Hiraṇy-Gṛihyas., i, 20.2; Vasishṭha, xxviii, 5–6; Yājñav., i, 71; Baudh., ii, 2, 4.5; Jolly's note to Nārada, xii, 28, in SBE, vol. xxxiii; Agnipur., 165.9, 19–21a; Meyer, *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, 22 f.; 229; 373–375; Winternitz, *Die Frau in d. ind. Religionen*, i, p. 33 [7]. Probably this belief that the spirits feel thus drawn to earthly women is not without its influence on the origin of the widespread Tobias nights, and the tale in the Biblical book is therefore worthy of all attention. On these nights see e.g. Weber, *Indische Studien*, v, 325 f.; 330 f.; 347; 359 f.; 368; 375; 377; of the Gṛihyasūtras: Çāṅkhy., i, 17.5; Āçval., i, 8.10 f.; Gobh., ii, 3.15; Pārask., i, 8.21; Hir., i, 23.10; Āpast., iii, 8.8; Meyer, *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, 373; Garnett, *The Women of Turkey*, i, 240; Schmidt, *Jus primae noctis*, p. 149 ff.; Mantegazza, *Geschlechtsverhältnisse*, 252, 289–90; Henne am Rhyn, 28; McLennan, *Primitive Marriage*, 181; L. von Schroeder, *Die Hochzeitsgebräuche d. Esten*, 192 ff.; and of course Ploss and Westermarck. An interesting case is found in the *Tavola ritonda*, ed. Polidori (Bologna, 1864), p. 93. At a feast at the court of King Marco the lovely Donzella dell'Aigua della Spina and Tristano ogle one another and fall in love. As a typical lady of the Middle Ages, after leaving the table the stricken lady goes at once to the hero, offers herself to him, and then by a message sends for him to come by night to her chamber. Then it goes on: Tristano entra nel letto con lei, e sollazono e dánnosi piacere e diletto. Vero è che la donzella avea preso marito di sedici giorni dinanzi, non che ancora si fossono congiunti insieme: imperò ch'egli era usanza a quel tempo, que quando gli cavalieri prendeano dama (a wife) egli stavano trenta giorni inanzi ch'eglino si congiugnessono insieme; e ciascuno giorno insieme udivano messa; acciò che Iddio perdonasse loro l'offense, e anche perchè perdeano la loro verginitade e venivano al conoscimento carnale; e pregavano Iddio che di lor

uscisse fuori frutto che fosse pro al mondo e grazioso alla gente e degno a Dio e che portassero loro matrimonio con leanza.

Anyone with a knowledge of the sexual ways of the Middle Ages smiles at this meaningly to himself, as also at the words of Schweiger-Lerchenfeld which he regales us with in his description of Indian wedding customs: "The abstinence, too, by the newly wedded couple, for three whole days, has come down to us as a shining symbol from the mists of antiquity with its lofty conceptions of chastity" (*Die Frauen des Orients*, p. 591).

The first and main reason for this phenomenon, as also for the so-called "romantic reserve" of the newly wedded connected therewith, that is, the secret visits of the young husband, is to be sought, however, elsewhere than in that union of spirit-beings with the earthly woman. Nor does "marriage by capture" (McLennan and others), "paying the price of maidenhead" (Ploss-Bartels and others), "furthering fruitfulness" (Günther, 85–86), or the various other suggestions of this kind meet the case. The feeling of the sinfulness of coition which Westermarck calls in is too little prevalent, and also in the main of too late a period to give an explanation. Thus we ask: Why is coition outside wedlock not dangerous because of its uncleanness? And why is continence only kept for so short a time? To me the matter presents itself thus: The coition which we call unlawful, lechery or fornication, is in general practised without any hesitation among very many peoples and tribes. It is no more than a pleasant sport, and of no importance. Thus the mysterious powers do not give any heed to it, either. But marriage is a thing of great importance, indeed it is a downright injury done to nature and to the beings which hold sway in the darkness of nature, and especially in woman. Up to now they have been the owners of the woman. Now a man becomes her private owner. This is a robbery done to them. Thus with marriage —but not with sexual intercourse outside marriage—the man is threatened by the sharpest malice of magical powers. But the demons are very stupid. So they only watch the door (Jāt., ii, 79, introduct.; Dubois-Beauchamp [3], p. 499; *Zeitschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, 11, p. 268; *Zeitschr. f Ethnol.*, Bd. 30, p. 353; Ploss-Bartels, i, 560), believe that if the child has an ugly name, or is spoken of slightingly, then nothing will happen, and so on. If then the newly wedded refrain at the beginning, these simple fools of spirits imagine that it will go on in this way. Among many peoples and tribes a short time only of chastity is enough to trick the evil powers, among others due trouble must be taken. Thus it is that those, too, who have not been long married come together by stealth, or in the forest, in the open, for the spirits only watch the house and what goes on in it, especially in such

a case as this. In other places, indeed, the young married couple must for a long time keep themselves carefully shut in, particularly by night, but this, too, is only because of the spirits who are then so powerful. See, for example, Weber's *Ind. Studien*, v, 331, 347; Garnett, i, 241–2, 324; ii, 257; Mantegazza, 256; McLennan, 181, 186–7; Westermarck, 151–2; *Anthropos*, iii, 185. When the demands on the woman's purity are more highly developed, there is furthermore the superstitious dread before the mystery of the first blood, which gives an opening for the demons—the first cause of the so-called "right" of the first night. This last also is primitive, and at first an evil necessity; the slave and the stranger, the latter as a foe or one of no account, not indeed, as the fable has grown up, as the representative of the god, are called in for the task; the kinsfolk or the girl herself has to see to the defloration as a duty; it falls to the lot of the shaman, the priest, or of the chief or ruler, who is more or less proof against the spirits. In the case of the Tobias nights, the thought may then at an early stage have been present, that through self-denial or even self-torture the demons (and the gods also) are won over; there may also be other ideas. But we must not forget that it is the husband who is the one threatened by the greatest danger; others are not so strongly, or not at all, affected by the mysterious powers as such. Thus the Kamchadale widow must first lie with another man so that the ghost of her first husband may not kill his successor (Hartland, *Prim. Patern.*, ii, 183); and the husband of the adulteress among some tribes on Lake Nyassa cannot approach her again before another man has lain with her ritually (Hartland, ii, 122). Hence, too, the girl's "preliminary husband", used as a lightning-conductor. See R. Wilhelm, *Chines. Volksmärchen*, p. 236. And so on for other cases. A like superstition is very likely at work in the case of the "first night" also, but certainly in other cases belonging here. Among the South Slavs instead of the bridegroom it is the groom's men, the mother-in-law, and the sister who during the first night share the bed of the newly wedded wife. Krauss, *Sitte u. Brauch*, 382, 456. And if we find that among them the young wife must not, for a whole year, refer to her husband by his name, this has probably a like cause: the name, in accordance with a well-known belief found all over the world, as part of a person's being, gives a hold to the hostile powers; the young husband must at first, therefore, keep a strict incognito. To see so confidently in this only the trace of earlier "hetærism", as is the custom, seems to me very ill-founded. "Evil, harm" and "sin" often coincide in thought and in speech. The Russian "gryekh" ("sin"), too, denotes likewise "harm, hurt". Might not in the same way the corresponding South Slav word, provided always that purely

Now Kīcaka, who in spite of his coxcombry, was a stout warrior, as K. at least, proves in a special chapter on his descent and doughty deeds, does indeed show a certain romanticism in his passion of love, anyhow in his relations with Draupadī ; for as she herself shows him clearly, it means a sacrificing of his own advantage that he should want to make her, the unclean waiting-woman, his wife. Otherwise, however, he is evidently a typical representative of a class of

Christian ideas are not at work, have nothing about it of what Krauss sees in the "child through sin", but rather might there not be a glimmer of the primitive meaning of the magically dangerous? And such customs as the handing over of the bride to the wedding-guests may well, in so far as it is not hospitality towards the guests, in many cases have as first purpose the most thorough securing of the husband against the mysterious powers that are thus tricked. Many wedding customs, such as the well-known flight of the bride, her struggles, the pitched fight with the bridegroom, the keeping back of the bride, and so on, have been traced back to marriage by capture. Here and there it may be that one at least of the reasons is to be found in this. But originally probably there was often the purpose of throwing dust in the evil spirits' eyes. Anyhow there are a few, very few, cases where force has to be used on the bridegroom. So it is among the Garos (Maj. A. Playfair, *The Garos*, Lond., 1909, p. 67 ; Crooke, *Pop. Relig. and Folk-Lore*, etc., i, 121 f. ; Westermarck, 158 f. ; Finck, *Prim. Love*, 649). It must be noted that among them only the girl may propose marriage, and if a love-blinded young man lets himself be carried away into doing such a thing, it is a great insult to the whole family. *Zeitschr. f. Ethnol.*, Bd. 5, p. 268 (after Dalton). Also among the gipsies in India we find the bridegroom's "mock refusal" at the wedding. Devendra N. Das, *Sketches of Hindoo Life*, p. 238. Among them the girl has sexual freedom, and makes her own choice in marriage. Ibid. 237. In the end we find it true here too that man, above all, more primitive man, is after all no memory-mechanism. Even among the beasts the male must often get the female as his hunting-booty, and overcome her while she struggles, and so on. And every woman is a Sabine, as Olaf in Johannes Linnankoski's great novel *Laulu tulipunaisesta kukasta* (Song of the Fire-red Flower) says ; she wishes to be carried off. Is it likely that so strong an instinct in more primitive man—for imitation, for play, for the symbolical and the use of his powers of imagination—would have slumbered at the wedding above all ?

men who are seen everywhere in the Epic, especially among the Kshattriyas.[1]

It is true the assertion is made of the barbarians (Yavanas, Pāradas, Çakas, and Bālhikas) that they are woman-mad (vii, 93.42); but the wail of the noble wife (i, 158), whose husband must go forth to the monster as the tribute-prey of the Rākshasa, is not only the fantasy born of her anguish. She shows him how men will fall upon her and their daughter in their blind greed, and mishandle them for their own ends, so soon as their protector is gone. They will not, in short, be left to stay on the path of virtue. "As the birds swoop down on a piece of flesh thrown on the ground, so do all swoop on a woman that lacks her husband" (çl. 12).[2] A woman, especially, in a menial position, was naturally in Old India always in danger, although, to all seeming, not the outlaw she is in Europe still to-day, or anyhow in German lands. As it naturally cannot be expected of princesses to understand anything else, but just to be princesses, Draupadī as well as Damayantī has to condescend in misfortune to take service as a chambermaid; for she already knows something of wreaths, perfumes, ornaments, and fine clothes. But she reminds Yudhishṭhira: "Chambermaids are unprotected in the world, they are slave-girls, O Bhārata" (iv, 4.15 ff.); and the future was to bring what she feared, as we have just seen. The man wants only to enjoy a woman, not to marry her, as, for instance, Rām., vii, 79–81: Daṇḍa, the stupid youngest son of King Ikshvāku, sees the young and lovely daughter of a holy man, and is fired with a passion for her. She warns him of the fatal anger of her father, and that he must ask for her as his wife; but he forthwith ravishes her. The holy man makes a seven days' rain of ashes to fall on the place; so everything lies dead there, and this is the Daṇḍaka forest.[3] "The man would not come to the taking home

[1] "He was one that mowed down soldiers, and an evil adulterer," we find said of him in iv, 25.3.

[2] It is noteworthy that as to her daughter her anxiety is, above all, lest Çūdras and others not worthy of the maiden may ask for her in marriage.

[3] Cp. the end of Jāt., 497, and 522 towards the end; Meyer, *Hindu Tales*, 114 ff.; and further Dvārakā's fate, which has so many

(as bride) of a maiden did not the 'stick' (daṇḍa, the justice that punishes) protect" (xii, 15.37). But the daṇḍa, according to the much-preached Indian view, indeed brings about all moral order whatever in the world; and on the other hand the men in Old India were just the same as men throughout the ages. It is so, too, that King Dhṛitarāshṭra must naturally be judged. He has a most excellent wife, Gāndhārī, but also from a Vaiçyā woman a son Yuyutsu. His descendant Janamejaya asks Dvaipāyana, the relater of the Mahābhārata: "Why did he hurt her by unfaithfulness?" The answer goes: "Since the belly of the (pregnant) Gāndhārī waxed and pained for so long a time, a Vaiçyā served him, and from her was the son born" (i, 115.4, 5, 41, 42). On the other hand, the note of wonder in Janamejaya's question might well be looked on as illuminating. Even holy men and penitents are no spoil-sports there, but we see them even as brothel-keepers of a kind, or rather, as the hosts presiding over free tables of love in most magnificent style. When Bharata went forth to fetch back the banished Rāma, he came with his mighty army also to the hermitage of the Ṛishi Bharadvāja. This Ṛishi by his miraculous powers entertained the whole crowd of warriors in a way that was a real dissipation of the senses: from out of Indra's paradise he called down the whole host of the Apsarases, and from other heavens other divine women. Twenty thousand of these wondrous beauties were sent by Brahma, twenty thousand by Kubera, twenty thousand by Indra; even the creepers in the forest did the yogi turn into delightful women. Seven or eight of these charming examples of ravishing womanhood gave each warrior, mostly married (cp. Rām., 33, 82.25 and 26), their services for the bath, and offered him heady drink—spirits and spiced liqueur (maireya),[1] whereof there were whole ponds

parallels in East and West. It went ill, too, with Yavakrī(ta), the insolent son of a penitent, who ravished (majjayāmāsa, MBh., iii, 136) the daughter-in-law of Raibhya against her will. See also Tod, *Rajasthan*, ii, 39.

[1] The scholiast says in MBh., vii, 64.6, that this word means a mixture of spirits (surā) and āsava (rum); in xiv, 89.39, that it means a "heady drink coming from the tree" (vṛikshajaṃ

and rivers, and the flower-cups of their divine bodies—to say nothing of the heaps of rare meats, and other choice foods, and carnal pleasures. It is no wonder that the soldiery danced, and laughed, and sang there, and to this air :

"This is heaven ! Hail to thee,
O Bharata ! Here we stay !"—(Rām., ii, 91.)

Among the gods there are by no means few who show mortals the best example. "Bhadrā was the daughter of Soma (the moon god), held to be first among women for beauty. Soma deemed Utathya a husband worthy of her. And she, the peerless, the glorious one, for Utathya's sake gave herself up to strict penance, practising the loftiest mortification, she with the lovely limbs. Then Soma called Utathya to him, and gave him the splendid one to wife, and the pious man took her in lawful wise. But already before this the lordly Varuṇa had loved her, and he came to Vanaprastha [1] on the Yamunā, and carried her off. And when the lord of waters had carried her off, he brought her to his city, which is a wonder beyond compare to the eye, to the place of the six thousand lakes. For no other splendid city is fairer than this, which shines with palaces, Apsarases, and heavenly delights. Then the god, the lord of the waters, took his delight with her. Then the news was told Utathya of this shame done to his wife.[2] So soon as Utathya had heard all this from Nārada, he spoke unto Nārada : 'Go, speak these sharp words to Varuṇa : Give up my wife at my bidding ! Why hast thou carried her away ? Thou art a warden unto the worlds, not a world-destroyer. Soma gave me my wife, and now thou hast robbed me of her.' Thus at his bidding was the lord of waters addressed by Nārada : 'Give up the wife of Utathya ! Why hast thou carried her off ?' When Varuṇa had heard these his words, he spoke : 'She is my much-loved wife ; I cannot give her

madyam), that is, palm-wine ? fruit-liquor ? Much better information is given as to the ingredients by Kauṭilya (transl.), 186.17–187.3 ; Yaçodhara in Kāmasūtra (Durgaprasad's ed.), p. 54.

[1] Or : into the mountain forest.

[2] Patnyavamardana ; perhaps simply : coition with his wife. Cp. abhimardana, rubbing, coition, in Divyāvad., p. 624.

up.' Having been thus addressed by Varuṇa, Nārada now came to the Muni Utathya, and spoke with heart not at all gladdened : 'Varuṇa took me by the neck and threw me out, O great Muni. He will not give thee thy wife. Do what thou must do!' When the Aṅgiras had heard Nārada's words he was angered, and drank, as a great penitent, the water through his sublime strength, holding it up.[1] Although now all the water was drunk up, and the lord of water was besought by his friends, yet he did not give her up. Then spoke Utathya, the best of the Brahmans, hot with anger, to the earth : 'My dear friend, do thou make the place of the six thousand lakes to come forth as dry land.' Then did it become a salt desert, as the sea flowed away from that place. And to the river[2] also spoke this most excellent Brahman : 'Thou timid one, flow unseen towards the sand-waste (marūn prati), O Sarasvatī ; unhallowed be this place when thou hast left it, thou kindly one.' When this land was now dried up, the warden of the waters came with Bhadrā, and gave the scion of the Angiras his wife, taking refuge with him. Utathya welcomed his wife, and was very glad, and he set the world and Varuṇa free from affliction. What he with the knowledge of the law, the very mighty Utathya, spoke to Varuṇa, when he had received his wife, do thou now hear, O herdsman of men : 'I have won her through the might of my asceticism, while thou art moaning, O water king.'" After these words he took her and went to his abode (xiii, 154.10 ff. : cp. 153.3–5).

But a regular Don Juan from heaven is Indra, like the Greek king of the gods, his colleague.[3] In days of old he started

[1] So according to ix, 29.54 ; 30.8, 44, 56, 63, 66 ; 31.2, 4, 20 ; 32.38 ; 54.31 (cp. i, 1.209 ; 2.283), where Duryodhana flees into the pond, and by his magic powers heaps it up about himself, in like wise, probably, as it happened for the children of Israel. In the following he is always seen as being in the water. In our passage perhaps vishṭabhya might in itself be more naturally translated : suppressing it ; that is to say, he made it vanish, dry up. An actual drinking dry, as in the case of Agastya, is probably not meant ; but cp. xiii, 153.3 ff.

[2] Feminine in the Sanskrit.

[3] For him too the god of love makes the coy ones yielding, as for Zeus. Kumāras., iii, 14, 15 ; Pārvatīpariṇayanāṭ., ii, str. 8.

to win laurels in this field, and the later literature often tells of his love affairs (cp. Wilson, *Selected Works*, iii, 35 ; Weber's *Indische Studien*, v, pp. 249–50). In spite of his faithful wife Çacī, who, however, was kept very wan and haggard, and in spite of his host of heavenly hetæræ, the Apsarases, he is drawn to the women of the earth. Everywhere he lies in wait for beautiful women, and changes himself into every kind of shape so as to enjoy them, just like his more majestic but correspondingly craftier brother of Olympus, or like Odin in Germanic mythology. Just as Zeus once came to Amphitryon's wife in the shape of her husband, so did Indra come to Ahalyā, as we have already touched upon (xii, 266 ; Rām., i, 48 ; vii, 30.20 ff.).[1] After he had given the bad example, had brought love-making with other men's wives into the world, this also spread among mankind (Rām., vii, 30.33). To what a pitch of cunning invention he had reached in the seduction of women will be shown shortly in another connection. And in other ways, too, this heavenly libertine is fond of playing all kinds of tricks on women, as is to be seen from the tale of Devayānī and Çarmishṭhā.

Thus, too, we find it given as the pride of the earthly warrior, and the picture of mortal man's glory "to press the breasts of loving women, to make gifts, and to slay foes" (viii, 83.23 ; 94.46, 47). So Bhūriçrava's wife, when bewailing the dead man, boasts thus of his hand that Arjuna has shot away : "This is the hand which slew heroes, and gave security to friends, which gave thousands of cows, and dealt death to

[1] In the account of the Rām. (i, 48.19 ff.), it is true, Ahalyā very well recognizes the ruler of the gods with all his disguise, and gladly welcomes the change for the more voluptuous entertainment it will bring ; and in the account in the Kathāsarits. (tar. 17, çl. 137 ff.) she even encourages her lover ; a change of shape is thus not really needed. Cp. Zachariae, *Zeitschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 16, p. 131 ; Toldo, ibid., Bd. 15, p. 367 ff. That supernatural beings take on the outward appearance of the husband, and so lie with the wife, is indeed a widespread belief (see Ploss-Bartels, i, 392) ; and earthly men have often reached their object in the same way, by magic or otherwise. King Arthur, indeed, is the fruit of such a trick (Malory, *Morte d'Arthur*, i, 2).

Kshattriyas. This is the hand that took away women's girdles, pressed swelling breasts, felt navel, thigh, and secret parts, and loosened aprons" (xi, 24.18 ff.).[1] Cp. too, Gāndhārī's lament for her fallen sons in xi, 19.14, 18. The same ideal for princes is found in ii, 54.11. The happy man has fair women, and rice with meat (ii, 49.9 ff.). See e.g. also ix, 56 f. ; vi, 17.8 ff. ; xiii, 57.13 ; 106.22, 30, 32 ; K, xiv, 103.71.

Now everything on earth is limited ; so, too, the supply of beautiful women for each man, and no less so his strength for enjoying them. In heaven it is otherwise. Times beyond count the Epic emphatically says that the doughty man is rewarded in the world beyond with boundless joys of love, and hosts of wonderful women. In particular the Apsarases are often mentioned as a kind of Indian valkyries, or rather, houris of paradise, and the welcome is painted which they give the hero fallen in the fight.[2] As an ever-present spur in the fiery speeches of the battle-leaders, and in the thoughts of the warriors, we find the glorious prospect of this unmeasured bliss. But all other good deeds as well, and all the virtues are rewarded in this way : asceticism, fasting, alms-giving, gifts to the Brahmans, and so forth ; and the member of the priestly caste must naturally in this not be left behind others, although the warrior, indeed, in these, anyhow mainly, warlike poems comes before us as the chief candidate for those very willing ladies of heaven. Here we only mention a few passages : xiii, 96.18, 19 ; 82.85, 86, 88 ; 64.17, 30 ; 106.53 ff. ; 107.6 ff. ; iii, 186.7 ; viii, 49.76–78; xii, 98.46 ; 99.4 ; Rām., iv, 20.13 ; 24.34 ; Holtzmann, ZDMG, 33, p. 642.

[1] Proudly Duḥçāsana, hurled to the ground, still shouts out in the shadow of death : " This is the hand that has pressed swelling breasts, that has given thousands of cows, and has dealt death to Kshattriyas " (viii, 83.22). See also especially Duryodhana's great speech in ix, 5.22 ff. This hero's body above the navel is made of diamond, but below it of flowers for the delight of women (iii, 252.5 ff.).

[2] The later artificial Epic, as is well known, is lavish with similar descriptions (e.g. Raghuv., vii, 50 ; Kumāras., xvi, 36, 48 ; Çiçup., xviii, 60, 61). Cp. Daçakum., p. 144.

And thus much more evidence could be brought forward showing the delight in woman and woman's love which is part of the Epic heroes' life. And as in the later and the erotic literature, the public gardens and pleasure-groves are a chosen place for tender adventure. There in the evening men and women seek their pleasure, and attend the joys of love in the shelter of the trees and bushes (Rām., ii, 71.22, 25, 26).[1] In swift carriages the upper world of love, too, drives out, modish and dashing, to the tangled forest (Rām., ii, 67.19). Picnics in the forest and park are often found in the Epic. All kinds of choice foods are taken, but above all intoxicating drinks, for just as the Hindus in the narrative parts of the Epic know nothing of the Brahmanic horror of flesh—indeed that most strict Brahman, the pious Rāma, is a very great connoisseur in this matter (Rām., ii, 91.1 ff.)—so also they show themselves to be very fond of intoxicating drinks, particularly of the surā which is so heavily condemned by the law books and the ascetic writings. And the women, the noblest among them, too, are quite a match for them. Bacchus and Venus as elsewhere in India, so also in the Epic, show themselves as brother and sister.[2] We have already been told how the haughty and high daughter of a Brahman, Devayānī, and the royal princess

[1] It is no wonder that Smṛiti forbids the delights of love in park, garden, or forest.

[2] Cp. Raghuv., vii, 11; my Daçakum., 64 ff.; 231; Amitagati, Subhāshitasaṃd., xx, 24 (ZDMG, 61.119); Rajendra Lala Mitra in the *Journ. of the Roy. Asiatic Soc. of Bengal*, 1873, Part 1, No. 1: "Indo-Aryans," i, 389; Phear, *The Aryan Village in India and Ceylon*, 90; R. Schmidt, *Liebe u. Ehe in Indien*, 44 ff. Especially good descriptions of drunken and therefore extraordinarily attractive and amorous women are given in Kirātārj., ix, 51 ff.; Çiçup., x, 1–38. —Best of all things on earth is the taste of vāruṇī and latvākā-birds (MBh., xii, 180.31). Only the Brahmans were forbidden spirits by Çukra, as we have been told, and although they do not always abstain from it in the Epic, yet abstinence struck root among them from early times; and how great an abomination was intoxicating drink to the members of the priestly caste later on, is shown even by Vidūshaka in the Nāgānanda (see my Samayamātṛikā, pp. xxvii, xxx). The original grounds for this horror are pointed out by me in *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, pp. 25 f.; 352.

Çarmishṭhā with their girl-friends and serving-women make a merry forest picnic, and how they there quaff sweet intoxicating drink (madhumādhavī) (i, 81.1 ff.). A quite classic description of such a river and forest outing is given in i, 222.14 ff. : Some days later Arjuna said to Kṛishṇa : "It is now the hot days ; let us go to the Yamunā. When we have taken our pleasure there together with our friends, we will come home again in the evening ; be pleased to do this, O Janārdana." Kṛishṇa spoke : "O son of Kuntī, it is also pleasing to me that we should take our pleasure together with our friends by the water to our heart's desire." When they had taken leave of Yudhishṭhira, and had got his consent, the two, the son of Pṛithā, and Govinda, then went, accompanied by their friends. Speedily the women's band (antaḥpura) of Kṛishṇa and Arjuna, in all their manifold shining jewels came upon the scene, when they had reached the incomparable pleasure spot. This was covered with all kinds of trees, furnished with all kinds of houses, comparable with Indra's city, provided with many kinds of well-tasting and rare meats and drinks, as too with wreaths and manifold perfumes. And all did make merry after their desire. And the broad-hipped women with enticing, swelling breasts, and lovely eyes did sport around, with drunken, stumbling gait. Some of the lovely ones of Kṛishṇa and Arjuna sported in the forest, others in the water, others again in the houses, according as the place disposed, as their pleasure urged them. Draupadī and Subhadrā, both merry with drink, bestowed clothing and ornaments on the women. Some danced in unbridled gladness,[1] others shrieked and screamed with joy ; some among the glorious women were laughing, and the others drinking the best of rum (āsava). Here some were clutching hold of one another,[2] and striking each other, others again were talking their secrets over among themselves. Houses and forest were filled everywhere with the sound of the sweet flutes, lutes, and tambourines, in glorious splendour beyond words. Arjuna, too, had just received as a wedding-gift from Kṛishṇa a full

[1] Or : in wanton excitement (prahṛishṭa).

[2] Were holding one another fast ? barred one another's way (ruddh) ?

thousand of most delightful girls of still tender years, to wait on him at bathing and drinking entertainments (i, 221.49–50).

Then there were all kinds of entertainments, where drinking and other merry-making played a great part. So the festival already mentioned in honour of the mountain Raivataka in Kṛishṇa's kingdom. "And this mountain was adorned; it shone, covered with the most manifold, many-coloured treasures made of precious stones, with the most splendid gold wreaths, as also with flowers and garments and wishing-trees.[1] And always decked with golden branched lights, it blazed like the light of day, in its caves and waterfalls. It was as though it sang, when many-coloured banners bearing small bells, and men and women filled it everywhere with sounds. A sight of splendour beyond words did it offer, like Meru with its bands of Munis. The din from the drunken, merry, singing women and men rose even into the sky, confusedly filled with the merry shouting and screaming[2] of the roaring, drunken men and women, crazed with delight. Thus did the mountain delight the heart with the sounds of joy, furnished, too, with chapmen's booths and markets, enticing the heart, abounding in all kinds of food and pleasure haunts, covered with a great array of cloths and wreaths, resounding with lutes, flutes, and drums. Great magnificence was given to the festival of the mighty mountain, by the unending bestowal on the poor, the blind, the needy, and so forth, of hard and soft foods, together with spiced liqueur (maireya) and spirits (surā)" (xiv, 59.5 ff.).

Not less so did the great sacrificial gatherings also offer

[1] Probably natural trees, or ones set up (poles), hung with all kinds of splendid things (kalpavṛiksha).

[2] Read utkrushṭa.—Kshveḍita, kshveḍati is very often found in the Epic, and especially of the sounds of lusty fighting, of courage and defiance in battle, and so on. Although it is found very often in the MBh. with this meaning, yet Nīl., so far as I know, does not give a true explanation anywhere. But in the Rām. there is several times to be found very useful matter. So kshveḍita and kshveḍā = siṃhanāda (v, 4.12; vi, 4.26); and better still, though a little indefinite, in vi, 59.8; kshveḍitāni = svaçauryaprakāçakaçabdāḥ (in the text along with siṃhanāda, as also often elsewhere).

opportunity enough for women's drinking. Thus we find at the end of the description of the horse-sacrifice made by Yudhishṭhira (xiv, 89.39 ff.): "So was the sacrifice of the wise king of justice and truth a flood of many foods and precious stones, a sea of spirit-drink and spiced liqueur (maireya). At it were ponds whose mud was made of molten butter, mountains of foods, rivers whose mud was of curdled milk with sugar and spices. Folk saw no end there to the cakes and sweetmeats [1] that were made and eaten, nor to the beasts slaughtered. Pleasant it was there with the sounds of drums and shell-trumpets, with all the drunken, noisy, happy folk, and the crowd of right merry young women." [2] But at ordinary times, too, fair ladies were much given to heady drink, as it is to be gathered from various passages; and in the description of Rāvaṇa's flock of women (Rām., v, 9; 10.30 ff.; 11.2 ff.; 18.10 ff.), reference is often made to their love of drinking. Even Sītā, that pattern of Indian womanhood, is no exception here, although naturally she keeps away from a pleasure such as this in her captivity and separation from her husband. But when she is again united with Rāma, she makes up for it. "When the son of Raghu had come into the thick açoka-grove, he sat himself down on a seat splendid to behold,

[1] Nīl., however, thus explains rāgakhāṇḍava: "Bean soup with pepper and ginger is khāṇḍava; if sugar is added, then it is rāga-khāṇḍava." So, too, referring to xv, 1.19. On the other hand in vii, 61.8, he gives it = guḍodana. In vii, 64.8, rāgakhaṇḍavapānakān, therefore in all probability rāgakhāṇḍava, appears as a kind of drink, or an ingredient of a drink.

[2] So, too, the religious festivals (melā) in our days are merry fairs; and at sacrificial festivals, even the death-meals (çrāddha), there are wild goings on; and so on. S. Devendra Das, *Sketches of Hindoo Life*, 70 ff.; 122 ff. Bose, *The Hindoos As They Are*, 258 ff. It is not without reason that the law writings ordain that the guests (Brahmans) at the çrāddhas shall eat in silence. So Manu, iii, 236; Yājñavalkya, i, 238; Vishṇu, lxxxi, 11, 20; Saurapurāṇa, xix, 28. And the old Greek hecatombs are "really nothing but a great popular festival to which a fair is added". E. Meyer, loc. cit., p. 105. So, too, to the banquets to Brahmans given by women it is especially women that come, and they give themselves a good time, and even get drunk (i, 147.5 ff.).

decked with many flowers and strewn with kuça-grass, and he took Sītā by the hand and gave her pure, sweet heady drink to quaff, as Indra did to Çacī. The tenderest meat and various fruits were quickly brought by the servants for Rāma to eat; and before the king, bands of Apsarases and snake-fays, well versed in dancing and singing, surrounded by Kinnarīs, did dance; and skilled women with the gift of beauty, under the spell of heady drink, and trained in dance and song, danced before Kākutstha. These heart-gladdening women did Rāma ever fill with gladness, he the best of gladdeners, he with the virtuous soul, he filled them with gladness, them the preciously adorned. Sitting with Sītā, he shone with sublime splendour, like Vasishṭha sitting with Arundhatī. Thus did Rāma, attended with joy, delight Sītā day after day like a god, Sītā like unto a daughter of the gods, the princess of Videha" (Rām., vii, 42.17 ff.). It seems, then, quite natural that she who had been carried off by the monster should speak scornfully to him: "There is the same difference between Rāma and Rāvaṇa as between the lion and the jackal, between a brooklet and the great sea, between sour rice-gruel (sauvīraka and choice spirits" (Rām., iii, 47.45). And so, too, she throws at him in Mahābh., iii, 278.39, 40: "How could a cow-elephant after having come to a rutting, noble, forest-roving giant bull-elephant, touch a pig? How could a woman that has drunk mādhvīka and madhumādhavī feel any longing after sour rice-gruel?"[1] The lovely drunken woman is often used in comparisons also, for instance, in vi, 75.34: "So did thine army, ravaged by Bhīma and Arjuna, reel hither and thither, like a drunken woman" (cp. vi, 77.61; vi, 100.19; ix, 9.37; xii, 164.63).[2]

[1] Nīl. says that mādhvīka is an intoxicating drink got from flowers, madhumādhavī one made from honey.

[2] Cp. R. Schmidt, *Ind. Erotik*, 190–193. The Gaṅgā rushing down from the sky, likewise is seen as a tipsy woman (iii, 109.10). Cp. e.g. iii, 187.44. Even the so-called lifeless Nature feels the spell of intoxicants on lovely lips; according to Indian poetic convention, the bakula (or kesava) cannot bloom unless its stem has been besprinkled with such moisture from the mouth of a young and pretty woman (e.g. Raghuv., ix, 33; xix, 12; Lokaprakāça, *Ind. Stud.*, vol. 18,

And indeed the woman drinks, must drink, and looks so delightful under the effects of intoxicating drink, because by it love is helped, as, too, the Indians often say. The Epic also often hints at this, or lays stress on it. Here we give only one or two passages. Woman easily becomes shy and ashamed, but under the effects of drink, she puts her arms round her beloved (xi, 20.7 ; cp. xii, 167.38 ; Rām., iv, 1.85).[1]

p. 325 ; Pārvatīpariṇ., iii, 6). A pleasant womanly impression also is made by the custom of putting flowers, especially lotus-flowers and those of the sahakāra-mango, in the intoxicating drink (Kāvyādarça, ii, 157 ; Kirāt., ix, 56 ; Çiçup., viii, 52 ; x, 1, 3, 5, 8, 11 ; xv, 12 ; Rāvaṇavaha, xii, 14). Flowers and shoots, indeed, keep evil away, and bring good, e.g. ii, 21.51.

[1] When drunk a person shows his true nature (Çiçup., x, 18 ; Rāvaṇav., x, 80). And woman's nature and calling is love, and : " Every woman is at heart a rake," as Pope says. This, acccording to Kirāt., ix, 54, is brought out by intoxicating drink. But it shakes the morality of the fair (MBh., vi, 77.61).—According to Gobhila's Gṛihyasūtra, at the wedding the bride, after the wedding oracle, is sprinkled with surā, so that her whole body is moistened with it, and at the same time this formula is spoken : " Kāma, I know thy name, intoxication is thy name." On the Brahmanic view, indeed, not only is spirit-drinking (surāpāna) in itself one of the four deadly sins, and holding the threat of dreadful punishments in this world and the other, but also women's offending is heavily condemned. A woman who partakes of spirituous drink is set on the same level as the murderess of her husband, or as one using abortion, and so forth ; and for her, as for the suicide and other great sinners, no death-gift must be made (Manu, v, 89 f., cp. ix, 13.80). The Brahman woman who thus sins cannot come after death into the world of her husband, but is cast out into the lowest births of all (Vasishṭha, xxi, 11). And intercourse with a spirit-drinking woman is a serious offence (Vishṇu, xxxvii, 33 ; cp. Vas., xxi, 15) ; and he who sees a woman of good family (kulastrī) drinking surā, must look at the sun to cleanse himself, utter Vishṇu's name, and bathe in the clothes he has on his body at the time of the ill-omened sight (Mahānirvāṇatantra, xi, 163 f., cp. 122). This last-named, highly instructive work, translated by Manmatha Nath Dutt (better by Arthur Avalon, with an excellent introduction, Luzac and Co., 1913), as a Tantra book, praises surā, indeed, in the most dissolute phrases—this freer of living beings, this annihilator of all sins, this mother of pleasure and release, this augmenter of under-

Thus Tārā, Vālin's widow, who is set forth as a pattern, when she goes over to the conqueror Sugrīva, first makes herself tipsy before beginning the new pleasures of love (Rām., iv, 33.38 ff.).

Further love-kindlers are the beauties of nature, and spring with all its signs of bursting life : the green of plants and splendour of flowers, bird-song, and the humming of bees, and all the rest ; and the wind, particularly the spring wind, is the arousing friend not only of fire, but also of Kāma. This is more particularly described in the account already given of how Pāṇḍu finds death in the way Ovid wished for, and that Frenchwoman in Brantôme ; and is touched on or told at length in other tales. Here we may recall, too, the æsthetically so well thought out description of the forest glories in the old saga of Dushyanta and Çakuntalā, which introduces in a two-fold meaning the love scenes that follow it. Cp., for instance, also iii, 136.1–3 ; 158.67–69. But a *locus classicus* is to be found in Rām., iv, 1 ff.

" When Rāma, together with Lakshmaṇa, went to that lotus-lake (Pampā) filled with day-lotuses and blue lotus-flowers, he bewailed himself with mind awhirl. Scarce had he seen it but his senses quivered for joyful excitement ; fallen under the power of the love god, he spoke these words to the son of Sumitrā : ' Son of Sumitrā, Pampā is shining with its water clear as the cat's-eye jewel, with its wealth of blooming day-lotuses and blue lotus-flowers, adorned with trees of many kinds. Son of Sumitrā, behold the grove of Pampā, so glorious to see,

standing, science, and knowledge, and so on, but at the same time condemns excess in biting words (e.g. xi, 105–123), and gives this drinking rule for the Kaula-rites :—

> So long as the steadfast look wavers not,
> So long as the mind's light flickers not,
> For so long drink ! Shun the rest !
> Whoso drinks still more is a beast.—(vi, 196).

According to Baudhāyana, i, 1, 2.1 ff., it is the custom " in the north " to drink intoxicants, and in particular Bṛihaspati, ii, 28 ff., records it of the women there. This is in order there, for it belongs to the custom of the land ; for in Old India also, as is well known, customary law prevails (dharma = custom, usage, law, right).

how the trees, rising as though to mountain-heights, stand up like rocky steeps. But I, who am parched through with sorrow, I am tortured by agonies of soul in my grief for Bharata, and for the raped princess of Videha. The flower-crowned creepers around us clasp everywhere the flower-laden trees. This season with its grateful wind, the scented moon of spring, when flowers and fruits have come forth on the trees, kindles a strong love. Behold, O son of Sumitrā, all the shapes of the rich-flowered forests, that shed a rain of flowers, as the clouds shed water. And on the lovely plains all the manifold trees of the grove, shaken by the strength of the wind, bestrew the earth with blossoms. The wind blowing forth from the mountain-caves seems to sing, through the notes of the drunken kokila-bird, bringing, as it were, the trees to dance. How grateful is its touch as it blows along cool as sandal-wood, carrying hither a pure scent and bearing weariness away. The trees seem to sing with their wreaths of bees ; their tops are roofed with flowers, much shaken by the up-tossing wind. The joyfully stirred water-cock by the enchanting waterfall, sets me, a prisoner of love, sorrowing with his notes. Ere now in the hermitage my beloved heard his call, called me to her in delight and welcomed him in utmost joy. With the water-cock's cry of love's delight, and the song of the male kokila-bird these trees resound, setting the passion of my love afire. This fire—the spring, whose (glowing) embers are the flowery clusters of the açoka grove, whose crackling and roaring are the notes of the bees, and whose red flames are the young shoots—this fire will burn me up. For life has no meaning for me, O son of Sumitrā, if I do not see this woman with the soft-lashed eyes, lovely hair, and gentle speech. Look, O Lakshmaṇa, the love-racked peahen dances on the mountain-top to the dancing peacock, her mate, and the peacock hastens, filling with longing, to the darling one, spreading his shining wings, and, as it were, laughing while he calls. Clear it is that the Rākshasa has not robbed the peacock in the forest of his beloved. And to me, too, would come the great-eyed daughter of Janaka in welling maze and love, were she not robbed from me. Even if 'tis spring there where my darling is, yet Sītā, in the power of another, will of a surety be mourning just as

I am. But without a doubt spring does not touch that place; for how could she with the black lotus-eyes go on living without me! For of a truth Sītā's soul is sunk in me, and my soul is utterly sunk in Sītā. This coolness-bringing wind, scattering the flowers, and softly caressing, is for me, who am thinking of my sweet one, as fire. I could bear the love that came to me, were it not that spring, which brings the trees to blossom, were wounding me. My eye believes it sees the petals of the lotus-cups—ah! Lakshmaṇa, so do the flower-cups of Sītā's eyes indeed appear. Mingled with the threads of the lotus-flowers, and coming through the trees, the delightful wind blows hither like Sītā's breath.[1] The creepers follow after (the loved ones) like drunken women, climbing from tree to tree, from rock to rock, from forest to forest. Without compare shimmers the dark-green and yellow sward, bespread with the various flowers of the trees as with rugs—it stretches away like a bed. If but my beloved were to be seen, if we could both dwell here, then should I not envy the king of the gods, nor Ayodhyā. For if I could take joy together with her on this delightful grassy floor, then should I be filled with care no more, nor any longing after other things. See, the he-gazelles that rove with their mates this way and that, on the many-coloured mountain-tops, rend my soul, for eyes like the young gazelle has the princess of Videha from whom I am parted. Ah! Where is Sītā now, my darling one, who, obedient to virtue, came slowly after me, when I was sent into the forest by my father? To me, who am now consumed by love, she spoke kind words, she, the brown one, the kind one, although in the depths of the forest and suffering, and as if free from pain, and filled with joy.'"

Now in spring alone, that flighty youth, and all its glory, and in nature with its splendour, reliance or something like it is not always to be put. Moreover, it is not everyone that is susceptible to such. Thus, in India, the land of magic, the love-charm in its most various shapes flourished from Vedic times.[2] The women, of course, practised it particularly, and, above all, to

[1] Or: sighing breath.

[2] See Weber's *Ind. Studien*, v, 218; Winternitz, *Altind. Hochzeitsrituell*, pp. 26, 97 ff.

the end of getting their husband's love, and keeping it, and of bringing him under their sway, but above all else to the end of wresting him from the rival, and keeping her away or destroying her. What is to be found in the Epic on this subject will be told later in another chapter.

And why should mankind at all times and among all peoples not try every possible means to win the love of one desired? Love and the joys of love are often deemed to be the highest of all earthly blessings, and, indeed, not only among the Indians. Often these latter ponder the question: Which of the three ends of life: dharma (duty, religion, virtue), artha (worldly advantage, wealth, high position, etc.), kāma (desire, enjoyment, love) is the highest? Thus, too, the five sons of Pāṇḍu discuss this hard riddle (xii, 167). Each one gives his opinion. Bhīma speaks: "Without kāma a man has no wish for worldly profit, without kāma a man does not strive after the Good (dharma), without kāma a man does not love; therefore kāma stands above the others. For the sake of kāma the Ṛishis even give themselves up to asceticism, eating the leaves of trees, fruits, and roots, living on the air, and wholly bridling their senses, and others bend all their zeal to the Vedas and lesser Vedas, making their way through the whole of the holy study, as also to ancestral offerings, and sacrificial acts, to alms-giving and alms-taking. Traders, husbandmen, herdsmen, craftsmen, as also artists, and those that carry out actions consecrated to the gods, give themselves up to their works because of kāma. Others, again, take to the sea filled with kāma; for kāma has the most varied forms: everything is steeped in kāma. No being ever was, or is, or will be, higher than the being that is filled with kāma. It is the innermost core (of the world), O king of righteousness; on it is founded dharma and artha. As butter from sour milk, so kāma comes forth from artha and dharma.[1] For oil is better than the squeezed oil-cake, and better melted butter than butter-milk. Better is the flower and the fruit than the wood, kāma is more excellent than artha and

[1] It is the flower that blooms from them; they are both only practised to win the gifts of kāma. But the literal translation is perhaps: "As butter is better than sour milk, so is kāma better than artha and dharma."

dharma. As honey is the sweet juice from the flower, so kāma is from these two, according to the teaching of tradition. Kāma is the womb of dharma and artha, and kāma makes up their essence. Without kāma the manifold workings of the world would not be thinkable.

> Give thyself up to kāma, take thy joy with women
> In fair garb and ornament, and sweet to behold,
> With young women loosed with the madness of drink;
> For kāma, O king, for us is greatest of all." [1]

All-powerful is love. "If the god of love draws nigh a man, there is no gainsaying him, although he has no body" (v, 39.45, 46). Kāma is one form of Agni, an all-penetrating, devouring fire, Kāma the unspeakably great and lovely. "He that in form has not his like in the heaven of the gods, the god of fire, has been named Kāma by the gods for his peerlessness" (iii, 219.23).[2] Therefore, too, the man in love is not

[1] Countless Indian passages teach the same thing. Here we give only a few: Kuṭṭanīmatam, 801; Kathākautukam, i, 30; 67; 70–71 (love is the highest thing); Märk.-Pur., lxv, 33 ff. (the world is made up of kāma). Therefore, too, the full enjoyment of love and the world of sense is a right of mankind. King Yayāti is cursed by Çukra to grow old at once, for having acted so ill by Devayānī. But he has not yet tasted kāma and youth to the full, and therefore begs his sons in turn to take on themselves his old age for a thousand years, and lend him their youth for such time, but each finds old age too ugly and joyless; only the youngest, Pūru, is ready at once. Yayāti delights himself for a thousand years with his beloved wife Çarmishṭhā, and enjoys the objects of sense also, but in virtuous wise. At the end of the thousand years he gives his son youth, takes over old age, and acknowledges that kāma is never stilled by kāma (i, 83 ff. Cp. Rām., vii, 58, 59, where the same tale is found again somewhat different; elsewhere, too, it is found with differences again; cp. Wilson's *Select Works*, ed. Rost, vol. iii, p. 36 f.). Sexual union is (together with sleep and food) the law and the right of the body (dehadharma, Rām., iv, 35.1).

[2] Cp. the great St. Petersburg Dictionary, Bd. ii, col. 218; Weber's *Ind. Studien*, v, 225, 226; and MBh., xiii, 85.11, 16 f., 22, where Kāma is seen as the eternal, great original godhead, and is also identified with Agni. Cp. Ṛigveda, x, 129.4; Ath.-Veda, x, 2.19. The world is made up of Kāma. Märk.-Pur., lxv, 33 ff.

responsible ; he is in the hands of a higher power. So Bhīma reminds Hiḍimba : "This young woman has no hold over herself ; she now loves me. She is driven by the god of love, and it is on him the blame falls" (i, 153.25 ff.). As by sleep (x, 4.22), so is shame taken away by love (v, 35.50 ; 37.8). Rām., iv, 33.54-57 paints in the same way the all-conqueror, love. The lover knows no law, no virtue (dharma), and he must be shunned (v, 33.101 ff.). He that leaves kāma behind himself, reaches to profit (iii, 313.78). It is in tender love (sneha) that sorrows have their root,[1] from it comes all anguish ; joy and sorrow and suffering—all springs from it. Just as a fire in the hollow of a tree burns up the prince of the forest, roots and all, so does even the lightest passion destroy what is good and useful. Overwhelmed by passion, man is dragged about by kāma. The wise man shuns a tender inclination, whether it be for friends, for worldly good, or for a woman (iii, 2.27 ff.). Indeed, Kāma (lust, love) is the ally of Mṛityu, the goddess of death (xii 258.35 ff.). Apart from the destruction it otherwise brings, it is also saṃsārahetu, the cause of the continuance of this world of pain and death (iii, 313.98). Between such ascetic doctrines, that are so often found in India, and the glorification of love as the one and only thing, there is also in the Epic the wise teaching : Enjoy love with discretion (e.g. xii, 140.26). It is often insisted, especially for the king, that not the morning, but only the evening must be given up to women and love (so, ii, 5.69). It was indeed among the Old Indian rulers that there were very many, as already hinted, whose divinity was the vulva (bhagadeva, xiv, 43.15). Rules for love and wedlock from the standpoint of long life are set forth fairly numerously. "Let a man not go during the day to copulate, nor to a maiden, nor to a bad woman, nor to an unbathed (still menstruating) woman ; thus shall a man have long life" (xiii, 104.108 ; cp. 150.151). "Let not a man draw nigh unto women that may not be visited, nor unto the wife of a king, nor unto his woman friends (or : not to woman friends) ; not unto the wives of physicians, youths, and old men, of servants, kinsmen,

[1] Snehamūlāni duḥkhāni (cp. e.g. Laghucāṇakyam ed. Teza, vi, 11 ; Çivadāsa's Vetālap. ed. Uhle, p. 53, st. 17 ; Dhammapadam, 210 ff.).

Brahmans, seekers of protection, kinsmen by marriage ; thus shall a man have long life " (xiii, 104.116 ff.). It brings well-being to wed a grown (vayaḥsthā) girl, born in a noble family, held in praise, favoured with the bodily marks of happiness (xiii, 104.123, 124, 135). Then (131 ff.) a whole set of women are named that a man must avoid, as in the law books ; and, further, it is taught that a man must protect women, indeed, but must never harbour jealousy for their sake, since this shortens life, as does lying with another man's wife. Cp. the already discussed passage in i, 64.5 ff., and especially the chapter on the surata.

But love must be on both sides, and lead to the pleasures of sex ; for love has, as its natural fruit, sexual pleasure (kāmorati-phalaḥ, xii, 123.6). " If a man and a woman that yearn for one another reach their goal, then that may be compared with Amṛitam ; but if a lover cannot reach the goal of his wishes, then that is a misfortune which is the same as the poison-plant " (xii, 320.69, Deussen's transl.). " If a man love a woman who loves him not, then his body glows in torment ; a man has then joy when he loves her who wishes for him " (Rām., v, 22.42–43). " Two kinds of human beings call forth trust from others (or : the highest trust) : women that are loved and love, and folk that honour the honoured.[1] Two kinds of human beings are sharp thorns, destroying the body : he that is poor and yet loves, and he that is weak and yet is angry " (MBh., v, 33·55, 56). But he is loved who is near : " Love goes to him who is seen ; there is no leaning towards him who is not seen " (Rām., v, 26.39), which is what we read as boys, in Cicero.[2] Cp. e.g. MBh., iii, 71.6. For the woman particularly this is true ; for, like the creeper, she twines round the very nearest tree, the Indian says. Love does not at all go to the worthiest object : " We see a good woman in glorious beauty

[1] But after all this saying does not fit in with the following one, and is to be rendered : " Two kind of human beings put their trust in others : women that love a loved one (are loved and love)," etc. The pūjitapūjaka, he that praises and honours together with the multitude, is often condemned in the MBh.

[2] Cp. Bhartṛihari, i, 42 (ed. Gopinath). Also Heinrich von Freiberg holds : Separation cleaves the heart's love (*Tristan*, 319).

going away unloved, and another without distinction (alakshaṇā), and ugly, sitting there on the heights of love's happiness" (xii, 224.34).[1]

But if the woman is in love, and, anyhow, believes herself loved, then in Old India, as is well known, she usually goes herself to the house of her loved one for her purpose.[2] Of this a good example in Urvaçī, the heavenly hetæra, is given by the Epic (iii, 45, 46), which, indeed, here also, is far removed from the over-refinement of the classical literature, and chooses to make Kīcaka go into the house of the chambermaid Draupadī. Arjuna's eyes during his visit to Indra's heaven have been unwaveringly fixed on this Apsaras, and his very indulgent father, Indra, so versed in the things of love, is gladdened by the son who evidently has not fallen away, and who as a guest must be provided with what he needs in this direction. Therefore through the Gandharva Citrasena as messenger and pander, he suggests, as already told, to this Ninon of heaven that she should make Arjuna happy. By the description of the manly beauty of this youth recommended to her favour, she, too, is fired with a hot love, and gives her consent. She bathes and then adorns herself most splendidly, filled with the most ardent yearning for the hero. "When the moon had risen, and early night had come, the broad-hipped one went forth and sought out the house of Pṛithā's son. Shining in her soft, curly, long hair, wherein she wore many jasmine-flowers, the heart-breaker went her way. With the moon of her countenance, and the delight of the movements of its brows, and the sweetness of the words tripping from her mouth, with her charm and her soft loveliness, she seemed to be challenging the moon as she walked along. As she went along, her breasts, scented with a heavenly

[1] This is still truer of the man: he is generally the more loved by women, the less he deserves it. Leminkäinen, the merry bully, drunkard, and woman-hunter of the Kalevala is everywhere the cock of the walk with the hens fluttering and clucking around him in love; the wise and noble Wäinämöinen, bringing happiness to mankind, can only speak of ill-luck in love.

[2] But alas! poor woman, and cunning man! If the woman comes herself into the house of her beloved, then he does not commit adultery (Nārada, xii, 60)!

salve, black-nippled, rubbed with heaven's sandalwood, and shining from her necklace, were shaken up and down. Through the upborne burden of her breasts, and the sharp movements of them she was bowed down at every step,[1] she with the surpassing splendour of the centre of her body,[2] gloriously girdled around by the three folds. Below shimmered, spread out like a mountain, swelling on high like a hill-side,[3] the place of the temple of the god of love,[4] ringed by dazzling splendour, adorned by the girdle's band, tempting with heart-stirrings even the divine Ṛishis, the faultless seat of shame, wrapped in thin garb. Her feet, in which the ankles were deep imbedded, and whose toes made red and long-stretched expanses, glittered, being hung with small bells, and arched like the turtle's back. Her appearance was made still more captivating by her having partaken of heady drink, and by her contented joy, by the love within her, and by her various sweet wiles. With Siddhas, Cāraṇas, and Gandharvas the coquettish beauty went along, even in heaven, of a truth, where there are many wonders, a figure right worthy of remark, with her thinnest of upper garments that shimmered with the colours of the clouds, and like unto the slender sickle of the moon in the sky, as it rides along, wrapped in clouds. Then did the brightly smiling one reach, in but a moment, the abode of Arjuna, son of Pāṇḍu, hastening like the spirit, like the wind. When she had come to the gate there, Urvaçī, she with the lovely eyes, was announced

[1] This is well known as an ever-recurring conception among the Indians. But such as it is, it does not sound more unreasonable than, say, the following passage, for which probably very many parallels could be found in the West: "She wore her deep-black hair in astounding quantity wound several times around the back of her head, and it was as if she had trouble to keep her delicate head raised under the heavy burden." F. K. Ginzkey, *Jakobus und die Frauen*, 1908, p. 107. Yet many women that are blessed with thick hair do say that it is a dragging burden.

[2] But probably çobhitā is to be read instead of çobhinā.

[3] Or: swelling on high with its buttocks.

[4] In the same way this "high altar of the senses' pleasure" (Viereck, *Niniveh*, etc., p. 79) is called "the most splendid sacrificial offering to rati (love's pleasure)", Rām., vii, 26.16.

to Arjuna by the gate-keepers. She came into this faultless house, that was very delightful to the heart. With a mind filled with anxious doubts he came to meet her in the night. And so soon as Pṛithā's son had seen Urvaçī, his eyes were dimmed with shame, and as he greeted her, he showed her the respect that is shown to those of high station. Arjuna spoke: 'I bow my head before thee in greeting, thou most excellent of the most excellent Apsarases. Command me, goddess; I have come to thee humbly as thy servant.'" Urvaçī was utterly taken aback by these words, and explained to him at some length that at the singing and dancing which the Apsarases had performed in his honour, he had steadily gazed at her and her only, and that his father, her lord, had sent her. "In obedience to him I have come to thee, O queller of foes, drawn by thy charms and by my heart, and having fallen into the power of the god of love; for I, too, O hero, have for long been cherishing this wish." But Arjuna, seized with shame, stopped his ears so as not to hear such words, and declared that he had looked on her thus respectfully as being the ancestress of his family, and that for him she was the wife of a high personage. "Urvaçī spoke: 'We are all free and unfettered,[1] O son of the king of the gods. Do not allot me the position of one of high standing, O hero; for all sons and grandsons in Puru's race that come hither delight us (Apsarases) through their ascetic merit, and do no wrong by it. Therefore be kind, and send me not away in my need; love and enjoy me, who love thee, and am fired with passion, O thou my pride.' But Arjuna was not to be shaken, and honoured her as his mother. Then was Urvaçī overcome with rage; quivering, with brows drawn awry, she cursed the winner of booty: 'Since thou wilt not give me welcome, me who had leave given me by thy father, and have come to thy house of my own accord, under the sway of the god of love, therefore, O son of Pṛithā, shalt thou live as a dancer amidst women, bereft of honour, known as a eunuch, living as an impotent man.' When she had thus laid the curse on Arjuna, Urvaçī went swiftly, with twitching lips and breathing heavily, back into her abode." When Father Indra learned of the business, he spoke with a smile to his virtuous son: "In thee Pṛithā has a good son; thou hast outdone even the holy men

[1] Or: not forbidden (anāvṛita).

with thy staunchness." This tale, however, once more shows: If a foolish man will not when a foolish woman will, then he has to pay for it heavily (cp. Mahābh., xiii, 23.75).

"Now love itself springs from the idea (saṃkalpāt, xii, 163.8; cp. e.g. Manu, ii, 3), and sexual excitement (harsha) is born of the idea (saṃkalpa), and is born from sound, and is born, too, from taste, and is born, too, from form" (xiv, 24.5).[1] As an explanation of the concept, iii, 33.30, 37, 38 gives the following: kāma, this wishful conception of the mind (cittasaṃkalpa), is the joy that arises at the union by touch with material things (dravyārthasaṃsparça), when the five senses, the mind (manas), and the heart are taken up with an object of the senses. Finally it must be mentioned further that we find no trace in the Epic of the exact classifications of lovers and their counterparts among women, such as appear in the erotic and rhetorical treatises. The man who is called to high things and to good fortune has a thin, short member, a smooth glans, and hanging testicles (Rām., v, 35.17 ff.). Cp. xii, 335.11; 343.36, 46–50.[2]

[1] That is to say, of course, through the mind, the ear, the mouth (the tongue), and the eye, all of which have a share in the beloved being. We miss the smell, and the most important sense of all for love: sparça, the touch, the sense of feeling. K. (25.5) then adds: "and is born, too, from the touch, and is born, too, from the smell."—As to saṃkalpa "idea, conception" cp. p. 309 of my Daçakum., as also MBh., iii, 298.36; xiv, 22.20, 27; Nīl. on xii, 248.1. With the riddle set in Daçakum., 297, 306 ff., and the tale itself: "Love is an idea," may be compared: *Avaçyakaerzählungen*, ed. Leumann, i, p. 26; Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 80, and Tawney's note; Stricker, *Das Bloch* (ed. Lambel in the *Deutsche Klassiker des Mittelalters*, Bd. xii, p. 103 ff. = Hagen, *Gesamtabenteuer*, ii, 171 ff.); Bandello, i, 22; F. T. Vischer, *Auch Einer* [3], Bd. ii, p. 227; Novalis (ed. Heilborn, 1901); H. von Ofterdingen, p. 139 ("Where is love? In the imagination"); Chauvin, vi, 15; *Zeitschr. d. Vereins f. Volksk.*, vol. ii, p. 300.

[2] Cp. e.g. Garuḍapur., 64.7 f.; 65.10–14. Phallic worship or linga-worship in the Epic comes, of course, from a later time, and is an interpolation, as is somewhat needlessly shown in JRAS, 1907, p. 337 ff. The following are a few details: Çiva's member is always stiff, and this because of his unbroken chastity; therefore it is worshipped by the world. It is always kept standing fixedly up;

he has a great, upstanding, pleasing linga; he is head warden of the phallus, and appears in the penis, as being his origin (medhraja); the all-shaped god is in the linga, and through all the ages of the world he has been worshipped by the other gods, by the spirits, and the seers, in the linga; the phallus-worshipper wins the highest happiness and Çiva's whole approval. Because his linga stands up, he is called the "standing stump" (Sthāṇu) in vii, 201.92, 93, 96; 202.124, 133, 140; xii, 166.48; xiii, 17.46, 60, 77, 128; 161.11–18. See, too, xiii, 14.161, 227–235. We may look on x, 17.8 ff. as a kind of history of the origin of linga-worship: Brahma begs Çiva to make the beings of the world, and he consents. But he then gives himself up to an endless tapas in the water. Brahma finds it too wearisome; he leaves him to it as useless, and has the creation seen to by seven Prajāpatis. Çiva gets into such a fury about this that he literally "pulls out his own tail", and throws it away; the member drives into the earth, and sticks in it (in çl. 23 read utpāṭya for utpādya). This tale is worthy of note; for in the phallic cults and phallic myths of the world emasculation (castration) plays a great part, but above all self-castration. See Dr. W. Schwartz, "Der (rothe) Sonnenphallos d. Urzeit," *Zeitschr. f. Ethnol.*, vi, p. 172 ff. (his sun and thunder theories may, indeed, be left to look after themselves). Castration, although not the probably more primitive self-castration, offers also another legend of the origin of the linga-worship, which is given us in a simpler and certainly older form by the Saurapurāṇa (lxix, çl. 35–55), and then, following Sonnerat, by Schmidt, *Liebe u. Ehe in Indien*, p. 23 ff.; and in weak colours it seems to glimmer through still in the myth which Dubois, ed. Beauchamp[3], p. 629 ff., repeats after the Liṅga-purāṇa. In this last form Çiva and Pārvatī die in the midst of their love embrace, and come to life again in Liṅga and Yoni. On this tale and the origin of the linga-cult cp. Jahn, "Die Legende vom Deva-dāruvana," ZDMG, 69, p. 529 ff.; 70, p. 301 ff.; 71, p. 167 ff., and also Deussen, 71, p. 119 f. In the end, however, this dying is itself the older element, and the emasculation or castration, both of the god of procreation himself and of his priests, denotes only a kind of death; for the death and coming back to life of the genii of fruitfulness is a very widespread conception. Thus it appears as quite natural in the case, too, of these two Indian godheads of the sexual life. Furthermore I of course hold the passages in the Epic where phallus-worship is referred to to be late. This worship itself is likewise in India of very great antiquity.

[From Melanesia the tale of the phallic snake Pauravisia given in G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore*, Lond., 1926, p. 37 f., 201 f. has certain points of likeness with these Çiva and Pārvatī myths. (Translator)]

XI

Woman as Wife

IF the man in the Old Indian Epic in his life of love, in spite of many beautiful exceptions, and in spite of the noble, often-stressed view that the man must be as chaste as the woman, nay, that his duty is even to surpass her, the weaker vessel, in this virtue also—if in spite of this he actually felt himself evidently very free, yet for the woman on the other hand there was a far stricter moral law : it was only as a wife that she had any real right to the joys of love ; it is only for the wife that life has worth, and it is only the wife that has any worth for life, that has a right to life and its gifts. For the maid also is, above all, a wife, even if it is firstly the future wife ; she is but a pledge entrusted by the Maker, which the father must carefully keep for the husband to be (i, 157.35). On woman as wife, therefore, falls the fullest and most wonderful glory of the noblest Indian poetry, especially of the Epic. Figures such as Damayantī and Sāvitrī will "have undying life", for they also "were made by the heart", not by the mere selfishness of the man, setting a pattern before the woman only for his own advantage and good, as Finck, for instance, believes. The Epic is filled with the praise and the examples of womanhood faithful in wedlock ; and from the two mighty poems there could be gathered a collection of such pictures, great and small, of Old Indian women, and one by no means lacking in variety.

And thus Çakuntalā speaks (i, 74.40 ff.) : "She is a wife who is skilful in the house ; she is a wife who has children ; she is a wife whose life is her husband ; she is a wife who keeps a holy troth with her husband. The wife is the half of a man ; the wife is the best friend of all ; the wife is the root of the three ends of life[1] ; the wife is the root of what will save

[1] Cp. e.g. xiv, 90.47, 48. And so times beyond count in Indian literature.

there.[1] He that has a wife accomplishes deeds [2] ; he that has a wife is a householder ; he that has a wife has joy ; he that has a wife is accompanied by happiness. They are the friends that in loneliness speak of love, fathers at the calls of duty, mothers for him that suffers, rest even in the wilds of the forest for the way-wearied wanderer. He that has a wife finds trust [3] ; therefore the wife is the surest refuge. Even when the husband crosses over into another birth, when he dies, hurries along rough paths alone, the faithful mate follows ever after him. If the wife has died first and gone away, then she awaits her husband, and the good woman follows the husband that has died first (pacçāt sādhvy anugacchati). For this reason it is that a man wishes to marry, that the master may have a wife in this world and the other. The self begotten by the self is by the wise called 'son'.[4] Therefore let the man look on his wife, the mother of his son, as his own mother. As does the doer of good deeds when he comes into heaven, so does the begetter feel comfort within him when he beholds the son, begotten by him in his wife's womb, as it were his own countenance in the glass. If the man is burning in sorrows of the soul, and is sick with bodily ills, then does he find comfort by his wife, as he that is tortured with heat does in water. Even the man in the clutches of hot rage will do nothing harsh to women, if he considers that on them depend the pleasures of love, joy, and what is good. As the field on which the self grows up, women are an ever-holy thing [5] ; for what power have even the Ṛishis to produce children without a woman ! "—Over and over again the wife is called the friend, the friend determined by fate, the best among friends, and so on. So in iii, 313.72, cp. çl. 63–64 ;

[1] Above all in the other world. Less likely : of him that wishes to sail across (across all kinds of harm, especially that threatening in the other world).

[2] Or : the religious celebrations.

[3] That is, he is worthy of trust (viçvāsya) ; but here rather : he can find consolation and courage (through his wife, of course).

[4] Often in the MBh. as elsewhere. Hartland, *Prim. Paternity*, i, 195 ff. ; 208, and others, take this literally !

[5] Or : Women are the holy (pure) everlasting field of the birth of the self.

iv, 2.17. No friend is like her ; she is the best herb of healing for him that suffers (iii, 61.29, 30). In this meaning likewise, not only in the erotic or culinary, she belongs to the care of the body (çarīrayātrākṛiti, xiii, 145.13). An abundance of earthly goods, lasting health, and a beloved sweet-spoken wife, and an obedient son, and knowledge that fulfils its end [1]—these are the six blessings of the world of mankind (v, 33.82).[2] In the good wife the three goals of life, which otherwise are endlessly at feud, are at one together (iii, 313.102) ; on the wife, indeed, this trinity depends, as, too, dutiful service, the propagation of the family, the good (dharma) of the forefathers and of the self (of the man, xiv, 90.47, 48), which is felt in the world beyond. The good wife is not only joy and peace, but house and home, too. Thus the anxious bird-husband whose wife does not come home in the evening calls out (xii, 144.3 ff.) : " There was a heavy rain with strong wind, and my loved one does not come. Why is it that she does not yet come back ? I wonder if it is well with my darling in the forest. Without the wife the house of one dwelling in it is utterly empty, even if it swarms all over with sons, grandsons, daughters-in-law,[3] and servants. It is not the house that is called house, it is the mistress that is the house ; but a house without the mistress is the same as the lonely forest. If this darling of mine with the round eye-margins, the lovely body, and the sweet voice does not now come, then I have nothing left in life. She, the steadfast in virtue, who eats not before I have eaten, bathes not before I have bathed, stands not unless I stand, lies to rest only when I lie, she is not glad if I am not glad, she frets if I am fretting ; if I am away on a journey, then her face is mournful, and if I am angered, then she speaks sweet words. True to her husband, devoted to her husband as to her one refuge, finding her delight in that which is dear and wholesome for the husband—he who has a wife such as this, that man is blessed

[1] Or : that is of some use (arthakarī).

[2] Like other truly wise men, this one, therefore, could not reckon well.

[3] Vadhū " daughter-in-law " is often found in the MBh. (e.g. i, 106.1, 22 (cf. 13) ; 177.11 ff. ; 212.16 ; ii, 72.27 ; iii, 280.60 ; 296.28 ; 298.9 ; v, 37.5 ; xii, 228.96 ; xiv, 90.67, 80).

on earth. For the dutiful one knows when I am wearied and racked by hunger—filled with heartfelt affection, ever attached to me by love, and tender is my glorious one. He for whom a beloved wife lives, he has a home there, even if it be only on the root of a tree ; even a palace without her is a wilderness, that I am convinced of. Whether it be the time for fulfilling a pious duty, or for acquiring worldly goods, or for love, man's comrade is his wife ; and if he must go abroad, then she bestows solace and trust on him. For the wife is called here on earth the highest gift of happiness,[1] the mate of the mateless on life's way.[2] Even so for the man laid low by sickness and ever suffering, for the afflicted one, there is no healing like his wife. There is no kinsman like the wife, no comrade in the world like the wife, where it is sought to win pious merit. He that in his house has no good and sweet-speaking wife, let him but go into the lonely forest ; his house is as the lonely forest " (xii, 144.3 ff.).[3] In harmony with ideals such as these, even tender daughters of kings, like Draupadī and Damayantī, used to the most delicate luxury, go into wretchedness along with their husbands who have come to grief through their own fault ; and the queen herself faithfully follows her lord, who has been changed into a man-eating monster, on his wanderings through forest and wilderness (i, 182.6 ff.).

[1] Or : the highest end (the highest thing, artha).

[2] Or : the pilgrimage through the world (lokayātrā) ; cp. tīrtha-yātrā, and Rām., ii, 109.27, where the word has probably the same meaning ; also MBh., v, 192.33 ; xiii, 13.1 ; as also e.g. Manu, iv, 242.

[3] As against these passages (to which many could be added from Indian literature) there are many bitter attacks also to be found : such is the verse in an ascetic didactic discourse which calls wife and child leeches (xii, 301.70). Then in one of the many strophes of the MBh. preaching unlimited individualism, we find : " The wife is all-devouring wear and tear (jarā), the son but a seed, the brother a foe, the friend only something to give gifts to (klinnapāṇi, elsewhere also ārdrapāṇi in the Epic), only the self is the enjoyer of pleasure and pain (xii, 139.30). The evils that come towards the end of the world are also to be seen from the fact that men take their wives as friends (iii, 190.19, 20). They cannot find or value anything better, and women's respect is gone.

Terribly hard and noble beyond words is the task of the good woman already as a daughter, and still more so as a wife, as is explained in iii, 205 ff. "Then did King Yudhishṭhira put to the famous and mighty Mārkaṇḍeya a question on virtue, right hard to decide (dharmapraçnaṃ sudurvi daṃ). 'I would fain hear set forth by thee in its true nature the nobility and dignity of women, this thing above all others, fair, and holy and good (dharmya). Clearly before us we see here, O priestly Ṛishi, the gods, the sun, the moon, the wind, the earth, and fire, O best one, and father and mother, O holy one, and the teacher, O best one, and whatever else there is, that which has been created, that, too, O son of Bhṛigu. All persons of standing especially must be given honour, and then those women who know only one man; the obedience of faithful wives seems to me a hard thing. Do thou, my lord, set forth to us the high dignity of faithful wives that keep a check on the host of the senses, and a restraint on the heart, and ever bethink themselves of their husband, as of a god. O lord, thou glorious one, this seems to me a heavy task. Women, O twice-born one, are obedient to mother and father and husband. Compared with the so awe-inspiring duty and virtue (dharmāt sughorāt) of women, there is, indeed, so far as I can see, none other whatever that is burdensome. For it is with virtuous ways, and ever attentive, that women have their work to do; truly they have a heavy task towards father and mother [1]; and the women, too, who know only a husband, and who speak the truth, and who carry the fruit in their body for ten months, and so live beside death—what could there be that is more wonderful? And women come into the utmost danger and pain beyond compare, and so

[1] In a literal translation çl. 9 is perhaps to be thus combined with what is before: (heavy, compared, that is to say, with that) which good women do who lead a good life, and are ever attentive. Or less likely, taken together with 9b: what . . . do, they have a heavy task therewith towards father and mother. Kṛi with the accus. of the person = do, do towards, treat, handle, is often found in the Epic. So vi, 79.6; vi, 64.16 f.; vii, 21.1; viii, 68.23; xii, 175.5; Rām., iv, 5.30; cp. MBh., vii, 12.3; Rām., iv, 18.47: tatrāpi khalu māṃ doshaṃ kartuṃ nārhasi, Rāghava "therein also thou must see no blame for me".

bear their children in great torment, O my lord, and rear them with true and tender love, O bull among the twice-born. And they, living amidst all the cruel conditions,[1] looked on with loathing, fulfil their duty always—this I deem to be a hard thing. Show unto me, O twice-born one, the true essence of their way of life, based on that of warriors and with warriors' duties ; hard to attain to, O Brahman, is the virtue of the very glorious ones because of (all) the malice (cruelty).[2] As to this I would fain hear, holy and august one, as to this question, thou most excellent of those wise in questions, foremost of the race of Bhṛigu. I am hearkening unto thee, thou pious man.' Mārkaṇḍeya spoke : ' 'Tis well, I will enlighten thee according to the truth on this question, which is very hard to explain. Hearken unto it from me, while I speak of it. Some grant the greater respect to the mothers, others to the fathers.[3] The mother, who brings up the children, carries through a heavy task. Through asceticism, sacrifices to the gods, worship, patience, magic, and other means the fathers seek to get sons. When thus they have won the son, so hard to obtain, then they are ever thinking, O hero, what kind of man he will become. For the father and mother hope from their sons for fame, glory, and power, offspring, and religious merit, O child of the

[1] Or : " men " (krūreshu sarveshu) ?

[2] Note that the whole extract deals with the māhātmya, the glory of woman, and that the text speaks much of all the cruelty (or baseness, nṛiçaṃsa) that works against women on earth. My rendering, therefore, fits in excellently with the context and with the truth and reality. The child-bearing woman and the warrior are especially linked together in the popular mind in other parts of the world also. Here samācāra can be taken either as sam or as sama + ācāra ; the genit. mahātmanām probably refers back to the first half of the çloka. From the point of view of the language the most obvious, indeed, would be : " Show unto me the true essence of the way of duty of the Kshattriyas ; the virtue of the high-souled is for the lowly man hard to win." But then we should here have to reject the whole çloka. Kshettra could also be read instead of kshattra, and " fruitful field " be put = wife. But for all that this idea is very usual, yet there are some difficulties here about the matter (xii, 205.14).

[3] More literally : Some from the standpoint of the venerable have been on the mothers' side, others on the fathers' side.

Bharatas. He that lets their hope bear fruit is one with a knowledge of duty, and he from whom the father and mother have ever joy, O ruler above kings, has here in this life and after death fame and everlasting virtuous merit ; no sacrificial deeds, no gifts to forefathers, no fasting is like this.[1] But through

[1] So, if naivaṃ were read for naiva. But after all it is better to keep to naiva, and to join çl. 22b with 22a : (" For the woman) there is (is of avail) neither any sacrifice, nor gift to the dead, nor fasting, but through obedience towards her husband she wins heaven." This reading is the more likely in that this saying with fixed variations is often found. So, for instance, Vishṇusmṛiti, xxv, 15 :

Nāsti strīṇāṃ pṛithagyajño, na vrataṃ nāpy uposhitam ;
Patiṃ çuçrūshate yat tu tena svarge mahīyate.

Mārkaṇḍeyapurāṇa, xvi, 61 :

Nāsti strīṇāṃ pṛithagyajño, na çrāddhaṃ nāpy uposhitaṃ ;
Bhatṛiçuçrūshayaivaitān lokān ishṭān vrajanti hi.

Cp. e.g. MBh., i, 158.24 ; xiii, 8.20 ; 40.11 f. ; 59.29.

On pṛithagyajño there is a strong stress, and even in the house the woman according to her standing in law has no importance at all in herself. The woman throughout her life is dependent, and therefore also she is not entitled to hold property, as is often laid down. In childhood she is under the rule and protection of her father, in the flower of her age under her husband's, and if the husband is dead, under her sons'. She can never enjoy freedom to dispose of herself. See e.g. Manu, v, 147 f. ; Vas., v, 1–2 ; Yājñav., i, 85 ; Nārada, xiii, 28–31 ; Vishṇu, xxv, 12–13 ; Mahānirvāṇat., viii, 106 ; Baudh., ii, 2, 3.44. In the last two passages the well-known pronouncement is found in immediate connexion : " Through obedience to her husband she wins heaven." And for the gods also she is only a—woman. Only together with her husband can she do pious works, only together with her husband can she come into paradise. And there, too, the stone wall stares before her with the flaming inscription : Asvatantrī dharme strī " The woman has no independence in virtue, religion, or law " (Gautama, xviii, 1). It is only over the gates of hell that for the Indian woman who may thirst for freedom there stands the direct opposite of those famous words of Dante. Bitterly, but with truth Ramabai Sarasvati calls out : " The only place where she can be independent of him is in hell " (*The High Caste Hindu Woman*, p. 41). So the woman must not go on a pilgrimage either ; her place of pilgrimage is her husband, and good works are done at home. Mahānirvāṇatantra, viii, 100 f. Cp. here the splendid words of the

obedience towards her husband—through this she wins heaven. As to that which relates to this chapter, O King Yudhishṭhira, with heed hear then of the firm-set virtue of faithful wives. There was one most excellent among the twice-born, given up to Veda study, rich in penance, of virtuous character, Kauçika his name, O child of the Bharatas. The best among the twice-born studied the Vedas, together with the knowledge helpful to them and the Upanishads. (Once) he was by the root of a tree, repeating the Veda aloud. Up in the tree a hen-crane had perched, and let its droppings fall on the Brahman. When the angry twice-born one saw her, he cursed her in his thoughts. With the eye of the hotly angered Brahman on her, and cursed in his heart, the hen-crane fell down onto the ground. When the twice-born one saw her lying there, lifeless, and bereft of consciousness, he bewailed her, seized with a burning pain through pity : " I have done evil, overcome by anger and passion." So spoke the wise one many times, and then went into the village to beg, calling on the pure families in the village, O bull among the Bharatas. When now he came into a house, where he had already visited before, and made request " Give ", the woman said to him : " Wait." While the lady of the house was now seeing to the cleaning of the crockery, her husband suddenly came in with the pangs of hunger on him, O best of the Bhāratas. And when the good wife saw her lord, she left the Brahman standing there unheeded, and handed her husband water for washing the feet and rinsing the mouth, and a seat, and reverently did the black-eyed one then wait on her husband, with very delicious food, hard and soft ; what her husband left over she was wont to eat, she with the pure soul, O Yudhishṭhira. And she looked on her lord as a god, fitting herself to her husband's thoughts ; in deeds, thoughts, and words she took her course from her husband alone, not giving a thought to any other, devoted to him with all her being and life, finding

wonderful Berthold von Regensburg, which I have given in the note on Daçakumārac., p. 50. In the same way as Berthold, and as Luther in his epistle to the nobles, Mahānirvāṇat. (viii, 97 ff.) and Baudhāyana, ii, 3.16, as also Manu, xi, 10 condemn pilgrimages to holy places, and pious works in general, if thereby a man in any way stints his family.

her pleasure in obedience to him, leading a good life, pure, active, and skilful, thinking always of her family's welfare. And whatever was wholesome for her husband, that she lived for always, ever taken up with the humble service of the gods, guests, and servants, as, too, of her mother-in-law and father-in-law, and ever with a bridle on her senses. While now the bright-eyed one was giving obedient service to her husband, she saw the Brahman standing and asking for alms, and bethought herself of him.[1] The good woman was then taken with shame, O best among the Bhāratas, took alms for the Brahman, and went out, the glorious one. The Brahman spoke : 'What does this mean? "Wait" thou didst tell me, O fair lady, and then keep me to my loss and not send me away.' Mārkaṇḍeya spoke : 'When the good woman saw the Brahman, aflame with anger, flare up, as it were in a mighty fire, soothingly she said these words to him : "I beg thee, forgive me, O wise one! My husband is my great godhead. And he arrived hungry and weary, and therefore was waited on by me." The Brahman spoke : "Thou didst not hold the Brahmans as being more worshipful, thou didst hold thy husband as more worshipful ; although thou livest in householder's rank, thou dost despise the Brahmans. Even Indra bows himself before them. How much the more so a human being on earth! Thou haughty one, dost thou not know and hast thou not heard from the old that the Brahmans are like fire, and could burn up even the earth!" The woman spoke : "I am no hen-crane, O Brahmanic Ṛishi. Put away thine anger, O thou rich in asceticism. What wouldst do, angry one, to me with this angry look? I do not despise the Brahmans, those wise ones, like unto the gods. Do thou forgive me this slight, thou blameless one. I know the greatness of the Brahmans, for by the anger of the Munis of just such glowing asceticism

[1] Perhaps I should have kept, however, to my first version : "And what was wholesome for her husband, for the gods, the guests, the servants, and for her mother-in-law and father-in-law, this she lived for always. While she that strove only and always for obedience, and had always her senses bridled, she the bright-eyed one, was carrying on the service of her husband, she saw the Brahman," and so on.

and purified soul,[1] of the Munis, whose fiery anger is still to-day unquenched in the Daṇḍaka forest [2]—by their anger was the sea made undrinkable and salt-watered. Because the very evil-minded Vātāpi harmed the Brahmans, the cruel and huge Asura, when he came to the Ṛishi Agastya, was eaten up and destroyed. We are told of many mighty doings of the Brahmans, the high and glorious ones. Full of power is the anger of the high-souled ones, and their favour, O Brahman. But this offence, O Brahman, thou without fault, do thou forgive unto me. The virtue arising out of obedience to the husband is pleasing to me, O twice-born one. Among even all the divinities my husband is the highest for me. In all circumstances I would fain fulfil my duty to him. See, O Brahman, what the fruit is of faithful service to the husband : Thou didst burn up the hen-crane out of anger ; that I know. Anger is a foe to man that dwells in his (own) body, O best of Brahmans. He that puts anger and blindness behind him is known by the gods as a Brahman. He on this earth that always speaks the truth, and makes those worthy of respect content, and, if he is harmed, does no harm, him the gods know as a Brahman. He that has overcome the senses, is given up to virtue, finds his delight in holy study, is pure, and has love and anger under his sway, him the gods know as a Brahman. He to whom the world is as his own self, he that knows the good, and is wise, and finds his joy in all the virtues, him the gods know as a Brahman." ' " She then explains still further to him what virtue is, and how little he understands about it, and sends him to Mithilā to the pious butcher that the Brahman may learn it from him (iii, 205, 206).[3] Cp. especially MBh., K, xiii, 249.16 ff., a kind of Martha and Mary tale.

[1] Or : For in this same way the sea became undrinkable, salt-watered through the anger of the Munis of shining asceticism, etc. Cp. with this passage Manu, ix, 314, and Bühler's note, SBE, xxv, p. 398 ; as also MBh., xii, 342.61 f. ; xiii, 34.27 ; 151.17 ; 153.7, 11.

[2] The Epic, too, tells this tale, which was remodelled as a motive by the Buddhists and the Jains. See Rām., vii, 80 f.

[3] This tale, as also that of Dharmavyādha, is also in the 56th Tar. of the Kathāsarits., and separately in the Parrot Book (Rosen, Tutinameh, ii, 232 ; ZDMG, xxi, 543). Cp. Çukas., Introd.

So, too, the Brahman Uttanka cannot even see the faithful wife of King Paushya, and thinks he is being tricked by the ruler, as being he that brought him to her ; because of this virtue she is invisible to anyone that is not wholly pure, and the holy man in the haste of his journey in the morning has forgotten to carry out the ritual purification (i, 3.101 ff.). "The chastity and goodness of a woman brings all knowledge, it has power over life and death, heaven and hell. Utterances such as the touchingly simple one in Rām., vi, 111.67 : 'It is not in vain that the tears of faithful wives fall to earth' are tame indeed compared with what, as is well known, we so often find."[1] For a faithful wife is a sin-cancelling means of grace (tīrtha), just as much as asceticism, etc. MBh.K, xiv, 118.8 ff.

Very frequent in Indian literature, and often found in the Epic also, is the "act of truth", especially in the case of pure wives. In later Hindu tales this is, indeed, often undertaken without good reason.[2] But the Epic knows nothing of cynical jests such as these. Thus, for instance, Sītā also protests her obedience and her faithfulness to Rāma, and so forces the fire on Hanumant's tail, in spite of all its glow, to be quite cold (Rām., v, 53.25 ff.).

But above all it is of course in the beyond that the faithful wife is rewarded. She goes into the world of her husband (xiv, 20.4) ; there are, indeed, various worlds, the highest heavens of the pious, that are seen only by Brahma, holy Ṛishis, Brahmans with a pure spirit, and faithful wives, and which are for ever shut even to the eyes of the king of the gods (xiii, 73.2 ff.). Nay, more : Far away beyond the heaven of those that are absorbed in holy meditation (brahmasattrim) lies the world of

[1] Daṇḍin's Daçakumārac., p. 40. Cp. e.g. in Tawney's Kathākoça, the tale of Davadanti, p. 195 ff., espec. 207 ; Prabandhacint., p. 64 ; Bhojaprabandha, ed. Vidyasagara, p. 90; Mārk.-Pur., xvi, 27 ff. (faithful wife stops the sun from rising) ; etc.

[2] Cp. the case referred to by me in Daçakum., p. 40, where the 80,000 wives of the king along with all the women of the city cannot bring a dead elephant back to life again (Kathās., Tar. 36), and with that Rājatar., i, 318. Schiefner, *Bulletin de l'Acad. Imp. des Sciences de St.-Pétersbourg*, vol. 21, col. 479 ; J. J. Meyer, *Isoldes Gottesurteil* (Berlin, 1914), p. 277 f. (note 176).

faithful wives ; beyond that again lies only the formless, the domain of ultimate being. ix, 50.41–48.

It is truly not made very easy for the woman of Old India to win for herself the name of a true and seemly wife. That has already been seen from much that has been stated. Here we give a few special passages. "This only is what the good call the oldest law : what the husband says to the wife, whether right or wrong, that she must do exactly ; thus do the knowers of the holy knowledge know" (i, 122.27, 28). "This is the highest and everlasting task of the woman in the world, that she do all that is best for her husband, even at the cost of her life" (i, 158.4). "Truth, and the joy of love, and heaven won by excellence, and whatever is wished for is for women dependent on the husband. Menstruation (which is needful for conception) comes from the mother, the seed from the father, the highest god is the husband ; through the husband the goal of life for women, made up of the pleasures of love and children, is thus reached" (xiv, 90.50 ff.). "But the husband, be he virtuous or not, is for those women that heed the moral good the visible godhead" (Rām., ii, 62.8). See also MBh., xii, 145.3 ff. Anasūyā says in Rām., ii, 117.22 ff. : "Thy kinsfolk, O Sītā, thou rich in honour, and honour and prosperity thou hast left behind, and followest Rāma banished in the forest. Good fortune be thine ! Those women whose husband is dearly loved, whether he live in city or forest, be he good or bad, theirs are the worlds of high happiness. For women of noble character the husband is the highest godhead, although he have a bad character, or live after his lusts, or be bereft of worldly goods." [1] Thus, too, her lord is more for the wife than her own child. Arjuna's wife, Citrāṅgadā, whom her hero-husband has made, indeed, with child, but soon left,[2] believes her lord and her son

[1] In the following sarga Sītā expresses her whole-hearted agreement, and lays stress on the doctrine often found that the woman's tapas is wholly and alone obedience to her husband.

[2] I had first written : "twice made with child." But in spite of Jacobi also in his Mahābhārata so taking it, it is wrong. Arjuna leaves C., when she has become with child by him (215.27), and goes forth adventuring. Then he comes back for a short and last visit, and he finds there (217.23 ff.) the son who has meanwhile been born,

are dead, and is ready to let the son be lost, but not her husband, and wishes to see him called back to life ; " for this friendship has been made everlasting and imperishable by the creator " (xiv, 80.15). And in the Rāmāyaṇa (ii, 39.29–30) it is said : " Without a string there is no lute, without a wheel no chariot, without a husband no woman is happy, even though she have a hundred sons. For what the father gives has bounds, what the brother gives has bounds, what the son gives has bounds ; but him that gives the unbounded, the husband, what wife should not honour him ! "[1]

Like many another god, so this god of the wife was particularly great at asking. Above all the holy men in this also showed their very famous—holiness. Jaratkāru, who sees his forbears hanging in the cave, resolves therefore to get married to save them, and at length in spite of his strange demands finds a wife, the snake fay Jaratkāru, in fact, Vāsuki's sister, and lives after the wedding in his brother-in-law's palace amid great splendour and magnificence. " There the best one made this covenant with his wife : ' Thou must never do or utter anything that is unpleasing to me. If anything unpleasing happened to me, then I should sever myself from thee and no longer dwell in thy house. Take what I have spoken unto thine heart.' Then did the much afeared sister of the prince of snakes speak unto him these words in exceeding great sorrow : ' Thus shall it be.' And strictly thus (as was agreed) did she wait on her husband in ways that are as rare as white crows, for the glorious one yearned to offer him what was pleasing.

Babhruvāhana, whom he " had begotten with her " (or " begot ", çl. 24). The context in the last-named passage, and various other circumstances force us to this reading.

[1] So, too, MBh., xii, 148.6, 7. Cp. e.g. iii, 234.3. A woman in Bhoja's capital was holding her sleeping husband on her lap, and her small child crawled into the fire. So as not to awake her lord, she sat still, but besought Agni for the sake of her faithfulness to her husband not to burn the child. It was done as she begged. When the man woke up, she quickly took out the child, who was sitting smiling in the flames (Bhojaprab., ed. Vidyasagara, p. 90). The woman left by her husband has fallen from the world of holiness and of salvation (puṇyasthāna), and cannot come into heaven (iii, 230.3, 5).

Now once when Vāsuki's sister had just bathed herself at the time of her courses, she approached, as is seemly, her husband, the great Muni. Then there came into being in her a fruit of the body like unto fire, exceedingly endowed with brightness, full of light as the god of flames. As the moon in the bright half of the month, even so did this fruit grow. A few days later the greatly famed Jaratkāru was lying wearied asleep, having laid his head on her lap. And as this prince among Brahmans slept, the sun came to the mountain of its setting. As the day was now about to vanish, the wise sister of Vāsuki thought to herself, filled with a dread of the holy law being broken: 'What would be a good deed for me: to wake my husband, or not? For he with the soul of virtue is angry-minded. How shall I do so as not to give him offence. Either the man of virtuous character will be angered, or he will break the holy law. The breaking of the holy law would be, indeed, of greater moment.' So she came to a decision. 'If I awake him, he will certainly fall into a rage. But he will inevitably fall into breaking the holy law, if he misses the twilight prayer.'[1] So soon as the snake fay Jaratkāru had thus decided in her mind, the sweet-speaking one spoke the following gentle words to this Ṛishi of flaming asceticism, to him like fire, who was lying there asleep: 'Arise, O high and glorious one; the sun is setting. Perform thou the evening worship, O august one, as a strait observer of religious duty, having carried out the washing. The sweet and awful moment has come that brings the fiery sacrifice with it.[2] The evening twilight is now coming up in the west, O lord.' Thus addressed, the holy and august Jaratkāru, the mighty one in penance, spoke these words to his wife, with quivering lips: 'Hereby thou hast slighted me, O snake fay. I will no longer live with thee; I will go thither whence I came. The sun has no power to set at its usual time, if I am asleep, O thou with the lovely thighs; so I know in my heart. But none would choose to dwell here, having been slighted; how much less would I, the man of virtuous character, or one of my kind.' Thus addressed by her husband with words

[1] See J. J. Meyer, *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, the passages under "Dämmerungsandacht".

[2] Literally: into view.

that set her heart quaking, Jaratkāru, Vāsuki's sister, spoke there in his abode : 'It was not out of slighting scorn, O Brahman, that I awoke thee. I did so that thou mightst not become guilty of any offence against the holy law.' Thus addressed, he spoke to his wife, he the great penitent Jaratkāru, the Ṛishi overcome by anger, who wished to leave the snake fay : 'My tongue has never yet spoken an untruth. I shall go, O snake fay. This mutual agreement I made with thee before. I have dwelt here pleasantly, my dear one. Tell thy brother, thou good one, when I have gone hence, thou timid one : "The holy man has gone." And thou thyself have no care, when I have gone away.' Thus addressed, she of the faultless limbs now spoke to the Muni, to Jaratkāru, she Jaratkāru with the lovely hips, sunk in sorrow and pain, with tear-stifled voice, parched mouth, hands folded before the forehead, and eyes wet with tears, as she with the lovely thighs firmly gathered up all her courage, while her heart shivered—she spoke : 'I beg thee, thou with the knowledge of virtue, do not leave me who am guiltless, thou that abidest ever in the holy law leave not me who abide ever in the holy law, who find my delight always in what is pleasing and wholesome for thee.'" She implored him to stay, since for the welfare of her kindred and of the world of the snakes she must first have a son by him. But he assured her that the fruit of her body already conceived would be a fire-like Ṛishi, mighty in knowledge, and he went away (i, 47).

Like him in holiness, penitential might, and irritability was the great Muni Jamadagni, and at the same time a master of bowmanship. "Once the holy man, the Bhṛigus' son, was amusing himself by fixing and then shooting one arrow after another. These shining, flaming arrows, shot off by him were brought back again in quick succession by Reṇukā (his wife), and given to him. At the sound of the bow-string and the arrows he was joyfully stirred, and went on shooting, and she brought them back again to him. Then, when the sun, now in the summer month of Jyeshṭha, had climbed the heights of midday, the Brahman who had sent forth the arrows said these words to Reṇukā : 'Go, big-eyed one, and bring hither those arrows that have sped from the bow, that I may shoot them off again

at once, O thou with the lovely brows.' On her way thither the glorious one went into the shade under a tree, for her head and her feet were burning hot. But when she had been standing a moment, the pure, the black-eyed one went on her way, fearing her husband's curse, to fetch back the arrows ; and the shining one came back with the arrows in her hand. Wearied, indeed, and keeping down her pain, she with the lovely limbs walked up to her husband, trembling with fear of him. Then the angry Ṛishi kept on saying these words to her with the shining face : 'Reṇukā, wherefore art thou so late in coming?' Reṇukā spoke : 'My head and feet are truly burning, O thou rich in asceticism ; being weighed down by the glow of the sun, I took shelter in the shadow of a tree. This is why, O Brahman, I took so long. Now that thou hast heard this, O lord, be not angered, O thou rich in penitence.' Jamadagni spoke : 'Now will I shoot down him with the flaming beams who has brought pain on thee, O Reṇukā ; the sun god with my arrows by the fiery strength of the bolt[1] will I shoot down.'" The sun god, whether he likes it or no, now has to submit : he makes his appearance in the shape of a Brahman, and first tries to show the angry man that the sun must shine thus for the good of the world ; and when the stubborn fellow will not listen, he soothes him with humble words and gestures, and gives him a pair of sandals, and a sunshade against the heat of the day-star. Thus did these two useful things originate. But whether the poor woman also had any service from them is not clear from the account, which, indeed, has for its object only to fire men on to give the Brahmans sunshade and sandals (xiii, 95, 96). But here, too, we are reminded of Dushyanta's words : "By patience with their husbands women reach the virtue of faithfulness" (K., i, 100.28).

Many, it is true, find it too much. A great number of the men of whom the Epic, too, tells us are mighty in asceticism ; the conquest of the senses then appears as the highest end. Woman wants love ; and she wants to see the man using his strength, even if it be savagely or even brutally, not in the pure ether where passion is not. "This old legend, too, is

[1] Of the arrow magic (astra) ?

told, the discourse which was held between husband and wife. A Brahman woman spoke to a Brahman man who had reached the further shore of holy and worldly knowledge, and whom she saw sitting there alone, the wife spoke to the husband : ' Into which world (of heaven) shall I now come, who am allotted to thee as wife, to one that has cast aside all active work, and squats there, a stupid, miserable wretch (kīnāça) ? Wives come into the worlds made ready by their husbands, so we have been told. To what place shall I now go, who have fallen to thee as my husband ? ' " (xiv, 20.1 ff.). See, too, how King Janaka of Videha who has become a monk is upbraided by his wife as one that has forgotten his duty (xii, 18). The wife of Dīrghatama has to support him, but rids herself, as we saw, of a master who is in many respects unpleasant (i, 104.30 ff.). From the holy Atri his wife runs away and cries out : " I will no longer be subject in any way to this Muni ! " (xiii, 14.95). How others, while keeping faithfully by the husband, yet give utterance to their discontent with him, of this we have already found an example in Draupadī. More will be said later. So also in the chapter on the ideal woman something more will be found on the relation of the wife to the husband. Here we give only three further examples of wedded faithfulness. Çacī is proverbial for her chastity, the wife of the woman-loving king of the gods. How she was put to a hard test is told in v, 10 ff. Indra had slain Vṛitra, and thereby burdened himself with the guilt of Brahman-murder. He therefore crept away into the water at the edge of the world. The whole world suffered most dreadfully, since now there was no Indra. The gods then appointed Nahusha, the pious guest of heaven, as his successor. But he now became an insolent ruffian, giving free rein to his lusts. All the hosts of Apsarases and houris of the gods were not enough for him : as soon as he had seen Çacī he wanted her. The gods represented to him the shamefulness of touching another man's wife, but he made them remember that they had held their tongues quiet enough when Indra was raping Ahalyā, and doing his other foul deeds. The poor harassed queen of heaven had at last to submit, and take herself in fear and trembling to the tyrant, and ask a respite of him.

She knew not at all, she said, what had become of her lord. Nahusha consented, and in tears she set about her search, calling after Indra, and through her womanly purity she managed it so that the goddess of oracles, Upaçruti, showed herself to her in bodily shape, and took her northwards to the Himālaya, where in a great lake a mighty lotus-flower towered up. The two went into its stalk, and there found Indra, who had taken on a slender, small shape, and hidden himself there. Çacī besought him to save her from shame. But he answered that Nahusha was too strong, and told her of a trick by which she should fool her lover. So she had to go back alone, and expose herself once more to the profaning looks and words of the burning lover. But the trick was successful, the bold rascal was overthrown, and the two rulers of the gods once more united (cp. xii, 342.28–53).

Nārada, the great seeker after new things in heaven and on earth, once goes forth together with his nephew on a very diverting ramble through the lands of the earth. They make the agreement that "whatever wish the one may have, he must let the other know of it, be it good or evil; otherwise the curse will light on him for an untruth". They invite themselves as guests of King Sṛiñjaya for an indefinite time. The king one day says: "I have a daughter with a fair face. She is my only girl. She shall wait on you. She is lovely to look on, with a faultless body, wholly given to virtuous ways, a tender maid, bright-shining as a filament of the lotus-flower." "That is a friendliness without compare," said the two. The king gave her his bidding: "Girl, wait on the two Brahmans, as though they were gods or thine own fathers." The maiden, she that lived after the law, said "Yes" to her father, and did honour and service to the two according to the king's bidding. Because of her service and her peerless beauty love came swift and sudden on Nārada. And passion waxed in the heart of the high-souled one, as the moon waxes step by step, when the bright half of the month has come. But for shame the knower of the law did not tell his nephew of this violent love of his, did not tell the high-souled Parvata." But Parvata noticed all, and on the close one put the curse of becoming an ape. Nārada got his beloved one as wife, but the

curse was also fulfilled, and, indeed, directly after the wedding. But she loved him even thus, and kept strict faith with him (xii, 30 ; cp. vii, 55).

The king's daughter, Sukanyā had aroused the anger of the old and ugly penitent Cyavana, and was given him to wife that he might forget his deadly wrath. The two Açvins saw her bathing unclad (kṛitābhishekāṃ vivṛitāṃ), like a daughter of the ruler of the gods, and told her how foolish she was to waste her wonderful beauty and her blooming youth beside her withered old husband, who could not protect or support her either ; she must choose one of them for a husband. But she spoke : " I am content with my husband Cyavana ; do not, I beg you, believe such evil of me." Then these two physicians of the gods offered to make the old man a handsome youth ; then she should pick out one of the three for herself. All three dived into a pond, and came up in a moment exactly alike in youth, beauty, and form. Each one shouted : " Choose me ! " But she with her mind and her heart still found her husband out, and chose him (iii, 123).[1] Cp. iv, 21.10–14.

[1] Cp. Hopkins, " The Fountain of Youth," JAOS, 26, p. 44 ff. ; Crooke, *Popul. Relig.*, etc., i, 59 f. ; Bhāgavatapur., ix, 3.1 ff.

XII

Woman as Child-bearer : The Origin of Man

ALL the virtues of the wife are still uncrowned if she bestows no children, especially no son, on the husband, as has already been said. The wife as a child-bearer, therefore, stands first and foremost. What now does the Epic teach us as to procreation, pregnancy, and birth ?

The juices [1] nourish the body of man through the networks of veins, wind, gall, mucus, blood, skin, flesh, sinews, bones, and marrow. It must be known that there are ten small tubes in it bringing their powers [2] to the five senses, and from them spread other small tubes in thousands. In this wise these veins—the rivers that here carry juices as water—feed the body's sea, each in its time, as the rivers feed the sea. And in the middle of the heart there is a vein Manovahā (the bearer of the manas, the appetitive and concept-building faculty of man), which sets free from all the limbs the seed of men, born of the yearning concept. For the veins that branch off into all the limbs have their outlet in it. Carrying the fiery matter,[3] they run from and to the eyes. Just as the butter that is in the milk is twirled out by the churn-staff, so is the seed

[1] More precisely : food-juices (rasa, chyle). Cp. xii, 185.9.

[2] More literally : their constituent of strength, of energy ; or their element (guṇaṃ). Nīl. = svasvavishayagrahaṇapāṭavaṃ.

[3] Or : the fiery part ; or : the light-element (taijasaṃ guṇam). Tejas is here probably to be taken in a twofold sense : first, as light, for the eyes are the instrument of seeing, which is dependent on light ; second, as fire, glow, passion, for from the eyes also, and from them first of all, love and erotic excitement is born, as may be likewise read in Indian literature. It would be possible to take taijasaṃ guṇaṃ = rājasaṃ guṇam = "carrying the material ingredient, passion (rajas)." "The senses are tejas-natured, that is, rajas-natured" (Saurapurāṇa, xxi, 9).

twirled out by the churn-staff of the appetitive ideas in the body (dehasaṃkalpajaiḥ khajaiḥ). And as in this wise even in sleep the passion born of the appetitive ideas of the manas streams hither, the manovahā discharges the seed from man's body that is produced through the appetitive idea.[1] The great Ṛishi Atri, the holy and august one, knows of this origin of the seed, which origin has three sources, and Indra for its god ; therefore, too, do we say indriya " (xii, 214.16 ff.).[2]

Yudhishṭhira spoke : " This hast thou shown, august one, how merit by works follows. But I would fain know this other, how the seed is produced." Bṛihaspati spoke : " What the godheads that are in the body eat for nourishment, O lord of men : the earth, the wind, the ether, water, light, and the manas—when these five elements, with the manas as sixth, have become sated therewith, O prince of kings, then the seed is brought into being, the momentous seed,[3] O man of the pure soul. From it then arises the fruit of the womb upon the union of woman and man, O prince. Thereby I have set forth all to thee. What wouldst thou still hear ? " Yudhishṭhira spoke : " Thou, holy man, hast told me how

[1] Or : And as in this wise even in sleep the passion born of the idea comes by way of the manas (the organ of perception, ideation, and desire), the manovahā sends (sṛijati) the seed born of the idea out of the body. This reading, however, seems to me not so good a one. The manovahā in its function of setting free the seed from all parts of the body is helped by the erotic feelings and ideas. There seems to be no thought here of the pouring forth of the seed. This Indian theory of the manovahā comes up again perhaps in the " Tavola ritonda ", which has many Eastern elements in it : La infermità dello amore si èe in una vena la quale vae per mezzo lo cuore, cioè che si muove dalla cima del cuore e gira tutte l' altre circustanze del corpo ; sicchè, essendo il cuore dello amadore tristo, dolenti e malinconichi stanno tutti gli altri membri ; e perchè la infermità dello amore è più forte e più è pericolosa di tutte l' altre, tanto è più acculta e nascosa (ed. F. L. Polidori, p. 250). See also Brihadāraṇyaka-Up., ii, 1.19 ; iv, 2.3 ; 3.20 ; Chānd.-Up., viii, 6.1–2.

[2] " Indra-strength," manly strength, seed. The three sources are : the food juice, the vein manovahā, and the idea (saṃkalpa). So the comm. rightly says. Cp. Aitareya-Up., ii, 1 ; Yājñav., iii, 71.

[3] This is hardly : in plenty (mahat).

the fruit of the womb comes into being. But how it is with the unborn Purusha [1]—let that be told." Bṛishaspati spoke : "The Purusha is but in the neighbourhood, and so is taken hold of by these elements (bhūta), and when separated from these elements, it goes again to another existence. Bound up with all the elements, it partakes (of a new embodiment) as an individual soul ; then the godheads dwelling in the five primary elements see its work (karman), be it good or bad. What wouldst thou hear further ?" Yudhishṭhira spoke : "When the individual soul has left skin, bones, and flesh, and is freed from these primary elements (bhūta), where does it then know pleasure and pain ?" Bṛihaspati spoke : "Bound up with the karman, it goes swiftly into seed-state (retastva, state, or being, as seed), and then, after it has met the menstrual blood (pushpa) of women, is born at its time, O son of the Bharatas. Torment at the hands of Yama's servants, hurt at the hands of Yama's servants, and the painful wheel of the Saṃsāras—torment the human being goes through. And in this world here the living being from birth onwards, O lord of the earth, enjoys what good it has done by works, as a result of the fruit of merit through works" (xiii, 111.27 ff.). "Out of the idea arises sexual excitement [2] ; it arises also from the tone ; it arises also from the taste ; it arises also from the form (it arises also from the feeling with touch ; it arises also from the smell). Out of the seed mingled with the blood (of the woman) comes forth first the Prāṇa. When the seed has been altered by the Prāṇa, then the Apāna comes forth. It is formed out of the seed, and it is formed out of the menstrual fluid ; the pleasure aroused during union, that is the figure of the Udāna. Out of the yearning of love is the seed born ; out of the seed is sexual passion born. But seed and blood had been brought into being in the same fashion, through the Samāna (which digests the food), and the Vyāna (which

[1] Probably we must read yathā, which K also has. B has literally : "Thou hast set forth to me that the fruit of the womb thus comes into being." Purusha is the eternal Ātman, the soul. Both texts have yathā jātas tu ; I join together to make yathājātas.

[2] Cp. xii, 163.8 : "Love springs from the idea (saṃkalpa)."

assimilates the food fluid)" (xiv, 24.5 ff.).[1] "How man, penetrated by his karman, filled with love and hate, comes into the mother's womb—hearken to this fully. The seed mingled with the blood (of the woman) which has come into the womb as holder, obtains thereby a field (abode, body), a good one or a bad, as his karman may bring. As a result of its tenuity and undeveloped state, and if it, as a Brahman (in the word's true meaning) has attained to its wish (the redeeming knowledge), thereby it cleaves nowhere—the eternal Brahman (neuter). This is the source (bīja) of all beings; through this it is that creatures live. When this soul has penetrated all the limbs of the fruit of the womb, part by part, it at once gives it the gift of consciousness, taking up its place in the abodes of the breaths of life. Thereupon the fruit of the womb, endowed with consciousness, moves the limbs. . . . As fire makes its way into the lump of iron, and brings it to glow all through, so do thou look on the soul's going into the fruit of the womb" (xiv, 18.4 ff.). Yayāti spoke (to Ashṭaka): "He (he that takes on a body, that is, the soul) accompanies the tear-drop, the seed poured forth by the man, bound up with the fruit of the flower (with the karman); he meets her (the woman's) menstrual blood; having become the embryo,

[1] Prāṇa, Apāna, etc., are the five "breaths of life", in medicine forms of the wind, which is one of the three basic substances of the body, physiologically active life-forces. The last sentence is Deussen's translation (*Vier philosophische Texte des Mahābhārata*, p. 918). After wrestling long with the here very illogical text I have resolved simply to give this again instead of bringing up other possibilities. The Sanskrit text of the preceding sentence is: kāmāt saṃjāyate çukram, çukrāt saṃjāyate rajaḥ. I have taken rajas = rāga, as it is used, for instance, in xii, 213.9–10; 214.11–14. Materially the rendering is quite the right one. But here it does not fit properly. According to the context rajas should mean menstrual blood. But çukrāt stands in the way of this. Deussen changes to kāmāt; this is too violent in the face of all three texts. Seed is also indeed ascribed to the woman just as among the old Greeks and Romans; therefore: "out of the (female seed) arises the menstrual blood?" Or: "as a consequence of the male seed (that is, because it exists, and the woman yearns for it) the menstrual blood arises?" This in meaning would = kāmāt.

he there goes in.[1] Into the trees, into the plants they (the souls) go, into the water, into the wind, into the earth, and into the air, into the four-footed and two-footed—into all things they go[2]; in such an existence (evaṃbhūta) they become embryos." Ashṭaka spoke: "Does it (the soul) make for itself here another body (vapus), or does it make its way in its own body (kāya) into the womb, when it comes into human existence? Let me know of this; I ask in doubt. In what way does it come unto the various bodies, and all else that grows,[3] the eyes and ears, the consciousness? Make known, thou that art put to the question, this whole matter; we all hold thee for one that knows the field." Yayāti spoke: "The wind at the time of the ṛitu carries the seed up to the womb, mingled with the menstrual fluid; there it makes the embryo gradually to grow, wielding sway over the atoms. When the human being has now taken the material to himself, and is born, then he takes his place in his consciousness,[4] and so hears sound with his ear, sees shapes with his eye, smells with his nose, and tastes with his tongue, feels touch with his skin, and perceives his condition with the manas" (i, 90.10 ff.).[5] "Thirty parts[6] there are according to the tradition. Where these all are found, there there is a body,

[1] Or: The seed bound up with the fruit of the flower (with the karman), united with the Purusha (or: sent forth by the man) makes its way to the menstrual blood; it (the purusha, or: he that incarnates himself) meets her blood, etc. In view of çl. 14 it seems, however, as if we must translate: "He (he that takes on a body) goes into the tear-drop (the seed), which mingles itself with the product of menstruation (pushpaphala)," etc. See also K., i, 84.14, where pushpaphala is found instead of the pushparasa in B., 90.14. With asra cp. bindu "seed".

[2] Atisarvam. Perhaps api sarvam: and into all? Or atisarvam together with dvipadaṃ, and this then = human being, that is: "excelling all?"

[3] Builds itself up, develops (i, 90.13). Cp. Rām., vii, 81.10: sarvaṃ samucchrayam, all that grows, all living beings.

[4] Makes use of his consciousness (saṃjñām adhishṭhāya).

[5] It is said also of the wind in the 18th strophe that it escorts as a guide the soul that has fled from one body to a new one.

[6] They are set forth earlier. Deussen: "qualities."

so it has been handed down to us. The one takes for his own, as something that cannot be perceived, the (basic) matter (prakṛiti) of these parts, and in like wise, as something that can be perceived, the other, who has a coarse understanding. To be perceived or not to be perceived, twofold or fourfold—they that have pondered on the world-soul see matter in all beings. The matter which (in itself) cannot be perceived has through its (incarnated) parts taken on perceptibility: I and thou, O king, and all other corporeal beings there are. With the pouring in of the drop (of the male seed) those conditions begin that arise out of the male seed and out of the (woman's) blood, and through their appearance the kalala [1] comes into being; from the kalala develops the small bubble (budbuda); and from the small bubble the lump of flesh (peçī)—so tradition teaches us. But from the lump of flesh the limbs come forth, and nails and hair from the limbs. After the ninth month is fulfilled, O king of Mithilā, name and form (the individuality) comes into being of the child begotten, a little woman or man according to the marks of sex.[2] Although a man sees his (of one new-born) shape equipped with red nails and fingers directly after birth, yet he does not observe that in his own shape, when it has received the shape of childhood's years. And from childhood's years into the years of youth, and into advanced years from the years of youth—in these successive stages a man never perceives again what has gone before. A change in the constituents and the various things belonging to them [3] is happening each instant in all beings; but because of their fineness it is not perceived. Nor is their passing away noticed, and their coming into being in one state after another, no more than in a light is noticed what happens with the flame.[4] Since this whole world, which has this for its character, is ever hastening on like a good

[1] More or less = dot, jutting point; probably from kal, to drive. Cp. Windisch, *Buddhas Geburt u. d. Lehre von der Seelenwanderung*, p. 86 at bottom ff.

[2] This is the obvious rendering. But compare note 4 on p. 366.

[3] As form, etc. Nil.

[4] It is really different at every moment from what it was at the moment before.

steed, whence then springs a man, and whence does he not spring? To whom belongs anything definite, and to whom does it not belong? Whence does it come, and whence not? What connection have beings here on earth even with their own limbs? As fire out of the sun, the precious stone, plants, so do beings arise out of the union of the (thirty named) components. Why, just as thou seest thine own self in thyself through thy self, dost thou not see thine own self in others through thy self?" (xii, 320.111 ff.).[1] Through a blinding of perception do men fall into desire (kāma). From desire men come into anger,[2] then into greed and blindness, into self-confidence and pride, and into self-seeking, from self-seeking then into works, through works into bonds of love,[3] through love at once into suffering,[4] and thus giving occasion for birth and death [5] by undertaking works leading to pleasure and pain, they come to that dwelling in the womb which begins with the begetting, and is brought about by seed and blood, is moist with excrement and water, and fouled with the products of the blood. Overwhelmed by the thirst for life (tṛishṇā), bound by these things, ever and again led off astray to them,[6] let man know that women are the continuers of the web of the Saṃsāra. They are the ploughed field of nature (of matter, prakṛityāḥ kshetrabhūtās), men manifest themselves as the soul; therefore let the man before all things leave them behind him, one and all. They are witches of a dreadful kind, they bewilder those without understanding, they are the ever-abiding, passion-bewoven embodiment of sensuality (indriyāṇām).[7] Therefore are the children born

[1] The line of verse left out by me in the translation I have always held to be a baseless insertion, and I now see that it is not found in K.—The "self" is in all beings the same, the eternal Ātman.

[2] Translated in accordance with K. (K., 215).

[3] Read snehasaṃbandhān. Also -saṃbandhāḥ or -saṃbandhaṃ would be possible. K has -saṃbandhaḥ.

[4] Or: into the suffering that is immediately bound up with it.

[5] To come to their help; that is, they being subject to birth and death through the undertaking of the works.

[6] Literally: swimming about (= drifting) to them.

[7] That is, they live and weave in passion, and as they are glorified by sensuality, their hidden (antarhita) true nature is not recognized.

from passion, animated in them, as the source. Just as the vermin (such as lice, etc.) which has come into being from our own bodies, and yet is not deemed our own property [1] is put away from our bodies, so let the vermin also which is looked on as our own property, and yet is not property of ours,[1] and is called "children", be put away from us. Through seed and (menstrual) fluid children are born from the body, of themselves (svabhāvāt), or through the working of the karman—let the wise man look beyond them. . . . Whatever instrument of the mind is put forth in the fruit of the womb by the karman, which forms the germ, this arises out of the impulse of the self [2] through the spiritual element accompanied by the urge of passion. From the urge of passion after sound the ear comes into being of him whose self is developing, from the urge of passion after shape the eye, the nose from the wish to perceive smell, the skin for touch (for the feeling brought about through touch, and its objects). In like wise the wind is in the Prāṇa and Apāna, it is Vyāna, Udāna, and Samāna, the fivefold function of the body.[3] Wrapped round with the limbs born with him, born out of the karman, as his body, man is born, with the limbs of body and soul, which have their beginning and end in pain, and in pain their middle course" (xii, 213.3 ff.).[4]

Indeed, antarhita probably = antarita, as this is used in ii, 68.46: dharmāntarita, hidden in virtue, gone into virtue, become the essence of virtue. Cp. Rām., v, 9.23. Instead of "witches" perhaps rather: "magic forces," embodied curses, etc. (kṛityā).

[1] Probably less likely: our own self. Sva = ātman (cp. J. J. Meyer, *Dāmodaraguptas Kuṭṭanīmatam*, p. 108, n.) is not seldom found in the Epic (e.g. i, 111.2, 12; ii, 49.51; iii, 150.48; 207.54; v, 43.60; Rām., vi, 34.6 even: sā pravishṭā tatas tatra dadarça Janakātmajāṃ pratīkshamāṇāṃ svām eva bhrashṭapadmām iva Çriyaṃ).

[2] Ahaṃkāra.

[3] Literally: in fivefold wise keeping the body in action (dehayāpana).

[4] Or, as Indians, so far as I know, do not speak of spiritual limbs, better after all would be: With the limbs born with him is man born, wrapped in the body, with conditions of body and mind which have their beginning, end, and middle course in pain.—As to birth we are

told: "After the fifth month the fœtus has all its limbs; through the strength of the wind it is driven to the mother-gate (yonidvāra) and born, with the legs up, the head down" (xi, 4.2 ff.). xii, 320.17, therefore, should probably, instead of "After the ninth month is fulfilled, name and form comes into being, etc.," which indeed sounds strange, be translated: "When the child after the ninth month is fulfilled has been born, then its individuality becomes known, whether it is a boy or a girl, according to the marks of sex." Jāyate therefore = comes to light (or perhaps is to be altogether changed to jñāyate); hardly: "it is born into individuality (or even: the phenomenal world)," although jāyate with such an accusative would not be un-Epic.

There are many correspondences with the teachings of the Epic just set forth to be found in the discourses on reincarnation, procreation, growth of the fœtus, and birth in the Garbha-Upanishad (transl. by Deussen, *Sechzig Upanischads des Veda*); Yājñavalkya's law book, iii, 67 ff.; and the Purāṇas. These also repeat the doctrine of the Upanishads: The child in the womb remembers its former existences, but through touching the wind of the outer world is at once deprived of its knowledge, after having been driven forth by the Prajāpati or birth wind, a doctrine which in its essentials corresponds to a Jewish one (see Wolfg. Schultze, *Dokumente d. Gnosis*, Jena, 1910, p. 4 ff.). See e.g. Wilson's Vishṇupur., vol. v, p. 203 f.; Agnipur., 369.19 ff.; Garuḍapur., Pretakalpa, xxxii; Mārk.-Pur., x, 1–6; xi (according to çl. 18 the new-born child at once loses its supernatural knowledge through Vishṇu's bewildering māyā or magic powers); Bhāgavatapur., iii, 31 (according to çl. 1 man [jantu] comes into the mother's womb, borne by the male seed, retaḥkaṇāçraya = Garuḍapurāṇasāroddh., vi, 5); Garuḍapurāṇasāroddh., vi, 5 ff.; Abegg, Pretakalpa, vi, 5 ff. (in p. 92, note 5, Abegg gives a number of references); xv, 15–18; Carakasaṃh., iv, 4; Windisch, *Buddhas Geburt*, etc., p. 12 ff. How wonderful and mysterious the origin of man was in the eyes of the Old Indians the Epic has already shown us. In the Mārkaṇḍeyapurāṇa, pregnancy is called something holy and meritorious (x, 10); and procreation is in the Vedic view an act of sacrifice, a worship of God (see e.g. Chānd.-Up., v, 8; Bṛih.-Up., vi, 4.3). How piously and solemnly, and how ceremoniously it must be entered upon, we are taught at the end of the Bṛihadaraṇyaka-Upanishad (vi, 4.13 ff.) with a pure and elevating, a noble and simple earnestness. And so it goes on, although not with such simplicity, down to the Mahānirvāṇatantra (ix, 94–116).

Very important, however, is now the question: How are boys begotten and how are girls? The matter has already been touched on at the beginning of this book. Nīl. in discussing i, 90.14 repeats

the Indian theory: If there is an over-measure of male seed, then it will be a boy, if an over-measure of menstrual blood, a girl; if the two are equal, an hermaphrodite; if the seed splits, twins. There would then be no deliberate determination of sex, about which popular belief elsewhere believes it knows so much. For the Mahābhārata itself takes its place with the many examples which are to be found in this matter in Indian literature since the days of the Brāhmaṇas, and assures us in xiii, 87.10, 11 that if the forefathers are worshipped with Çraddhas on the second day in the half of the month with waning moon, then there will be girls; if they are worshipped on the fifth day, then many sons will be begotten (cp. Āpast., ii, 7, 16.8, 12; Vishṇu, lxxviii, 37, 40). xiii, 104.151 sounds more reasonable, and not unlike a view often found among ourselves: "Let the wise man go in the night to his wife, when she has bathed on the fourth day (after the start of her period); on the fifth day it will be a girl, on the sixth a boy." However we may here have only the well-known Indian belief: On even nights it will be a son, odd nights a girl (Carakas., iv, 8.6; Garuḍapur., Pretakalpa, xxxii, 12; Abegg, Pretakalpa, xv, 10; Agnipur., 153.2; Manu, iii, 48; Bṛihatsaṃh., 78.23; etc.). Another view which is often held in later times would seem to show itself already in Yājñavalkya, i, 80: The man must on an even night, etc., approach once his *emaciated* wife (kshāmā), then he will beget a son. But perhaps the reference is only to the wasting effect, anyhow presumed, of the woman's period. There is probably an inkling of the truth in Bṛihatsaṃh., 68.14–16 (almost wholly = Garuḍapur., 65.19b–22a): the matter depends on the nature of the man's seed. In the marks, too, that show the sex of the child in the mother's womb India finds itself on the same ground as the West. The beautiful, blooming complexion, that is to say, of the mother, is spoiled by a female fruit in the womb, probably from envy; while the complexion keeps its freshness and beauty when a boy is on the way. This is too the teaching of the Old Indian physicians. The Hindus are in agreement also with the Greeks, Romans, Jews, older Germans, Slavs, etc., in naturally allotting the preferred side, the right, to the male sex. So we find in Divyāvadāna, pp. 2, 98 and in other places in this collection of Buddhist legends: "Five particular characteristics has a wise woman: (1) she knows whether a man loves her, she knows whether he does not love her; (2) she knows the time, she knows the period; (3) she knows if she has conceived a child; (4) she knows by whom she has become with child; (5) she knows whether it is a boy, she knows whether it is a girl —if it is a boy, then it stays curled up on the right side of the belly, if it is a girl, then on the left side. So too in the Avadānaçataka; see Feer, *Ann. Musée Guimet*, vol. xvii, p. 5, and in Schiefner's *Indische*

What each one of the two parents contributes to the building of the body we are told in xii, 305.5 f. "Bones, sinews, and marrow we know as the parts that come from the father; skin, flesh, and blood—these come from the mother, so we are told.[1] Thus, O best of the twice-born, is it laid down in the Veda, and in the didactic books." But we have already been told that the flesh arises out of the seed, and so we read also in xiii, 116.13. But of course there the formation of the fruit of the womb is not under discussion.[2] Also the sons take after the father, the daughters after the mother, this being according to a popular proverb (pravādo laukikaḥ in Rām., ii, 35.28). Opposed to this there is another world saying (lokapravāda), given in Rām., iii, 16.34 and there endorsed on the whole, that human beings in their character do not

Erzählungen, No. xlvi; *Bull. de l'Acad. Imp. des Sciences de St. Pétersbourg*, vol. xxiv, col. 483 ff. In the last-named is told the well-known test of skill for the young physician Jīvaka, taken from the journey of the sons of King Serendip. However, the matter seems exactly the opposite in Chavannes, *Actes du XIV. Congr. intern. des oriental., Cinqu. sect.*, p. 136 ff. (here the foot-marks on the left are deeper, and therefore a male offspring is inferred). But cp. Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, i, 379–381. See also Agnipur., 369.21b–22a, and especially Windisch, *Buddhas Geburt*, p. 19. All kinds of cabbalistic means for finding out a child's sex in the mother's womb are given e.g. in Agnipur., cxli, 3–5.

[1] According to Agnipur., 369.31–32; 370.19b–20a, from the mother comes heart, skin, flesh, colour, navel, mucus, fat, belly, pancreas, and the black of the eye; but from the father: veins, arteries, nerves, seed, etc., as also the white of the eye. Carakas., iv, 3, 5.1, is partly different. See espec. Jolly, *Medizin*, p. 55 middle, and cp. here, as for the whole chapter, R. Schmidt, *Liebe u. Ehe in Indien*, 489 ff.

[2] On the other hand Cirakāri, xii, 266.25, 26 says tersely: "Man has from the mother the conglomerate in mortality, made up of the five elements," that is, at least in first place, the body; from the father, therefore, presumably the "soul". This was the belief also of the Naudowessies (Westermarck, 105–106; Mantegazza, *Geschlechtsverhältnisse*, 231). But Cirakāri shortly before this (çl. 18) declares that to the father is due "the body and the rest" (çarīrādīni). Possibly, however, body here is to be taken = life.

take at all after the father, but only after the mother. However, neither the one nor the other of these popular beliefs agrees with the teaching of the Mahābhārata ; for since the soul and the karman are bound up with the seed, and thus are contributed by the man, therefore as a necessary consequence the father, and none other, must be responsible for the character of the children, which view as is well known, is Schopenhauer's.[1] The view, of course, is often found also that for a man's nature the father and mother must both be taken into account. See e.g. xii, 296.3 f. ; Agnipur., 151.18b ; Meyer, *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, pp. 263–65.

Procreation outside wedlock has, according to Bhīshma's reproachful words about Karṇa (vi, 122.11 f.), an unfavourable effect on the character.[2] Fivefold is the way whereby the gods can beget : through the simple wish, through the word, the look, the wholly outward touch (sparça), and " rubbing " (saṃgharsha, coitus, xv, 30.22).[3]

The sojourn in the mother's womb is looked on too as something nauseating and gruesome in the Epic, as has already been mentioned, and as such it is even made use of figuratively (ix, 56.32, as often in Indian literature elsewhere). The womb thus is even called in MBh., K, xii, 215.7 narakagarta

[1] The stress lies on karman. For what we call soul, that is, perception, conception, thought, will, etc., belongs on the Indian theory, especially that of Sānkhya—and the Epic is dominated by this—to the domain of matter, that is of the woman. The Jīva or Purusha (" soul " in the Indian meaning), which corresponds to the man's nature, has really no connection whatever with anything of this.

[2] On the other hand this opinion uttered in a personal reprimand has little value. Karṇa, indeed, and other " love children " in the MBh. itself refute it.

[3] Cp. Jacobi's Tattvārthādhigama, iv, 9 (ZDMG, Bd. 60) ; Glasenapp, *Der Jainismus*, p. 241 ; Henne am Rhyn, *Die Frau. i. d. Kulturgesch.*, p. 50. In the beginning beings propagated themselves wholly by look, touch, tapas, simple will, etc. Coition did not appear till later. Wilson's Vishṇupurāṇa, ed. Hall, vol. ii, p. 10 ; Mārk.-Pur., xlix, 8 ff. ; Saurapurāṇa, xxv, 20–28 (Jahn, p. 69). Cp. Hartland, *Primit. Patern.*, i, 18 ff.

[For such a stage earlier than coition cp. perhaps from Melanesia, G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore*, pp. 42–3, 242 ff. (Translator.)]

(hell's pit). In the Epic, too, it lasts generally ten months (iii, 134.17 ; 205.10, etc.). But we repeatedly meet with far longer pregnancies in the Mahābhārata.[1] It is for three years that Çakuntalā bears Bharata in the womb, and that which took a long time, even here turns out well (i, 74.1–2). Gāndhārī has been now with child for two years, her womb is hard, and she learns with sorrow that Kuntī has given birth ; then with great torment she sets to thumping (ghātayāmāsa) her belly, and brings forth a lump of flesh as hard as a ball of iron. At Vyāsa's order she pours cold water over it, whereupon it falls into one hundred and one pieces, which she puts in a vessel with melted butter ; a hundred sons and one daughter thus come into being (i, 115.1 ff.). The same thing happens, too, to the wife of King Kalmāshapāda : she frees herself after twelve years from the fruit of her womb, which the Brahman Vasishṭha has begotten in her, by opening her own body with a stone ; hence her son is called Açmaka ("Stoneling", i, 177.44 ff.). Vasishṭha's daughter-in-law Adṛiçyantī in the same way for twelve years shelters under her heart Parāçara, who was later to be the holy man. He spends his time, during this very thorough preparation for coming into life, in studying the Vedas aloud (i, 177.11 ff. ; 43 ff.). Lopamudrā, Agastya's wife, carries for seven years, and then bears her son, but a wonder-child likewise (iii, 99.24 ff.). A hundred years even does a Bhṛigu woman carry Aurva, and that in her thigh. Then the child is to be slain by the hostile Kshattriyas, and comes out of the thigh with such sunlike brightness that the evil-doers all lose their sight (i, 178. 11 ff.). This cunctator, too, knows the whole Veda before his birth. On the other hand, the Rākshasa women bring forth at once after conception, as Satyavatī does Vyāsa, and as, according to Jean Paul, the Talmud teaches as to Jewish women in heaven (i, 155.36). This is a special grace which Umā or Kālī has bestowed on the Rākshasī (Rām., vii, 4.30, 31).

[1] See Hopkins, JAOS, 24, p. 19 ; 392 ; Wilson's Vishṇupur., iii, p. 290 (7 years) ; iv, 87 ; Mārk.-Pur., cxxxiii, 2 f. (9 years) ; Vishṇupur., vol. iv, p. 87 (15 years) ; Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, i, 200 ; iii, 136 ; etc.

Pregnancy at a very tender age is one of the signs of the oncoming end of the world (iii, 188.60; 190.49). Just as dreadful is the killing of the fruit of the womb. This crime, which is so often most strongly condemned by the Indians, and which is heavily punished in the law books, can according to the Mahābhārata only thus be atoned for: "The fœtus-slayer is cleansed of his sin if in the midst of battle the weapon lights on him (and kills him), or by his sacrificing himself in a kindled fire; thereby is he cleansed of his sin" (xii, 165. 46, 47).[1]

That the man should need a very long time to bring a child into the world, when he becomes pregnant, seems easy to understand.[2] There once lived a king, mighty in sacrifices, of the line of Ikshvāku, Yuvanāçva his name. "As this very glorious and pious one had no offspring, he handed over the kingdom to his ministers, and gave himself up to life in the forest, plunging his soul, he that had his soul under his control, in reflection in the way laid down by the books of instruction. One day, the prince, tormented with fasting,

[1] The slaying or making away with the fruit of the womb is one of the sins that cannot be atoned for on earth (Dubois-Beauchamp [3], 197); it is equal to the murder of a Brahman and to be atoned for in the same way (Āpast., i, 9, 24.4; Vasishṭha, xx, 23 f.; Gautama, xxii, 12–13 (here when it is the embryo of a Brahman); Vishṇu, xxxvi, 1; l, 1–99; nay, it is twice as wicked and allows of no atonement, but the woman must be cast out (Parāçara, iv, 18), or driven out of the city (Narāda, xii, 91 f.). Along with the murder of a husband and connexion with a man of low birth it is one of the three greatest crimes in a woman (Yājñav., iii, 298); stands in the same line with the most dreadful sins, and leads to loss of caste (Āpast., i, 7, 21.8; Vasishṭha, xxviii, 7; Gautama, xxi, 9); is the type of most dreadful sin (Mahānirvāṇat., iii, 153); and so on. Naturally awful punishments are, especially in the Purāṇas, threatened after death. This very zeal shows, however, that this sin was not an uncommon one in Old India, either. But whether it is so very common among the Hindus and particularly on the part of the widow, as some observers declare, is a matter of very great doubt.

[2] For the reason, too, that he is generally used to do things more thoroughly and better; for the long pregnancies that are found in other cases lead to human beings beyond the ordinary.

parched within by thirst, came into the hermitage of Bhṛigu. On this very night the high-souled, great Ṛishi was carrying out a sacrifice for Yuvanāçva, that he might get a son. A great jar, filled with water purified with holy words, stood there; it had been made ready before, that the wife of Yuvanāçva might drink it, and bear an Indra-like son. The jar had been set down on the sacrificial altar by the great Ṛishis, and now they were sleeping. Yuvanāçva went by these men wearied by the night watch; with dry throat, tortured by thirst, filled with a great yearning for water, he that was filled with peace of soul made his way into the hermitage, and asked for water. As the wearied one with parched throat now moaned tearfully, no one heard him, just as though it were the cry of a bird. So soon as the prince saw the jar filled with water, he ran impetuously up to it, drank it dry, and set it down again. When the thirst-tormented ruler of the earth had drunk the cold water, the wise one felt the bliss of the quenched glow (nirvāṇam agamat), and was very happy. Then those Munis and the penitents awoke, and they all saw that the jar of water was emptied. 'Whose deed is that?' those asked who came up. Yuvanāçva acknowledged the truth, and said: 'Mine.' 'That is not well,' then said the holy son of Bhṛigu to him; 'that thou mayest get a son, I have set the water there, and made it fitting through my asceticism. I have put into it the holy power,[1] having given myself up to dreadful penance, that thou mayest obtain a son, O kingly Ṛishi of great might and bravery. (It was to be) a son of great strength, of great heroic valour, and ascetic power, who with his heroic courage would bring even Indra into Yama's abode. Through this holy action I have brought this about. In that thou hast now drunk the water thou hast not done well, O king. But now we cannot make this otherwise than it is. It is undoubtedly a disposition of Providence that thou hast thus acted. Through this water that thou didst drink in thy thirst, which I had marked off by ceremony and prayer, and made ready through the power of my penance, thou thyself wilt bear such a son. I will then carry out for thee a most wonderful

[1] That is, the Brahmanic power. Hardly: the holy Veda word (brahman). Cp. xiii, 4.38, 60 f.

sacrifice, that thou with hero's strength, thou mayest bring forth an Indra-like son, and also need suffer none of the ills arising from the carrying of the womb's fruit.' Then at the end of a hundred years the son there, who was like a sun, split the left thigh of the high-souled king, and came forth, he the most powerful; and King Yuvanāçva was not taken by death; that was very wonderful."—Wonderful, too, was the child, Māndhātar, of whom not only the Brahmans but the Buddhists also have told many tales (iii, 126).[1] According to vii, 62, indeed, the two Açvins have to do service here as midwives; they pull Māndhātar out of his father's womb (garbha). Here the king while hunting came thirsty to a sacrificial offering, and drank the sacrificial butter. In xii, 29.81 ff., too, Māndhātar comes into being in his father's belly, and in this passage, indeed, also through sacrificial butter being consumed. Here the wind gods took the child from his father's side.[2] Also the pious king Cibi Auçīnara bears a son from out of his side (iii, 197.26 ff.).

A *generatio aequivoca* is likewise related in the old Purūravas saga. The Mahābhārata gives the following account: All the sons of Manu perished through strife. "Then was Purūravas born of Ilā; she was both his mother and his father; so we have been told" (i, 75.18, 19). On the other hand, according to Rām., vii, 87 ff., he is the son of Ilā and Budha in the ordinary way. Ila, the very mighty king of the Bāhlīka was roving on the hunt through the forest in the heart-delighting spring-time. At this same time Çiva together with his wife was taking his delight on the mountain where Kārttikeya had been born, and for her he changed himself into a woman; all the other male beings, too, which were

[1] In what follows there his greatness is shortly described, and more fully in other parts of the MBh. A poetic rendering of the Jātaka tale about him is to be found in my *Kāvyasaṃgraha, metrisch. Übersetzungen aus indischen u. anderen Sprachen*, p. 35 ff. Cp. Schiefner, *Bullet. d. Petersburger Akad.*, vol. 24, col. 458 ff.

[2] In Vishṇupur. (Wilson), iii, p. 267, Māndhātar splits his father's right side, so in Bhāgavatapur., ix, 6, 30, the right side of the belly, and so comes out. With his birth out of the thigh, cp. *Zschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 4, p. 48 ff.; 157 ff.

already there, even the trees, and all that came thither had to take on woman's sex. As soon as Ila reached there, this divine spell worked itself on him also and his following. He was deeply troubled at this, and made his appeal to Çiva, who laughed him to scorn. The god's wife, however, showed herself more compassionate : through her grace Ila was allowed always to be a woman for a month, and for a month a man, and in neither state did he remember the other. Ilā, so the new woman was called, now roved through that forest, free and merry, with her following, which was likewise feminine, and she came once to a glorious lake. In it Budha, the moon's son, was giving himself up to asceticism, but through the sight of the bewitchingly lovely wanderer of the wild he was so fired by love that he could no longer restrain himself ; he turned her attendants into Kiṃpurushī, and told them that as these they would find husbands ; while to Ilā, who thus saw herself robbed in the lonely forest of her following, he offered himself as a loving husband, and with this she was glad. With her he spent the whole of the spring moon in such delights that it flew by him like a moment. But when the month was at an end, Ilā awoke in the morning as a man again, and called to the son of Soma : "I came into these mountain wilds with a great following. Where are my attendants, then ?" "A rain of stones has killed them." "Then I who have lost my wives and people will no longer be king, either, but hand over the rule to my son." But Budha prevailed on him to stay there for a year ; then he promised to do his best. To this the herdsmen of the earth agreed. "For a month he was now a woman, and gave himself up to his pleasure without a break ; for a month he gave himself up as a man to pious ways and thoughts." In the ninth month as Ilā he then bore Purūravas. By a horse-sacrifice Çiva was then put in a gracious frame of mind by Ila's kindred, and gave him back his manhood.[1]

[1] Cp. Hertel, "Die Geburt des Purūravas," *Wiener Zeitschr. f. d. Kunde d. Morgenl.*, xxv (1911), p. 135 ff. According to Vetālapañcav., No. 15 (quoted Daçakumāracar., p. 85) it was Gaurī's curse that changed King Ila into a woman ; according to Mārkaṇḍeyapur., cxi, 12, Maheçvara's anger ; the Bhāgavatapur. (ix, 1.23 ff.) makes the

A like change of sex is related in Mahābhārata, xiii, 12 (K., 34). "Yudhishṭhira spoke: 'Which of the two has the more glorious feeling from the touch, when a woman and man unite? As to this doubt, do thou, O king, give me right instruction.' Bhīshma spoke: 'Of this too, this old tale is told, how, once before, Indra bore an enmity against Bhaṅgāsvana. Once upon a time there was an exceedingly pious Ṛishi king called Bhaṅgāsvana; as he had no sons, O tiger among men, that he might get a son he made the Agnishṭut sacrifice so hateful to Indra, he, the most mighty Ṛishi king. This is prescribed for atonements, and if a man wants a son for himself. But when Indra, the most excellent ruler of the gods, learned of this sacrifice, he sought an opportunity to lay hold of this royal Ṛishi, who ever kept himself in check. And he could see no weak spot in this high-minded one, O king. Some time after, the herdsman of men went out hunting. 'This is a chance,' thought Indra, and he perplexed the king: then the royal Ṛishi did nothing but wander about with his one horse, and, tormented by hunger and thirst, the prince could not find his way in the quarters of the heavens. And as he was galloping this way and that,[1] he saw a gloriously shining lake full of splendid water. He rode to the lake,[2] my friend, and watered his steed. When his horse had drunk,

change come about as in the MBh., but tells of another cause why Çiva laid this spell: Once he was visited by pious Ṛishis, who found his wife naked in his arms. She was very much ashamed, and therefore the god thus spoke for her sake: "Whoso comes into the forest shall become a woman." In the two sections of the Purāṇa Manu through a mistake of the sacrificing priest gets a daughter, Ilā, instead of a son; through special favour she becomes a man, named Sudyumna, and he then becomes a woman through the power of the god, etc. Cp. Harivaṃça, x, 615 ff.; Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, ii, 7.

[For Melanesian ideas on changing of sex cp. G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folkl.*, pp. 19, 20, 21, 62, 276.]

[1] So according to K., where we find itaç cetaç ca dhāvan vai. In the Bomb. text we can join itaç cetaç ca either with bhrānta, which would be very stiff, or take it as a lively sentence without a verbal form.

[2] Or: "he rode into the lake" (lit. dipped). I would read avagatya instead of avagāhya, and have translated accordingly in the text.

the most excellent herdsman of men tied it to a tree, and plunged in. But as soon as he had bathed there, be became a woman. When he now saw himself turned into a woman, the best of princes was ashamed; his whole soul was filled with mournful sorrow, and his mind and heart were troubled. 'But how can I mount my horse? how go into the city? And through the Agnishṭut sacrifice which I made a hundred stout sons of my body have been born to me. But what shall I say to them? And what shall I say among my wives, and the townsmen and the country-folk? Tenderness and weakness and a faint heart withal are the marks of women, as the Ṛishis have declared, who know virtue, truth, and profit. Manly strength put forth, sternness, and bravery are the marks of a man.[1] My manhood is gone, through some way or other I have become a woman. And since I am a woman, how can I mount my horse again?' With great trouble, however, the first herdsman of men now mounted his steed,[2] and went back into the city, turned into a woman, he the best of princes. But his sons, wives, servants, townsmen, and country-

[1] So according to K. The Bomb. Text has: In bodily exercises (or: in battle) staunchness (sternness, hardness) and a hero's courage—these are the marks of the man.

[2] Reputable women according to this passage do not ride in Old India; for whatever goes with the army, riding on horse or ass (Çiçupālav., xii, 20; v, 7) is, anyhow in most cases, light goods. But probably the widow who is going to let herself be burnt with her dead husband often rides there on horseback. See Zachariae, *Zeitschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 14, p. 208, note 2; 209; 302; 305. She has come away from the ordinary laws. Or was the horse so often chosen by her as being a beast that frightens away the spirits, brings luck, and is prophetic? Cp. Negelein, "Das Pferd in Seelenglauben u. Seelenkult," *Zschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 11, p. 406 ff.; Bd. 12, p. 14 ff.; 377 ff.; especially Bd. 11, p. 406 f.; 409 ff.; Bd. 12, p. 384; MBh., iv, 39.6; 46.25; K., 46.8; etc.; Tod, *Rajasthan*, i, 592 (the Rājputs to-day still see an omen in the horse's neighing); Schroeder, *Mysterium u. Mimus im Rigveda*, 429 ff.; George Wilke, *Kulturbeziehungen*, etc. (Würzburg., 1913), p. 122; Fr. S. Krauss, *Slav. Volkforsch.*, 130. As widow-burning probably originated with the Kshattriyas, it may be indeed that therefore this warrior-animal kept true to the Satī.

men fell to the greatest wondering, when they learned of it, and spoke: 'What is this, indeed?' Then said the royal Ṛishi, best of all speakers, that had become a woman: 'I rode out to hunt, surrounded by stout soldiers. Losing my way, I found myself, driven on by fate, in a dreadful forest. And in this most dreadful forest, racked by thirst, and bereft of my senses, I saw a most fair shining pond, covered with fowl. When I plunged into it, I was by the hand of Providence turned a little while ago into a woman.' And giving the names and families of his wives and ministers,[1] then did this best of princes speak to his sons: 'Do ye enjoy in gladness and friendship the kingly rule; I am going away into the forest, my little sons.' When he had thus spoken to his hundred sons, he did indeed go off into the forest. And after this woman had gone into a hermitary, she found a penitent. From the penitent she had a hundred sons in the hermitary. Then she took them all with her, and spoke to her earlier sons: 'Ye are my sons from the time when I was a man, and these are my hundred sons which I have got as a woman. Enjoy ye, at one in brotherly hearts, the kingly rule, my dear sons.' Then did these brothers enjoy together the kingly rule. When the king of the gods saw them now ruling over the most excellent kingdom with brotherly hearts, he thought to himself, overborne by anger: 'I have done the king a good deed, not an evil.' Then went the ruler of the gods, Çatakratu, in the shape of a Brahman, to the city, and stirred up these sons of the herdsman of men: 'Among brothers there is no good brotherly understanding, even when they are sons of one father. For the sake of the kingly rule the offspring of Kaçyapa, the gods and the demons, fell to strife. Ye are the offspring of Bhaṅgāsvana, the others are the sons of a penitent. But the gods and the demons are alike Kaçyapa's sons. Your father's kingdom is being ruled by the penitent's sons.' Stirred up by Indra, they slew one another in the fight. When the penitent's wife heard of it, she broke into tears, stabbed through by sorrow. Indra, disguised as a Brahman, now came to her, and asked her: 'What is the sorrow tormenting thee, that thou weepest, O lovely one?' Then

[1] This was, of course, to show he was King Bhaṅgāsvana.

the woman looked at the Brahman, and said with mournful voice : 'Two hundred sons of mine have been stricken to earth by destiny. I was a king, O Brahman ; a hundred sons were born to me before, shaped like me,[1] O best of Brahmans. One day I went hunting, and lost my way in a deep forest. And when I dipped in a lake, I became a woman, O most excellent Brahman. Then I set my hundred sons in the kingly rule, and went into the forest. As a woman, I bore a great-souled penitent in the hermitary a hundred sons, O Brahman, and these I took into the city. An enmity has by the dispensation of the gods arisen among them, O twice-born one. It is for this I mourn, O Brahman, overwhelmed by the waves of destiny.' When Indra saw her sorrowing, he spoke these harsh words to her : 'In days gone by, my friend, thou didst do me evil truly hard to bear, offering the sacrifice hateful to Indra, without inviting me, who hold the first place. I am Indra, thou fool, I have cast my hatred on thee.' But when the royal Ṛishi saw it was Indra, he bowed his head to Indra's feet : 'Be gracious, best of the thirty-three. I made that sacrifice in my yearning after sons, O tiger among the gods ; do thou forgive me this.' Rejoiced by his humble expression of reverence Indra granted him a favour : 'Which of thy sons, O king, are to live—tell me this—those thou didst bear as a woman, or those that came to thee as a man ?' Then spoke the penitent's wife to Indra, folding her hands before her forehead : 'The sons I bore as a woman are to live, O Vāsava.' But Indra heard this with astonishment, and once more asked the woman : 'How comes it, then, that the sons begotten by thee as a man are hateful to thee ? Wherefore harbourest thou the greater love for those thou didst bear as a woman ? I would fain hear the reason. Tell it to me here.' The woman spoke : 'The woman cherishes a more tender love, not so, indeed, the man. Therefore, O Çakra, let those live that were born to me when I was changed into a woman.'" Bhīshma spoke : "Thus addressed, Indra then joyfully uttered the words : 'They shall all live, all of them, thou speaker of truth. And choose thyself a favour,

[1] Or according to K. (surūpāṇāṃ instead of svarūpāṇāṃ) : "well-shaped." This is smoother, but perhaps not so old.

O prince above kings, which thou, O pious one, dost wish : thou mayest be either a man or a woman, whichever thou wouldst have of me.' The woman spoke : 'I choose to be a woman, O Çakra : I have no wish to be a man, O Vāsava.' But, thus addressed, the ruler of the gods made answer to the woman : 'Wherefore dost thou scorn to be a man, and insist on being a woman, O ruler?' To these words made answer the best among kings, that had become a woman : 'The woman has in the union with the man always the greater joy. That is why, O Çakra, I choose to be a woman. I feel greater pleasure in love as a woman, that is the truth, best among the gods.[1] I am content with existence as a woman. Do thou leave me, first herdsman of the heavenly ones.' 'So be it!' he spoke, took leave of her, and went back into heaven. So it is said that the woman feels the greater love and pleasure." [2]

[1] According to K. (ramāmi). But the Bomb. reading has the same meaning.

[2] Cp. Winternitz and Caland in the 17th vol. of the *Wiener Zeitschr. f. d. Kunde d. Morgenl.*; Hertel, *Ind. Märchen*, p. 48 ff.; 371; and on change of sex note 200 (p. 282 f.) in my book *Isoldes Gottesurteil*. The view that the woman has greater passion in love and a stronger pleasure in the act of union is not confined to India. There a proverb often heard says that the power of eating in the woman is twice as great as the man's, her cunning (or: her bashfulness) four times as great, her decision (or: boldness) six times as great, and her impetuosity in love (her delight in love's pleasures) eight times as great. Garuḍapur., 109.33; Schmidt, *Indische Erotik* [1], p. 132; Böhtlingk, *Indische Sprüche*, 412; Kressler, *Stimmen ind. Lebensklugheit*, p. 153; Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, i, 49. So too the Chinese hold woman to be more passionate. Gustave Schlegel, "La femme chinoise," *X. Congrès intern. des orient.*, Sect. v, p. 117. And the Arabs say : Les femmes ont en effet les passions plus violentes que les hommes, parce qu'elles ont l'intelligence plus faible. Basset, "Contes et légendes arabes," *Rev. des tradit. popul.*, xiv, p. 486, cp. 118. Much more of this kind could be quoted. Konrad von Würzburg is of another opinion, who sings that the man's love-pangs are twice as cruel as the woman's (*Engelhard*, ed. by Haupt, 1932 ff.). But medieval literature does not support him, not even the German. For there too the fair one herself is usually the leader in love, driven on by a violent strength of impulse, when as a rule she is wanting in all shame or bashfulness, and almost always in any reserve. Her hot passion and

The most celebrated case of change of sex is that of Çikhaṇḍin, and the Mahābh. often returns to the subject of this transformation. The fullest account is found in v, 173 ff., and the tale throws much light on woman in the Epic. As has been already mentioned, Bhīshma went to Kāçi, carried off the three daughters of the king there, who were just holding their Svayaṃvara (self-choice), and brought them to Hāstinapura to marry them to his half-brother. He tells us of this himself in our passage, and thus goes on (v, 174.4 ff.): "When now with Satyavatī's consent the wedding had drawn nigh, the eldest daughter of the king of Kāçi spoke these words shamefacedly: 'Bhīshma, thou knowest the law, thou art well versed in all the books of instruction. And when thou hast heard my law-abiding words, do thou act accordingly. I have already chosen the king of the Çālvas in my heart as my bridegroom, and I have already been chosen by him in secret, without my father

sensuality is often quite repulsive. An instructive compilation is given us by Th. Krabbes (Marburg, 1884) on the bearing of the "*Frau im altfranzösischen Karls-Epos*". It is very well put in the Busant (Hagen's *Gesamtabenteuer*, i, p. 34): "She offered her mouth, he gave the kiss"—the woman woos, as among the French, the man grants, is "drawn on by the eternal woman". It is probably indeed more or less the same elsewhere, too, in the world: "Thou thinkest to push, and thou art pushed." But with this long array of medieval ladies it goes much too far, who of course are all highly praised for their chastity and purity. It was truly no easy thing in the Middle Ages to be a famous hero. If such a one came to a strange castle and was lying tired out at last in bed, thinking like Wallenstein to have a good sleep, then suddenly there appeared the daughter of the lord of the castle or of the prince, or the lady of the castle herself, and sank aflame with passion into the arms of the warrior, quite unknown to her till now. A very long list of such maidens and married women extraordinarily forward in things of love is given by Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 595–8, and it is not at all complete. How skilled in the attack, nay shameless, women in love are among various peoples, especially the more or less uncultured—as to this there are interesting accounts to be found, for instance, in Finck, *Primitive Love*, 109 ff.; 380 f.; 476 f. Among the old Greeks also the woman is seen to be far more greedy of love, and far less reserved than the man. Rohde, *Der griech. Roman* [1], espec. 34; 35; Finck, 114 ff.

knowing of it. How couldst thou, then, go beyond thy kingly duty, and make me, O Bhīshma, who love another, dwell in the house here, especially as thou art a Kaurava? When thou hast decided this thing in thy heart by means of thy mind, then do thou take those steps here which seem to thee fitting. The king of the Çālvas assuredly awaits me. Therefore, O best of the Kurus, give me leave to go. Show pity on me, strong-armed one, best of the upholders of the law. For on earth thou art held to be the soul of truth, so we have been told.' Then I won the leave of Kālī Gandhavatī (Satyavatī), and that of the ministers and the high priests, and that of the house priests, and released Ambā, the eldest maiden. When the girl had received permission, she went to the city of the king of the Çālvas in the care of old Brahmans, and accompanied by her nurse.[1] When she had made the journey, she reached the prince.[2] When she had come to the king of the Çālvas, she spoke unto him the words: 'I have come for thy sake, O long-armed great-souled one.' To her spoke the lord of the Çālvas, smiling somewhat: 'I desire thee not as wife, that hast first belonged to another, O thou of the lovely face. Go, my good friend, back again to thy sweetheart Bhīshma. I will not have thee after Bhīshma has taken thee by force. For thou wast carried off by Bhīshma, and taken by him as a woman rejoicing in her love, after he had taken hold of thee, and overcome the kings in a great battle. I have no yearning to have a wife in thee, that hast already belonged to another, O lovely-faced one. How could a king such as I bring home a woman that has had to do with a stranger, for I have the knowledge and teach the law to others? Go just as thou wishest, my friend; let not this time go by thee unused.' Ambā spoke to him, tormented by the arrows of love: 'Speak not thus to me, O herdsman of the earth. It is in no wise so. I was not carried off by Bhīshma, rejoicing in my love, O harasser of thy foes. By force was I carried away by him, as I wept, and he put the princes to

[1] Whom we must thus think of as having been carried off with her. Quite possible, however; for the nurse bears her charge company at the Svayaṃvara, too, as is here and there mentioned. So xii, 4.10.

[2] K. has the smoother reading: āsasāda narādhipam.

flight. Love me, O lord of the Çālvas, who love thee, and am young and innocent. For to repel those that love one is a thing not praised in the laws. I made prayer to Gaṅgā's son, to him that never turned his back in the fight, and with his leave I came hither at all speed. Bhīshma, the strong-armed, wants me not; it was for his brother's sake that Bhīshma's deed was done, so I have been told. My two sisters, Ambikā and Ambālikā, whom Gaṅgā's son carried off, he handed over to his younger brother Vicitravīrya. I touch my head, O lord of the Çālvas, as I swear that but for thee, thou man-tiger, I have never thought, nor think, of another bridegroom. And it is not as one that has already had to do with another man that I have come to thee; I am speaking the truth, and as I swear this oath I touch my own body.[1] Take me in love, O great-eyed one, me that came herself to thee as a maid, that have never belonged to another, and that yearn for thy tenderness.' But Çālva gave no more heed to the daughter of the lord of Kāçi, who thus spoke, than does a snake to its sloughed skin. Although the prince was besought by her in this wise with many words, yet did he not believe in the maiden. Then spoke the eldest daughter of the king of Kāçi, filled with anger, her eyes weeping, her voice choked with tears: 'Repulsed by thee, I go into the wide world. There may the good be my refuge, as truly as truth stands firm.' But while the maiden thus spoke, and bitterly wailed, the lord of the Çālvas was making renunciation of her. 'Go, go,' the Çālva kept on saying to her; 'I fear Bhīshma, O thou with the lovely hips, and thou art Bhīshma's own.' Thus addressed by the Çālva, him the short-sighted one, the mournful one walked out of the city, wailing like a sea-eagle. But as she walked out of the city, she was thinking to herself in her dreadful sorrow: 'There is no young girl on earth who could be worse off than I am. I am bereft of my kindred, and I have been repulsed by the Çālva; and I cannot go out again to Hāstinapura, after Bhīshma for the

[1] This is the most usual formula for an oath in the Epic. The warrior, of course, often swears by his weapons, as elsewhere (e.g. Manu, viii, 113; Nārada, i, 199; Tod, *Rājasthan*, i, 80; 625). See Meyer, *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, p. 222.

Çālva's sake has let me go away. Whom shall I now upbraid : myself or Bhīshma, whom it is hard to get near ? Or my blinded father, who held my Svayaṃvara ? I have brought this evil on myself, since I did not throw myself then from Bhīshma's chariot while the dreadful fight for Çālva was going on ; this is the result which now shows itself—that I have come to the wretched plight of some blind woman. Shame on Bhīshma ! Shame on my foolish father with his blinded mind, who has put me on offer like a public harlot for the purchase price of heroic strength ![1] Shame on myself ! Shame on the king of the Çālvas ! Shame, too, on the Maker ! For through their evil conduct[2] I have fallen into the very depths of disaster. Come what may, man gets his allotted fate. But the beginning of this misfortune of mine is Bhīshma, son of Çāntanu. I look on it as right and fitting to make Bhīshma pay for it, whether my instrument be asceticism or the fight ; for I hold him to be the cause of my suffering.' " She went off into a penitential forest and overwhelmed with sorrow she complained of her grief to the dwellers there. But they said they could be of no help, and she asked to be made a nun that she might undertake a heavy penance. For she said she could not go back to her kith and kin. The ascetics now held a council. Some said : She must go back again to her father ; others blamed Bhīshma ; others again held that the Çālva king must be brought to take her. This was opposed by others, since he had rebuffed her. In the end they made known to her that she must go to her father : " The father or the husband is the woman's refuge : the husband when all is well with her, the father when it goes ill with her. The penitent's life is hard, especially for a delicate daughter of a prince ; and if the kings see thee here alone in the deserted forest, then they will harass thee." But she insisted that she could not go home, that

[1] Cp. Hera's words at her " self-choice " in Spitteler's *Olympischer Frühling* (1910), Bd. i, p. 34.

[2] Liter. : their unmannerliness (durnītabhāva). In India the Creator is quite used to all kinds of abuse on his evil ways. The " old sinner " has to put up with very much too e.g. in the proverbs of the Christian and reverential South Slavs. Krauss, *Sitte u. Brauch*, etc., p. 613.

she would be scorned there; she wished, she said, to lead an ascetic life, so that so evil a fate should not be thrust on her again in another life.[1] Then her mother's father happened to come thither, the royal Ṛishi, Hotravāhana. When he had heard her tale, and learned who she was he spoke trembling and sorrowful to the tortured maiden: "Go not to thy father's house. I am thy mother's father. I will turn away thy unhappiness. Stay by me, my child, let thy desire rest[2] thus to pine away." He advised her now to seek out his friend Paraçurāma, mighty in arms and penance, and to make request of him; he would slay Bhīshma, if he did not do as she said, and would set her free from her sorrow. Meanwhile, a comrade of Paraçurāma came into the penitential forest. The matter was put before him, and Ambā declared that Bhīshma had not known that she loved the king of the Çālvas, otherwise he would not have carried her off; but that the ascetic must decide. He held that Bhīshma was the cause of it all; for had he left her alone, then the Çālva would have been content with her. Ambā spoke: "In my heart also does this wish ever lie, whether I could not slay Bhīshma. Him on whom thou layest the blame, him do thou chastise, for I have come because of him into deep suffering." Then later came Rāma himself; full of pity and love he hearkened to the lovely, tender young granddaughter of his friend Hotravāhana, who was begging help of him in tears. His wish was now to clear everything up through a kindly message to Bhīshma, or to the Çālva, while Ambā declared that the Çālva had sent her away through distrust in her purity; Paraçurāma must make away with Bhīshma, the root of her unhappiness. He reminded her that he would only take up arms on behalf of the Brahmans. But she always came back to insisting that he must kill Bhīshma, the cause of all her woes. Then his comrade reminded him that he must help her that asks for protection, and that, moreover, he was bound by an earlier vow, and therefore he

[1] Pare loke. Cp. my transl. of the Kuṭṭanīmata, pp. 118 and 149; in Petavatthu, ii, 9.44, pare = paraṃhi. In the Epic this locat. pare (apare) is often found (e.g. i, 76.67; ii, 44.28; v, 176.14; vi, 3.49; vii, 80.6; 151.16; xii, 139.66; 143.26; Rām., vii, 33.2).

[2] Paryāptaṃ te manaḥ. Cp. e.g. v, 185.13 f.

must fight in this case. So Rāma went to Kurukshetra with his band of disciples and the maiden, and from there a further couple of days' journey on, and solemnly asked Bhīshma, who came to meet him at the frontier respectfully : " Bhīshma, what was it that made thee carry off the daughter of the king of Kāçi that time against her will, and then let her go ? For now the glorious maid is left through thee bereft of her rights (marriage) ; for who could here on earth approach her, whom thou, a stranger, hast touched ? The Çālva has rejected her, because thou didst carry her away, O Bharata. Therefore do thou at my bidding take her back again. This king's daughter, O tiger among men, must be given her rights. It is not seemly in thee to hold kings to scorn and insult." But Bhīshma made answer : " I could in no wise give her to my brother, O Brahman. ' I belong to the Çālva,' said she to me myself before this, and it was with my leave that she went to the city. Neither from fear nor pity nor greed, nor to please anyone will I be unfaithful to the warrior's laws ; this vow I did undertake." But Rāma was angered, the more so since Bhīshma had been his disciple, and was thus under the duty of obedience to him. The unshakable one, however, for all his reverence for his teacher stood his ground : " Who would want to take into his house a woman that loves another man, and bears herself like a snake-woman, if he knows of it ? A fault in women [1] brings great harm. If the teacher is overbearing, if he knows not what must be done, and what must be left undone, if he goes astray, then according to the holy ordinance he shall be given up." After further proud and challenging words between the two, they made ready to fight. Bhīshma's mother tried to reconcile them, but without success. Through many days lasted the struggle between the two picked fighters, but in the end Rāma had to declare himself beaten. Thus had Ambā's thirst for vengeance been left unquenched. But she did not yield, but with rage in her eyes she exclaimed : " Then I will go whither I myself shall bring down Bhīshma in the fight." For twelve years she submitted to the most dreadful chastisements in the Indian list of penances, then visited various holy bathing-places, and there carried out cleansings. After that

[1] Or : a fault (offence) against women.

she was changed one half into an evil river, the Ambā, but as for the other half she was still the former maiden, and gave herself up to further penances. The ascetics surrounded her, tried to hold her back, and asked her why she was doing all this. Then spoke the maid to the Ṛishis rich in penance: "I have been treated by Bhīshma with despite, cheated of the rights bound up with the husband. It is to slay him that I have given myself to asceticism, not to come unto heaven's worlds. When I have slain Bhīshma, then shall I find peace. This is my resolve. I shall not stop until I have slain Gaṅgā's son in the fight, because of whom I have been brought to where I now am, thus to dwell in never-ending sorrow, robbed of the blissful world of a husband, here on earth neither wife nor husband. I am wearied of life as a woman; I am firmly resolved to become a man. I mean to take retaliation on Bhīshma; none shall stay my hand." Then Çiva appeared to her in his own shape, and offered her a favour. She chose victory over Bhīshma. "Thou wilt slay him." "How should victory in the fight fall to me, a woman? And as I am a woman, my heart is very mild.[1] And yet, O lord of beings, thou hast granted me to overcome Bhīshma." Çiva answered: "Thou wilt overcome Bhīshma in the fight, and become a man. And thou wilt remember all this, when thou hast gone into another body. Thou wilt be born in Drupada's race and become a great chariot-warrior." When Çiva had vanished again, Ambā gathered wood together out of the forest, made a great pile before the penitents' eyes, and kindled it. Then, her heart ablaze with anger, she leapt into the flaming fire with the cry: "Death to Bhīshma!"

At this time the childless King Drupada was practising a dreadful asceticism that he might have a son. But Çiva granted him only a daughter, but told the discontented king that she would become a man. And the queen then later bore a lovely girl. The parents gave out that it was a boy, kept the matter a

[1] This seems to me to be one of the slily humorous passages in the Epic. Or else we could separate na: in life as a woman my heart no longer finds any great peace whatever, that is, I am heartily sick of it. Or are we to read çrāntam instead of çāntaṃ?

secret from all, had all the rites laid down for a boy carried out on the child, and named it Çikhaṇḍin. Bhīshma alone learned of the whole matter through a spy, the divine Ṛishi Nārada, as also of the discourse between Çiva and Ambā. When the girl had come to marriageable years, her father was in great distress as to how he should marry her, and he took counsel with his wife. But she spoke confidently : " Çiva's words will soon be fulfilled ; the maker of the three worlds cannot lie. Therefore do thou get her a wife according to the law." Drupada after long inquiries decided for the family of Hiraṇyavarman, the ruler of the Daçārṇas, and sought the hand of his daughter. But the poor bride found herself sorely undeceived after the wedding, and full of shame told her girl-friends and nurses that her husband was a woman. Her intimates sent word of this at once to her father, who, blazing with anger, sent a messenger to Drupada. The envoy took the evil-doer on one side and gave him the message in secret that Hiraṇyavarman because of this disgraceful fraud would destroy him, and his people and ministers. Drupada stood before the messenger like a thief caught, and not a word came from his lips. He sent back word to the bride's angry father that the report was utterly untrue. But as the latter knew better, he gathered his army and vassals together, and these spoke : " If it is so, if Çikhaṇḍin is a maiden, then we will kill Drupada together with Çikhaṇḍin, and make another one as king among the Pañcālas." So a fresh message went off to the sinner : " I am going to make away with thee ; pluck up thy courage." His wife put heart into the frightened king, telling him to do honour to all the gods and worshipful persons and make sacrifice in the fires, but also to have the city fittingly defended ; for fate and manly staunchness, when joined together, was what brought good fortune. While the two were anxiously speaking with one another, their daughter came up to them and seeing how because of her such ill-hap had come on them, she resolved to kill herself. So he went forth into the thick forest, where a Yaksha, Sthūṇākarṇa by name, dwelt, whom folk avoided out of fear of the monster. Here she meant to starve herself to death. But the Yaksha came to her, and asked : " What is the object of this deed of thine ? I will accomplish the business.

Speak without hesitation." "Impossible!" she kept on saying to the Yaksha. "I will do it," the Yaksha quickly answered. "I am a servant to Kubera; I am a bestower of boons, O king's daughter. I grant even that which cannot be granted." Then the princess disclosed to him the plight in which she found herself; and as the forest-spirit had given his promise so solemnly and sacredly, he had, indeed, to fulfil it. He spoke: "I will give thee my man's sex [1] for a time, and take thy woman's sex. Then thou must come hither at the proper time again. Swear it to me." Çikhaṇḍinī swore that she would become a maiden again, and give the Yaksha his manhood back again, so soon as the king of the Daçārṇas had gone away. "So the two in this plight came to a solemn agreement with one another, and then made the exchange.[2] The woman's mark of sex was borne now by the Yaksha Sthūṇākarṇa, and Çikhaṇḍinī got the Yaksha's shining mark of sex." [3] Greatly rejoicing the new man now went back to his father, who at once sent off a message to Hiraṇyavarman that his son was indeed a man, and after long negotiations the ruler of the Daçārṇas, who was still bent on destroying the deceiver, agreed to an examination; he sent "the most excellent, very fair-formed women" that they might personally convince themselves whether it was a man. Their report was to everyone's joy an affirmative one, the father-in-law came with glad heart to the

[1] Or perhaps literally: "my man's member" (puṃliṅga). Cp. v, 192.40 f.

[2] According to the comment.: They exchanged their generative members. But as yet I do not put much trust in his suggested meaning of the word abhisaṃdeha, but take it as loc. sing., and = doubt, suspicion. It must be said, however, that saṃkrāmayatām without an object makes a certain difficulty, though not without other examples. The variant mentioned by Nīl., abhisaṃdohe might mean "agreement". K. has anyonyasyānabhidrohe, thus also referring it to the first half-çloka.

[3] So certainly is yaksharūpa to be taken here; for that Çikhaṇḍinī took over the Yaksha's form is out of the question. Rūpa = cihna, mark, token, first mark, forewarning is a good Epic usage (ii, 80.9, 27; iii, 155.8; iv, 39.7; v, 73.39; vi, 3.65 ff.; vii, 192.14; xii, 102.8 ff.; 228.1). Also it = symbolic action, bearing (ii, 80.9, cp. with 80.24).

city, gave very rich gifts to his son-in-law, and parted from his daughter with stern rebukes. But about this time the lord of the Yakshas, Kubera, happened to make a visit to Sthūṇākarṇa, and as his servant, who was deeply ashamed of his new sex, did not come to meet him, but kept hidden, the god gave notice to his following of a heavy punishment for the offender. They told him why the poor wretch was not doing his duty. Angrily the god of wealth had the thus transformed man brought to him, and condemned him for his wicked change of sex, which was an insult to all Yakshas, to remain a woman always. But on the intercession of the Yakshas he ordained that Sthūṇākarṇa on Çikhaṇḍin's death was to have his original sex back again. When Çikhaṇḍin later appeared, true to his promise, to hand over to the helping spirit his manhood again, the latter was greatly gladdened by his honesty, and told him of what had happened. High rejoicings now held sway in Drupada's house, the prince was handed over to learn the art of arms, and came to be a distinguished warrior-hero. Later he did indeed bring about Bhīshma's death in battle, for Bhīshma had sworn not to make use of his weapons against any woman, or against anyone that had ever been a woman, and knew full well, as did everyone, how the matter really stood.[1]

[1] Cp. Hemavijaya's Kathāratnākara, 118th Tale; Hertel, *Wiener Zeitschr. f. d. Kunde d. Morgenl.*, xxv, p. 168 ff.; Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, ii, 7; and on change of sex in general *Isoldes Gottesurteil*, note 200 (p. 282 f.); Weinhold, *Zeitschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 5, p. 126 ff. K., i, 109.66, has much that is not found in B., and brings out still more strongly how holy the girl's inclination and her secret promise of marriage were, at least for the warrior caste. Ambā here for six years is sent to and fro between the Çālva and Bhīshma. One of them must marry her. Then she gives herself up to the sternest penance. The god Kumāra brings her a wreath; whoever wears it, he says, can slay Bhīshma. She now makes a round of the kings with her wreath and prayer for revenge. But none dares. [For spirits with changing sex in Melanesia, see G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore*, pp. 21, 62 (Translator).]

XIII

Woman Lying-in

LIKE Ambā in the tale we have just given, the Hindu says : The woman that is excluded from marriage must be looked on as an unhappy hermaphrodite. In marriage and in love, however, as the Epic again shows, the man seeks pleasure, but the woman seeks the child. And the half-pitying, half-proud smile of the stronger sex at the child-bed stories of women is hardly called for. The heroes, indeed, of the Mahābhārata in their converse tell one another of their victories and fights. Should the woman, then, not speak of her own, and of her "dwelling with death"? The woman in child-bed, indeed, has by the Hindu also, from ages past been held to be an important, even if at the same time unclean, being. One that is unclean in any sense gives the evil powers that are ever lurking about mankind a dangerous opening. Thus, too, swarms of monsters are on the watch to do hurt to the mother and new-born child. A number of them, and also such as are dangerous to women with child are given in iii, 230.24–45 : they carry off children, eat them, for ten nights they are ever to be found in the lying-in room ; a female snake-demon penetrates into the mother's womb, and there devours the fruit, the woman then brings forth a snake [1] ; the mother of the Apsarases takes the fœtus away, and people then say : "She has lost her child." So, too, in iii, 228.1 ff., we are told of evil spirits who carry off children after birth or even in the womb.[2]

[1] [For women and snakes in Melanesia cp. G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore*, pp. 13, 36, 37 (Translator).]

[2] The children's female demon Pūtanā gives her breast to the suckling during the night, and those that drink of it die at once. Vishṇup., vol. iv, p. 376 ; Bhāgavatapur., x, 6. Evil spirits kill the fruit of the womb, exchange those of two pregnant women, if these come near trees, mountains, embankments, ditches, cross-roads, burning-grounds, or the sea (water), where a spirit of this kind dwells (Mārk.-Pur., li,

8, 14, 21–22, 64–65, 77–80); they carry off the new-born child (ibid., li, 105–107). Cp. further Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, i, 264 f.; Thurston, *Omens and Superstitions*, etc., 246; Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, iii, 42; 115; Jātaka, Nos. 510, 513, 540; etc. A long list of supernatural beings that also do harm to children is given in Agnipur., xxxi, 29–31 (Dutt, p. 125), so too in ccxcix, such as especially lie in wait for the young child, and this until the seventeenth year of life. The Bhūtas, Pretas, Piçācas, and Vetālas are foes of conception (cp. Mārk.-Pur., li, 46, 114 ff.) and dangerous to the fœtus (Mahānirvāṇatantra, ix, 124). Mārkaṇḍeyapur., lxxvi, 6–19 is worthy of remark here: Jātahariṇī (a female robber of new-born children) always first steals two children, and exchanges them with one another, then she steals a third, and eats it. When doing this she takes the shape of a cat, and so awaits near the child her opportunity. Among the Urau (in Bengal) the evil spirit Chordeva, turning into a cat, creeps into the house, and during the birth and for fifteen days after seeks to harm the mother. Therefore the husband must keep watch, and a fire always be kept up. *Zeitschr. f. Ethnol.*, Bd. 6, p. 343 (after Dalton). Cp. Crooke, loc. cit., p. 271; Elsie Clews Parsons, *The Old-Fashioned Woman*, p. 57; etc. In the West, too, this witch-beast is dangerous to the woman lying-in. See Zachariae, *Zeitschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 22, p. 235 f. But on the other hand Shashṭhī also, the friendly goddess of the sixth night after the birth, rides on the back of this witching beast (Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, ii, 241); and in general this tailed creature of magic is in near relation with the sexual life of woman. Cp. also Thurston, *Omens and Superst. of Southern India*, p. 77. Like the witches and goblins, the old German wood-spirits also are fond of turning into cats (Mannhardt, *Wald- u. Feldkulte*, i, 89, 112, 146; E. H. Meyer, *Mythol. d. Germanen*, 140); and to the Indians also they are magical beings or witch-beasts (Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, 15, 18, 19, 255).

Superstition of this kind is well-known to be spread throughout the world. Witches steal small children, and eat them or use them for their magical purposes; all kinds of spirits do harm to the mother, carry off the small beings, and put their changelings in their stead, suck children's blood, and so on. Garnett, *The Women of Turkey*, etc., 1, 13, 70, 231, 315; ii, 22, 245 (and on this *Zschr. f. Ethnol.*, Bd. 26, p. 560); Zmigrodski, *Die Mutter bei d. Völkern d. arisch. Stammes*, 124 ff.; Hartland, *The Science of Fairy Tales*, New York, 1891, pp. 93–134; Fr. S. Krauss, *Slav. Volkforsch.*, 60, 64, 66, 67, 68, 72, 146, 148, 153 ff.; etc. As probably most primitive peoples believe that a man can make only one child, and that with twins there must be either an uninvited fellow-worker or a supernatural being

at work, so in one of the twins there is often seen a supernatural visitor from magical realms. But as it is not known which is a man's own child, both of them are often reared. But in other places, indeed, both are forthwith killed, or there is means to find out which is the intruder, exactly like the real changeling in European tales. There is a great number of these tales of changelings. As an example let only Kirchhof's *Wendunmuth*, iii, 516 f. be given. A delightful account of the wise oracular utterances which are made especially by the swarm of aunts, godmothers, and woman-neighbours about a supposed magical being of this kind, is given by Juho Reijonen, a pleasing Finnish novelist of our day, in his *Vaihdokas* (The Changeling). Indeed, Żmigrodski states: "Witch and lying-in woman are in Aryan tradition almost one and the same" (*Die Mutter*, p. 177). The death of a woman in child-bed is always a magically dangerous misfortune in India (see e.g. *Anthropos*, vi, 872 f.; vii, 85 f.; iv, 68); she becomes, at least in the belief of some primitive tribes, a very evil spirit, called Churel or Chorail, which wanders about with the feet turned backwards. Billington, *Woman in India*, p. 100; Crooke, *Things Indian*, Lond., 1906, p. 131; *Popul. Relig.*, etc., i, 269–274; *Anthropos*, iv, 679 (Pahariya); vii, 649, 659 (Khond); *Zeitschr. für Ethnol.*, Bd. 6, p. 344. Cp. Ploss-Bartels, ii, 579 ff.; Żmigrodski, 148; E. H. Meyer, *Mythol. d. Germanen*, 31; 56; 101 f.; cp. 43; A. Jeremias, *Allgemeine Religionsgesch.* [2], p. 53 (among the old Babylonians). In the belief of the Urau they are clothed in white, and have a pleasing face, but a coal-black back. *Zschr. f. Ethnol.*, Bd. 4, p. 344 (after Dalton). Like those who have met an accidental death, women that die in child-bed are buried by the Nāgas in the jungle without any rites. And yet the Empêo at any rate among them believe that only women dying in child-bed, and men that have fallen in the fight or been killed by tigers are allowed to go forthwith to the highest god. *Zschr. f. Ethnol.*, Bd. 30, p. 353. This reminds us of the Breton belief: A mother who has died in child-bed need only fly through purgatory, and then goes straight into heaven. Żmigrodski, *Die Mutter*, p. 142. A like belief is found, too, among the Mohammedans, in old Mexico, in Sumatra, in Steiermark, and so on. The uncanny and the holy or the divine are very near akin not in India only. The woman thus snatched away was at that very time highly unclean, and she also suffered an unnatural, premature death, as do for instance the criminal and the soldier, together with whom she often appears. The ghost of a person that has thus died is, however, powerful and often malicious. In India, indeed, the robber or murderer that has been put to death becomes a kind of god. See my Daçakum., pp. 31, 358, and on that Bhāratīyanāṭyaçāstra, iii,

40 ff.; the eerie tale "The Cry from the River" in R. W. Frazer, *Silent Gods and Sun-Steeped Lands*, Lond., 1906, p. 90; Crooke, *Popul. Relig.*, etc., i, p. 228; ii, 199 (also Dubois-Beauchamp, 449; 548; Fuller, *Studies of Indian Life and Sentiment*, p. 95, and especially 96); and Thurston, *Omens and Superstitions*, etc., pp. 162, 178, 179, 209. With the Indian doctrine that punishment atones, blots out any guilt and reproach, is probably connected on the other hand the teaching of the old verse which I quoted in that note to the Daçakum., and which, for instance, is also found in Vasishṭha, xix, 45; Manu, viii, 318; Nārada, Pariçishṭa, 48: The criminal punished by the king goes without a spot into heaven, like the pious man. Cp. my *Hindu Tales*, pp. 9–10 (note). In Sicily, too, as I point out in the Daçakum., executed criminals are prayed to and worshipped. Cp. Hartland, "The Cult of Executed Criminals at Palermo," *Folk-Lore*, vol. 21, p. 168 ff.; vol. 7, p. 275; *Primitive Paternity*, i, 77. And in general anyone meeting his end by violence is outside the course of nature, and becomes a god, an evil spirit, etc. "There is a deified Pootra in every Rajput family—one who has met with a violent death." Tod, *Rajasthan*, i, 298, note; cp. 659–60; Hartland, i, 77; *Zschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 2, p. 185; *Zschr. f. Religwissensch*, Bd. 8, p. 258. Much valuable information is given especially by Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, i, 43, 44, 46, 62, 96, 99, 115, 119 129, 138 ff., 147, 189 ff., 230 f., 234 ff.; Crooke, *The North-Western Provinces*, 252. Here we find included the suicide, who in the law writing, the Purāṇas, and elsewhere is branded as evil; even the attempt at suicide is, indeed, to be heavily punished (Mahānirvāṇatantra, xi, 72 f.), and as an offence bringing loss of caste must be atoned for by works of mortification and "Penance of the Purse", that is, by giving cattle (Parāçara, xii, 5–8; cp. Vasishṭha, xxiii, 18 ff.). If a kinsman loses his life by his own hand, or in some other "unnatural" way (execution, water, fire, lightning, a beast, battle, accident, etc.), then his death does not make his kinsfolk unclean, and for the suicide there must be no pyre, no tears, no death-gifts, nor any other pious rite, otherwise heavy vows of mortification must be undertaken, as must no less be done by him who even cuts the cord of a hanged man. Gautama, xiv, 9 ff.; Manu, v, 89, 95, 98; Vishṇu, xxii, 47, 56, 58–60; Vasishṭha, xxiii, 14 ff.; Yājñav., iii, 6, 21, 27; Parāçara, iii, 10; iv, 1–6; Kauṭilya, transl., 341.23 ff.; Garuḍa-Pur., Pretakalpa, 4.104–112, 160; 40.4 ff.; 44.24–29; 44.1–5; Baudh.-Gṛihyas., Pitṛimedhasūtra, iii, 7.1 ff.; Mārk.-Pur., xxxv, 45; Agnipur., clvii, 32; 159.2–3; 158.37, 39–41; often in the Vishṇupur.; etc. How uncanny the man is who has died by his own hand, is seen clearly also from Parāçara, v, 10 ff. The Çraddha on the 14th day of the half-month is forbidden for

the ordinary dead, but prescribed for him that has been slain with a weapon. Yājñav., i, 263; Caland, *Totenverehrung*, bottom of 44 to 45. Sacer means "holy" and "cursed"—he that has been raised above sin and earthly mankind through blissful death in battle, and the shameful outcast from the caste appear side by side in the laws we have quoted! Cp. with this subject of death by violence, for instance, *Zschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 14, p. 31 ff.; 322 f. (and the references there); Caland, *Totenverehrung*, 74; *Zschr. f. Ethnol.*, v, 187; Crooke, *Anthropos*, Bd. 4, p. 68 (Nāga); ibid., 464 (Dravidian peoples); Hosten, ibid., p. 682 (Pahariya, India); *Anthropos*, Bd. vii, p. 649 (Khond); Hartland, i, 182 (Pahariya). And the very animal one kills can become a destroying being. So the Hindu, when a snake has been killed, carries out the same death rites as he does in honour of a kinsman (Rāmakrishṇa, *Life in an Indian Village*, 1891, p. 135, from south India; Thurston, *Omens and Superstitions*, etc., 1912, p. 123); and these often discussed ideas are very well expressed in the 46th rune of the Kalevala, where the bear, the strong king of the Finnish forests, is appeased with the most reverential ceremonies and the most honeyed words, and he is told that it is not men who have taken his life, but that he fell himself out of the fir-tree to his death. Cp. Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, ii, 212. The appeasing of the captured bear here referred to seems, however, to fit in first of all with the bear-worship of the Aino, the Gilyaks and other Amur peoples, which finds its highest expression in the famous bear-festival of the Aino and the Gilyaks. Of this festival among the last-named people, and what is connected with it Leo Sternberg has given a very good account in his excellent article on the religion of the Gilyaks, *Zeitschr. f. Relgnswiss.*, Bd. 8, p. 260 ff.; see especially 272 there. The bear-cult of the Aino and a long set of details belonging to it, as also the ideas lying behind it are treated at length by Frazer, *Golden Bough* [2], 1900, Bd. ii, 374 ff.

It can be understood that the woman dead in child-bed seeks above all to harm those of her own sex, or her husband, or young men: her envious revenge is directed against those who in things of sex are so much happier than she has been. Therefore they also annoy women in child-bed. R. Schmidt, *Liebe u. Ehe in Indien*, p. 520. In India such a ghost, as a handsome woman, also draws on young men by night into destruction. Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, i, 253, 270 ff. Cp. e.g. R. Andree, *Ethnogr. Parallelen*, i, 92 f. In the same way in India the tiger that has eaten a man is always accompanied by the ghost of its victim, and led by him to other human beings that it may also slay them. Sleeman, *Rambles and Recollections*, i, 154; Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, i, 267; ii, 210 ff.; *Anthropos*, vii, 651, 660; and the thrilling tale of "The

Various means, ceremonies, and magics for driving off these evil influences are, of course, of great antiquity, and make their appearance already in Vedic literature. Then the Gṛihyasūtras also deal with this subject, although not at great length ; further there are the medical works, etc. A fairly clear description of the lying-in room of an upper-class woman of Old India is given in xiv, 68. It is hung with white, luck-bringing wreaths ; vessels filled with water stand everywhere towards the different quarters of the heavens, and melted butter, brands of tinduka-wood, and mustard-seeds ; round about are set naked missiles and lighted fires. Old women run around on all kinds of services, and equally skilled physicians. Everywhere the eye meets the magical things which have been set out about the place by experienced persons according to the prescript, and which rob the spirits of their evil.—So soon as Sītā has brought forth her twins, the holy Vālmīki is called in to see to the spirit-banning, protective measures. And he also drives away the rakshas and bhūtas. As being especially powerful, the holy kuça-grass is, of course, used here also (Rām., vii, 66).

Most important of all is the fire (sūtikāgni) that still burns to-day in the lying-in rooms of India. It must be kept always burning (xii, 69.49), as, indeed, for keeping off the dark powers in general the warding flame of fire must be kept up day and night [1] (cp. xiii, 131.7 ff., where as remedies against the eerie

Tailless Tiger" in Frazer's *Silent Gods and Sun-Steeped Lands*, p. 11 ff. Doubtless among other things the belief also enters here that anyone killed by a beast becomes this beast himself. So also the Gilyaks believe of the human prey of a bear (Schurtz, *Urgesch. d. Kultur*, p. 570). Finally there is probably another belief at work in the dread with which a woman carried off in child-bed is looked on : The woman that was so little fitted for her natural calling is a wretched being, nay, an offence against her lord and master, and a shame on her family. How should she, then, but have to go about as an evil ghost, herself unhappy, and to others bringing unhappiness ! With more advanced views she has also done wrong to the child, and has to come back to it, suckle it, care for it, and so on. Mother love as a motive probably belongs to a higher developed set of ideas. [For child-stealing spirits in Melanesia cp. G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore*, pp. 60, 61, (Translator).]

[1] Billington, *Woman in India*, 1 ff. ; 99 ; Hartland, *Science of Fairy Tales*, 96 ; etc. The woman who is unclean and makes unclean must stay ten days in the lying-in room. Manu, vi, 217.

spirit-beings Pramathas the following are also given : hyena skin, hyena teeth, mountain tortoise, the smell of butter, a cat, a black and a red he-goat). Like the fire that comes into contact with other unclean objects, as for instance the lich-fire, the sūtikāgni is unclean (iii, 221.31 ; cp. e.g. Hiraṇyakeçin's Gṛihyas., ii, 1, 3.4 ; 1, 4.8).[1]

[1] Down to to-day in India, or at least here and there, the husband also is made unclean by the wife's child-bed, and thus exposed to magical influences (Billington, 4–5) ; and the Gopa ("herdsman") in Bengal is forty days unclean then, just as in case of a death (*Zeitschr. f. Ethnolog.*, Bd. 6, p. 372, after Dalton). The same belief is witnessed to for us by the old law books. As by the death of one of his kindred, so through the birth of a child the Brahman becomes unclean for ten days, the Kshattriya twelve, the Vaiçya fifteen, the Çūdra a month. Vishṇu, xxii, 1–4 ; Parāçara, iii, 4. According to Vasishṭha, iv, 20–29 the dark ban lies on the Kshattriya even fifteen days, on the Vaiçya twenty days. Cp. Gautama, xiv, 14–16. Indeed, in the matter of the disputed question touched on here and by Vasishṭha there were, according to Baudhāyana, i, 5, 11.19–23, those who maintained that only the father, as the main originator, was made unclean through the child's birth. Cp. Bühler's note SBE, xiv, p. 180 ; Agnipur., 158.60 f. ; Garuḍapur., Pretakalpa, 39.9, 11. But Baudh. decides like others : "both parents." See also Manu, v, 77, 79 ; Agnipur., p. 608 ; Schmidt, *Liebe u. Ehe in Indien*, p. 530 ff. (also 503 ff. ; 509) ; Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, i, 274–277. In the fact that the father is thus exposed to the evil-minded powers I see the most primitive and main cause of the Couvade, for which so many interpretations have been given. Max Müller's way out of it all is most extraordinary. It is in general explained as a survival from the times of mother-right ; the husband wanted, it is said, to make known in a very evident way his claim on the child. So, too, Ploss-Bartels, Henne am Rhyn, Westermarck, Ed. Meyer, and others, to say nothing of those with a fad for the matriarchate. But even where mother-right actually prevails, the husband in many, but by no means in all, cases is deemed to be the natural owner of each child which his wife, that is, his property, brings forth, even when he himself and everyone else knows that he has nothing to do with it ; and under father-right this is the universally held view. Among many Brazilian tribes that have the Couvade it is to the father only that the origination of the child is ascribed. Kunicke, *Zeitschr. f. Ethnol.*, vol. 43, p. 553. Cp. there 547–8. Now for the man there is nothing more dreadful than to be in any

way put on a level with the so very contemptible, and often mysterious woman, or to be in any way like her. There is, therefore, in truth a much stronger motive needed, for making a lying-in woman of the husband, than the wish to see the children of his wife looked on as his own. Superstition filled with the thought of the precious self holds all the primitive peoples in its bonds, and an even relatively important freedom from it, such, for instance, as we meet with in the book of the two Seligmann's on the Veddas, or as is here and there reported of the Aino, arouses the greatest astonishment. On the other hand the universal development of marriage by way of hetærism and matriarchate cannot be proved. For then all the peoples with the Couvade would have to be patriarchal now, and before they had the men's lying-in they must have had mother-right. But even the first of these two does not hold, to say nothing whatever of the proof of the second. And the selfishness of the man is a truly "cosmic" element. I should like, then, as against this explanation and the other one to be immediately discussed, to point to some words of Fr. S. Krauss that are to be found somewhere in a note on the customs and habits of the South Slavs, and are worth more than many a long ethnological treatise. They are somewhat as follows: "If to-morrow the men had to bear the children, then the social question would be solved at one stroke—mankind would at once die out." Children are indeed often very valuable to primitive man; but he does not take to the child-bed for *their* sake. But this is just what Starcke holds: "The well-being of the child is the object; the father's powers of endurance are displayed on such occasions, and might thus be assured to the child, for no one who was deficient in courage and endurance would submit to this custom" (*Primit. Family*, p. 52). Primitive man is indeed not so careful and self-forgetting for the sake of his offspring. We are, it is true, often told of the foolish fondness shown, or said to be shown, by savages towards their growing children. But when we are told how general it is for the new-born to be killed off, and when we think how despised the father would become, if he took much heed of a brat like this, usually left only to the care of women, or even of fate—then we cannot believe that he would hand over his very important self to the shame and the discomforts, and even the pains of a couvade, only that it may go well for the little helpless creature. The statement in Dobrizhoffer from the relatively highly developed Abipones is worth nothing. No; superstitious fear of the harm that might come to a man's own much-threatened personality, this only is the root. Primos in orbe deos fecit timor, as we may read also in the MBh., xii, 15.13–19; K, iii, 28.16. Dark beings and forces lurk round the father, who is likewise made

unclean, far more than round the mother or the child; for, as a man, he seems so immeasurably more important, in the eyes of the ghostly powers also, than the wretched worthless woman. The man's child-bed is probably, anyhow where it is bound up with torments of any kind, at the same time a magical matter, and bestows charmed and magic strength. And probably it makes a part of the magical homœopathy of primitive man.

Note in Proof.[1]—The well-known article by Ling Roth in the *Journal of the Roy. Anthropol. Inst.*, vol. xxii, p. 204 ff., was deliberately not read by me till the last, so that I might not be influenced by it. But unfortunately I only saw it after sending off my MS. He brings forward a good many cases where the welfare of the child is given as the reason of the couvade (pp. 209–11, 214 f., 217 f., 219 ff.). This standpoint has therefore undoubtedly not been without influence. The man's lying-in is found neither among the lowest, nor among the civilized peoples (of to-day) (p. 222). The Australians living under mother-right believe that the child really comes only from the father (225 f.). Mother-right and Couvade are met with together among the Arawaks, and in Melanesia (227; cp. 238 f.).

[1] [Of the original.]

XIV

Woman in the House

NOR is the careful, busy housewife left altogether out of account in the Epic. While the brothers are living in banishment in the forest with Draupadī, the idea comes one day into the head of the divine holy man Durvāsas—who on the slightest grounds will break out into an anger full of mighty curses, and finds a cannibal-like joy in scratching others till they bleed [1]—the idea comes into his head to lead the Pāṇḍavas and their wife into some very evil plight. With a huge crowd of disciples he comes to them as a guest just as their meal is over. Draupadī now does not know what to do. The wonderful cooking-pot (sthālī) given by the sun god bestows indeed every kind of food, but as Draupadī has eaten last, it will give out nothing more for this meal.[2] She, too, has

[1] On the spiteful ill-nature of this "holy man with the purified soul" besides what has been already told and our passage see especially iii, 262.7–15; xiii, 159. In hotness of temper his no less pious brother-hermit Bhūti may be compared with him: in Bhūti's hermitage the wind therefore did not dare to blow strongly, the sun to shine hotly, the rain to cause any dirt; even the water he drew in his pitcher was afraid of him. Mārkaṇḍeyapur., xcix, 2 ff. Cp. MBh., iii, 110.9 ff. Durvāsas was, however, in our case put up to it by Duryodhana (iii, 262.16 ff.).

[2] This wishing-pot is only one variety of the jewel of the sun god, the Syamantaka, which we are often told about in the Purāṇa literature. This Syamantaka bestows gold (eight loads every day), grants every blessing, keeps all evil away, etc. But in Kṛishṇa's words it must be in the keeping of a wholly pure and always chaste man; then from the noble treasure there goes forth welfare for the whole land. But if it is entrusted to a bad man, then it kills him (etat sarvakālaṃ çucinā brahmacaryeṇa ca dhriyamāṇaṃ açesharāshṭrasyopakāraṃ, çl. 69). Vishṇupur., aṃça 4, adhyāya 13. It is thus a Holy Grail in this also, that it makes such great demands on its warden. It is to be noticed that in Wolfram von Eschenbach the Holy Grail is not a vessel, but a

now already eaten her meal. But the artiſt in curses and his following muſt be fed. In her difficulty she calls on Kṛishṇa, who comes and gives the gueſts their fill in supernatural wise without their having eaten at all (iii, 263).

A kind of beatification of the housewife wrapped up in her cooking is given in ix, 48.33 ff. Arundhatī, the companion of one of the seven Ṛishis, and so famous for her wifely faithfulness, likewise ſtood out by her asceticism. A twelve years' drought came on them. Then Çiva, gladdened by Arundhatī's piety, came there in Brahman's shape, said he was hungry, and begged for alms. "The food is used up, O Brahman; eat these badara-fruit" (the fruit of the jujube-tree). "Cook them." She now cooked and cooked the fruit for twelve years, and while she was so busied, and meanwhile liſtening to the heavenly discourse and tales of the gueſt, the drought went by: twelve years had gone by her without her marking it, and she had not

coſtly precious ſtone. Schroeder could without more ado have referred to our Purāṇa passage (cp. "Wurzeln d. Sage v. hl. Gral", *Wiener Sitzungsber.*, Bd. 166, pp. 4–5). The Chriſtian ſtone thus probably comes from India. Mention muſt be here made also of the well-known breaſt-jewel of the sun god Vishṇu-Kṛishṇa, the Kauſtubha. This might probably likewise be set beside the Brisingamen, often identified by Schroeder with the sun. From the Epic much other matter could be adduced. Here we only mention those "ear-rings of precious ſtone" (akin to the ear-rings of the sun god) which for the wearer drive away hunger, thirſt, danger from poison, fire, and from wild beaſts, sweat (syand) gold, suck up by night the brightness of the ſtars, and so on. With them too care muſt be taken (xiv, 57.22 ff.). Truthfulness, honour, faithfulness, chaſtity, etc., are, indeed, very often demanded in the case of these fairy things, and in Old India also this was so well known a conception that the rule imagined for the "pearl of a leather pouch" in Apahāravarman's adventures seemed quite in order (my Daçakumārac., p. 224). Is it the pure and purifying light of their mother, the sun, that ever shines on them, even on the chaſtity—and kindred beakers, as on the renowned beaker of Djemshid, which also was made of a jewel?—Schroeder, anyhow, has been more right than I in deriving the cooking-pot beſtowed by the sun god on Yudhishṭhira direcſtly from the old conception of the sun as a pot ("Sage vom hl. Gral," p. 16). In iii, 3.172, it is called a tāmra piṭhara (copper pot).

eaten a bite but only cooked and listened. Then the god showed himself in his own shape, and spoke to the seven Ṛishis : "The tapas (asceticism, ascetic merit) that ye have heaped up on the ridge of the Himālaya is in my belief not so great as the tapas of this woman. For this poor woman (or : woman rich in tapas) has practised a tapas hard indeed to carry out : fasting and cooking, she has spent twelve years."—Earlier the same chapter gives another form of the same legendary account, which was thought out to explain the badarapācana (badara-cooking) of Tīrthanamen. Çrutāvatī, the virginal and peerlessly lovely daughter of the holy man Bharadvāja, undergoes a strict penance to win Indra for a husband. In the shape of the Brahman Vasishṭha he at last visits her hermitage, and is hospitably welcomed by her ; but she cannot give him her hand to take, because she is wholly dedicated to Indra in worship and love. The disguised god smiles, and offers her five badara-fruit with the bidding to cook them. The whole day long she cooks them, but the heavenly one has made the fruit impossible to cook so as to make trial of the pious woman. The day comes to its end, and her supply of wood is used up. But she is bent on faithfully carrying out her cooking duties, puts her feet in the fire, and keeps on pushing them further in when a bit is burnt off. Not a muscle does she move, there is no dejection in her soul, in her heart abides only the guest's bidding, although the fruit will not get cooked. Mightily rejoiced, Indra now reveals himself in his glory to the maid ; she lays aside the shell of the body, and goes with him to dwell as his wife in heaven. To the glorification of this housewifely self-denial the bathing-place where it happened is still world-renowned to-day ; to bathe there wipes out all sins, nay, whoever spends but one night there and carries out his washing attains to heavenly worlds hard to attain to.

The housewife must also see to strict order, see to it that spade, sickle, basket, brass vessels, etc., do not lie about (xii, 228.60). "Where earthenware is strewn about or there are broken utensils or seats, in such a house, ruined by sinful dirt, the women perish (hanyante). The gods and forefathers go back again hopeless on festivals and holy days from the house of sinful dirt (because they cannot accept anything there).

Broken utensils and bedsteads, cock and dog, and a tree growing by the house—these are all things bringing misfortune. In broken vessels dwells strife, the saying is, in the bedstead decay of wealth, in the presence of the cock and the dog the gods eat not the sacrificial food, in the root of the tree dwells assuredly a goblin; therefore the tree shall not be planted" (xiii, 127.6, 7, 15, 16). Women that are not troubled by implements and crockery being left about are shunned by the goddess of happiness and beauty; on the other hand, she dwells in and with those that in this and other things live up to the pattern for the woman (xiii, 11.10 ff.).[1]

Carefully to administer the household is thus the task of the wife. But does she rule, too, in the household circle? "Be mistress over thy father-in-law, be mistress over thy mother-in-law" the bride, indeed, is told in the wedding hymn (Ṛigveda, x, 85.46), and the same thing is elsewhere also held out to her in prospect. But to a woman and at a wedding one may lie, the Mahābh. says more than once. Whatever of truth may at some time have lain in those anyhow noteworthy verses of the Veda, in the Epic we find it to be the duty of the young housewife, who under Indian conditions usually lives under one roof with her parents-in-law, to be subject to these persons, who even for her husband are worshipful and authoritative. The daughter-in-law is to fear the father-in-law, and a dignified gravity must be the rule between the two (v, 37.5). Her bearing towards him shall be kindly and friendly (v, 30.35). "Since thou art the guru (dignitary) of my guru (that is, of my husband), so art thou to me the god of gods, the over-god of the gods," says a pious daughter-in-law to the father-in-law (xiv, 90.76). The daughter-in-law, therefore, must not give orders to the servants in the presence of the mother-in-law and the father-in-law (xii, 228.76). Evil-speaking against her mother-in-law

[1] Cp. Mārk.-Pur., l, 86: Where utensils are strewn about the house there dwell ill-boding powers; Vishṇusmṛiti, xxv, 4 ff., and Yājñav., i, 83: Women must keep the pots and pans and the household things in good order. If they do this, and are otherwise virtuous and have sons, then the goddess of happiness dwells ever with and in them (Vishṇusmṛiti, xcix, 21 ff.). "Indian houses are kept beautifully clean," Fuller, *Studies of Indian Life*, etc., p. 151.

is a shameful sin for the wife (xiii, 93.131 ; 94.38), and she must appear before her only in modest, seemly clothing (xi, 10.14).

But of the well-known tabu relation between father-in-law and daughter-in-law, to which Buddhist writings also allude, the Epic knows nothing.[1] On the other hand it has already been mentioned as a custom of the daughter-in-law to seat herself on the right thigh of her father-in-law, just like his own children (i, 97.9). And, in fact, the Epic shows us the most beautiful relations between the parents-in-law and the daughter-in-law. Especially with her husband's mother the younger woman has affectionate, and even intimate relations. The Epic poetry often touches on this subject, and there is never heard one note of that song of the mother-in-law that we know so well. Whether the then Indian daughter-in-law was really so much better off than is often her later sister cannot, of course, be quite definitively decided. But if we bear

[1] Cp. Majjhimanik., i, 190; WZKM, xvi, 100 ff.; xxvii, 474 ff.; Lang, *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* (1899), i, 100; Ploss-Bartels [4], ii, 244; Rich. Andree, *Ethnogr. Parallelen*, i, 159 ff.; Schrader, *Die Indogermanen*, p. 108. While the champions of woman-capture look on this institution as a survival from the time of that method of getting wives (e.g. Dargun, *Mutterrecht u. Raubehe*, etc., 90 ff., 108 f.), Max Müller, Mantegazza (*Geschlechtsverhältnisse*, 276 ff.), Henne am Rhyn (p. 20) see the grounds, probably more rightly, in jealousy. But is this enough, particularly as the more primitive peoples often show so little of that "passion"? Since the tabu relation is indeed found between father-in-law and daughter-in-law, but still more between mother-in-law and son-in-law, where yet the danger of sexual intercourse is smaller, a derivation from mother-right would seem much more likely; the mother, either as the actual owner of her daughter, or as representative of the clan would have the most reason to look with hostile eyes on the man taking this property away. Among many Vishṇuitic sects the daughter-in-law must never speak to her mother-in-law. Dubois-Beauchamp, p. 349. This, indeed, is easier to understand. But this tabu institution is otherwise still very much in the dark. But what is seen clearly seems to be this, that powerful superstitious ideas must form the main background. The explanation also which K. Th. Preuss gives in *Die geistige Kultur der Naturvölker* [2], p. 73 does not seem to satisfy.

in mind how often, in the Epic, strife between the various wives of a polygamous husband comes to be spoken of, we feel inclined from the silence on the one hand, and the very clear indications the other way to draw here very favourable conclusions at least for the old conditions among the Kshattriyas. Kuntī's love for Draupadī may be taken as giving the characteristic. She says : " Dearer to me than all sons is Draupadī " (v, 90.43) ; and her particular disgust and sorrow is aroused by the fact that it is Draupadī that has been so badly treated by her enemies, has suffered so much misery, and goes on ever suffering (v, 90.43 ff., 85 ; xv, 17.9 ff.). She acknowledges that she no longer had any love whatever for her sons, when Draupadī was dragged into the hall, and all looked on without stirring (v, 90.49) ; and she reminds Arjuna and Bhīma through Kṛishṇa what a shame lies on both, that Duḥçāsana, Karṇa, and Duryodhana should have done this to the poor woman (v, 90.80–82). This love comes out in special beauty when Draupadī has to go off with her husband into the forest of banishment (ii, 79), and she mourns very deeply when her mother-in-law has gone off into the penitential forest (xv, 22.14–17). Gāndhārī, all of whose sons have been slain, does not bewail this so much as the sorrow of her widowed daughters-in-law (xi, 18.2 ; cp. 17.24 ; 18.6 ; 22.15 ; 24.6 ff.). On the tender regard between Sītā and her mother-in-law some light will be thrown by and by in another connection.

XV

The Widow

DREARY, on the other hand, is the lot of the widow in the Epic. First and foremost the husband is the food-giver to the wife (the bhartar of the bhāryā). True, we read in xiii, 167.2 of Yudhishṭhira after the great fight: "Then did Pāṇḍu's son, the king, console with rich gifts the women whose hero-husbands, their lords, had been slain"; and in ii, 5.54 it is laid down as the ruler's duty that he shall maintain the wives of the men that have lost their lives or come to misfortune in his service.[1] But even if the ruler should have been true, oftener than may be presumed, to this virtue of the father of the land, it would have been only a relatively small part of the existing widows that were helped by such a prescript, and a grant or pension of this kind. Even where the husband was wealthy he could not at his death leave much to his wife as her personal property. "Three thousand is the most that a man can give his wife in money; and this property given her by her husband she shall enjoy, as is fitting. According to the tradition the woman has the usufruct of the property left behind by her husband. In no wise shall anything of the husband's property be taken away from her" (xiii, 47.23 ff.).[2] This last ordinance would indeed be a very friendly one, but, of course, can only be meant to hold if there are no sons.[3] But man, and

[1] Cp. Kauṭilya, transl., 384.6–10; addit., 384.32.

[2] Cp. Kauṭilya, transl., 244.7 ff.; addit., 244.47.

[3] The woman is often found inheriting her husband's property in spite of many opposed views. The wife inherits the property of the sonless man: Bṛihaspati, xxv, 46–50 (but cp. the partly contradictory provisions, which yet follow immediately thereafter, 53 and 54; they look, indeed, like an interpolation, especially as against 55); Vishṇu, xvii, 4; Yājñav., ii, 135 f. (= Agnipur., 256.22 f.). Cp. Mahānirvāṇatantra, xii, 23, 27, 28, and the passages quoted in the discussion of the inheritance rights of the maiden, especially the claim of Vishṇu

especially woman, does not live on bread alone, but also from sunshine and from love. The widow of Old India, indeed, who was not left childless had something more for which to live, and for which she was assuredly often glad to live on; and given the beautiful relations of the children to the mother, it must seldom have been that she was without regard and affection in her own house. But from a new marriage she was, anyhow in the upper classes, shut off.[1] Therefore does that the mother shall inherit in proportion to her sons' (or her son's) share (xviii, 34 f.). According to Nārada, xiii, 12, and Bṛihaspati, xxv, 64 the mother has the same share as a son; according to Gautama, xxviii, 21 the widow of a sonless man shares his estate with the kinsfolk. Cp. Jolly, *Recht u. Sitte*, espec. 85, 86; "Rechtl. Stellung d. Frau bei d. alten Indern," *Münch. Sitzungsber.*, 1876, p. 452 f., especially, however, the more precise account in Meyer, *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, p. 78 foot–81; also Kauṭilya, 243.17–245.18. Mention must be made also of the old wise man Yājñavalkya. When he leaves his house for a Saṃyāsin's life, he wishes beforehand, as something calling for no remark, to divide his belongings between his two wives left behind. Bṛihadāraṇyaka-Upanishad, ii, 4.1. If a man dies, leaving neither wife nor offspring behind him, his property goes to his mother. So Manu, ix, 217; Bṛihaspati, xxv, 63. According to Vishṇu, xvii, 4 ff. only when his father also is dead; and Manu, ix, 185 only names the father and brothers. The sonless widow is by Nārada, xiii, 28–31, left wholly to the mercy of the husband's kinsfolk.

[1] That is to say, this is the view which governs both Epics. In the higher castes, at least in the noble and the Brahmanic caste, this was also what was demanded by the higher rule of conduct at the time when the Epic was built up. Besides this it still reflects here and there other and probably older conditions, where in these circles also, or at least among the Kshattriyas, a fresh marriage of the widow or of an outcast woman was the custom. Thus it appears a matter of course for Damayantī to take another husband, when Nala has disappeared (iii, 70 f.). In this case they had been parted only three years in all (iii, 76.37, 51). The course of development here set forth is still going on to-day: so soon as a caste begins to rise in our day, it sees the first token of its rise in the marriage of widows being forbidden. Billington, p. 113 ff.; Crooke, *The North-Western Provinces of India*, 211; Fuller, *Studies*, etc., 162.

The old law writings, which are, however, meant above all for the twice-born, that is, the three higher castes, likewise give quite another

picture than the well-known mournful one. They can tell of quite a number of cases where a fresh marriage of the woman already married is allowed or ordained. If the husband has gone away on a journey, and not come back, then the grass-widow according to Nārada, xii, 98 ff. must first wait—the Brahman woman with children eight years, the childless one four, the Kshattriyā woman with children six years, the childless one three, the Vaiçyā woman blessed with children four, the childless one two; for the Çūdrā woman no time is laid down. Then the woman can marry any other man. On the other hand Vasishṭha, xvii, 78 ff. says emphatically that she must be given only to a member of the family, so long as there is one such. In him the time of waiting is for the Brahman woman five and four years, according as there are children or not, for the Kshattriyā woman five and three, for the Vaiçyā woman four and two, for the Çūdrā woman three years and one. See also MBh., iii, 71.6–7. If there is tidings of the traveller, then the grass-widow must let twice as long an interval go by. Manu, ix, 76 says in general that she must wait eight years if her husband is gone abroad on holy works (dharmakāryārtham), six years, if for the sake of knowledge or renown, and three, if it is on the hunt after pleasure (kāmārtham, as several commentators say, on love adventures). Gautama, xviii, 17 lays down for the second of these cases twelve years; as to the others he says nothing. Furthermore we are taught five cases where the wife may marry without more ado: when the husband is missing (nashṭa), or dead, or has become an ascetic, or is impotent, or has lost his caste. Nārada, xii, 97; Parāçara, iv, 28; Agnipur., 154.5–6 (= Garuḍapur., 107.29b–30a, and Nārada, xii, 97). Parāçara, indeed, in what follows promises the widow the highest of rewards in the world beyond, if she leads a life of strictest chastity, or even lets herself be burnt with the body—certainly a late interpolation. If a spotless maid (nirdoshā) has been unwittingly wedded to a man who is afflicted with a lasting or hateful sickness (dīrgha-kutsitarogārta), misshapen (vyaṅga), out of his mind, fallen from his caste, homeless, persecuted by misery (or: repulsive, durbhaga), or rejected by his kinsfolk, then not only may she, but she must leave him, and choose another. Nārada, xii, 36–37 and 96; cp. 31. So also Mahānirvāṇatantra, xi, 66 emphatically declares: She that has been wedded to one that cannot beget shall be separated and married again. For the field must be given to him that has the seed. Nārada, xii, 19. Cp. espec. Meyer, Kauṭilya, 244.18 ff.; addit. 244.17–21; 254.18 ff., 45 ff.; 254.3–17; addit. 254.3–17; also 296.16–297.4; addit. 296.47; Agnipur., 227.15b–16a. Hence also Yājñav., i, 55 ordains that the bridegroom is to be examined carefully as to his manhood before the wedding (yatnāt parīkshitaḥ puṃstve); and

Nārada, xii, 8–19 insists on the same thing, and gives highly interesting marks of the man fit for love's duties, and a still more interesting catalogue of impotent men together with methods for cure in the curable cases (among them the mukhebhaga, and the man that has his powers with other women, but not with his own wife). Cp. Kauṭilya, 305.11 f.; addit., 305.30; 296.16–297.4; addit., 296.47; Agnipur., 227.15b–16a. Nārada, xii, 61 also lays down: If a man lies with the willing wife of a man that has left his spotless (chaste, adushṭā) wife, or is impotent or consumptive, then that does not constitute adultery. If this passage is taken together with the others in this law work, then according to it it would seem that at least the forsaken wife may marry again. The right to her has evidently been lost altogether by the husband. According to Vishṇu, v, 163 the man who leaves his wife (patnīṃ parityajan) shall be punished like a thief. However, nirdoshāṃ is probably to be supplemented from the preceding Sūtra; thus: "if she is free of worse failings and unchastity." Āpast., i, 10, 28.19, makes the demand: He who unjustifiably forsakes his wife shall put on an ass's skin with the hair outwards, and beg in seven houses with the words "Give alms to one that has left his wife". Thus must he support himself six months long. Cp. Manu, viii, 389. Among the Ghasias in the United Provinces, where as among many other tribes the girl makes the marriage proposal, the wife can leave the husband and of course marry another, if he becomes mad, impotent, blind, or a leper, or if he has to do with other women; while the husband has not the same right against the adulteress. Hartland, *Prim. Paternity*, ii, 40 (on like and still greater privileges of the woman, and the prejudiced position of the man particularly in his relations with the other sex cp. ii, 67, 106, 124–128; 154 f., also 72 ff., and especially 78–82; further ii, 5–7, and in reference to this Welhausen, *Gött. Nachrr.*, 1913, p. 465 ff.). Cp. also W. I. Thomas, *Sex and Society* (1907), p. 73 f.; 79. If the husband has been missing for nine years, the wife in Montenegro (Crnagora) may wed again (Krauss, *Sitte u. Brauch d. Südslawen*, 229 f.). And so for other cases.

As furthermore the booty belongs to the conqueror (Gautama, x, 20), and the woman is moreover especially called the rightful property of the victor (Manu, xii, 96; cp. Richter, v, 30), it does not astonish us when at least the bird king Kandhara weds the wife of the Rākshasa Vidyudrūpa, whom he has slain (Mārkaṇḍeyapur., ii, 28 ff.), and when Agnipur., 236.63 also utters the special reminder: The wives of conquered kings do not become the conqueror's, but he must protect them carefully. But a love affair with a widow brings down punishment, and according to Parāçara, x, 25 a widow who becomes with child by her lover must be banished from the land. Even to-day

Duryodhana declare : "I can just as little enjoy the earth whose precious stones are gone, and whose Kshattriya heroes are slain, as can a widowed woman" (ix, 31.45). A remarkable exception is here given us in the wife, who is drawn as very loving and as a pattern, of the ape prince Vālin. At first, when it is suggested to her that she must care for the dead prince's son, she cries out : "What to me is the son or the kingdom ? What to me is my own self ? I will follow on the footprints of the slain." But these are but the words of the first sorrow. She then bewails her widow's lot : "A woman robbed of her husband may have sons and be rich in money and corn, but a widow she is called by the wise." Most bitterly she wails by the body, will not let herself be parted or consoled, strives to wrench herself from the arms of those who are taking her away by force, and beseeches Rāma to kill her as well. "I will go to him, for without me he has no joy. Even in heaven without me he walks in sorrow and with a wan countenance, and has no wish to clasp the Apsarases. Think to thyself : 'She is his own self,' and so slay me ; it will be no woman-murder. According to the books of doctrine and the Vedas, the wife is one body with the husband ; compared with the gift of a wife there is in the view of the wise no other gift in the world." But Vālin is buried in the most magnificent way, and the new king Sugrīva, brother to the slain man, from whom Vālin has earlier taken away his own wife, makes the widow his wife, and loves her greatly. She seems to be most tenderly attached to her husband's murderer ; anyhow, she takes on herself a difficult mission for him. Her son, at least, is not

the celibacy of widows has not yet made its way everywhere. Crooke, *The North-Western Provinces*, 228 f., writes of this part of India : "Recent enquiries show that out of a population of 40,000,000 of Hindu, 9,000,000 or 24 per cent prohibit widow marriage, while 30,000,000 or 76 per cent both permit and even encourage the practice. . . . As a matter of fact, among all but the very highest castes, every young widow finds another mate, and the levirate, or custom by which the younger brother-in-law takes over the widow of his older brother, widely prevails." Cp. too Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, ii, 293 ff. (the wife of a man that has vanished weds again) ; Bulloram Mullick, *Home Life in Bengal*, p. 123.

pleased, indeed, with the new marriage, but he only blames the uncle, and this because he has taken for himself the wife of his elder brother, her who for him is the same as a mother—a standpoint which shows a nobler, and probably for the Aryan more natural feeling than the view we found in discussing polyandry in the Mahābhārata (Rām., iv, 19.10–25 ; 29.4 ; 31.22 ; 46.9 ; 33.38 ff. ; 55.3, 14).[1] That here also the wife of the dead foe falls as natural booty to the conqueror is on the other hand probably a reflection of the older conditions, and is not to be looked on as a kind of " apish custom ".

Touching is the plaint of the pious dove that has lost her husband in the heart-snaring tale edited by M. Haberlandt in his *Indische Legenden* : " ' I cannot remember thee ever doing me an unkindness, O beloved, and every widowed woman mourns, even though she have many sons. Pitiable to her kinsfolk is the poor woman that has lost her husband. And I was ever fondled by thee, and honoured because of thy esteem. Amid sweet, tender, fresh-gushing, heart-delighting words I have taken my delight together with thee in the caves of the mountains, and by the waterfalls of the rivers, and on the pleasant tree-tops, and flying through the air I have found sweet joy with thee. Once I had my delight, O beloved ; that is no more. For what the father gives has bounds, so what the brother gives, so what the son gives—what woman then should not worship the giver of what knows no bounds, the husband ? [2] There is no stay like the husband ; there is no happiness like the husband. All money and goods the woman leaves behind her, and finds her refuge in her husband. Without thee, my treasure, there is nothing left for me in life. What good wife could live without her husband ? ' After this woman, weighed down by deep sorrow, had thus wailed piteously and long, faithful to her husband, she went into the flaming fire " (xii, 148.2 ff.). Yudhishṭhira calls out at the side of Duryodhana, who is wounded to death : " How can I again behold my

[1] Cp. Schmidt, *Liebe u. Ehe in Indien*, p. 358 f. Tārā according to MBh., iii, 280 was first Sugrīva's wife, and was taken by force by Vālin.

[2] This strophe, which is identical with Rām., ii, 39.30, I have already taken from that.

brothers' and my sons' widowed wives, reeling in sorrow, with sorrow overwhelmed? For thee alone, O king, is it well; for thee stands open in heaven a sure abode. We shall come to dreadful sorrow, that is to be called a hell; and the sorely stricken wives of Dhṛitarāshṭra's sons, and his grandsons' wives, those widowed, sorrow-harrowed women, will of a surety upbraid us" (ix, 59.29, 30). The dying Duryodhana himself first bewails his sister, that she has lost her husband and brothers (ix, 64.35, 36). Cp. xii, 1.16. The daughter of the Rākshasa, Kumbhīnasī, has been carried off by the Daitya Madhu, and her kinsman Rāvaṇa sets out in anger to chastise the insolent one. At first he finds only the "sister", who, however, weepingly beseeches him: "Slay not, I pray, my husband. For for women of good birth there is here on earth no horror like this. Among all horrors widowhood is the greatest stroke of evil" (Rām., vii, 25.42 ff.). Cp. ix, 42.15 f. Therefore, too, Mahābh., i, 158. 22 declares: "The highest reward of women is to go, before the husband, to that most glorious abode in heaven for those gifted with sons; thus do they know it, those with the knowledge of the holy law."

And yet widow-burning is really foreign to the Epic; the cases which do happen to be found are rare exceptions, and undoubtedly belong, at least in far the greatest part, to later revisions. The Rāmāyaṇa, tells of but one woman, a Brahman, that gives herself to be burnt in the flames along with her dead husband, and this in the regular way of satī (Rām., vii, 17.14). But the seventh book does not belong to the original poem, and this legend seems to be of especially late date. Now the Rāmāyaṇa also would have had opportunity enough for widow-burnings. But the conclusion that, because they are not found in this Epic, it is older than the Mahābh. is quite without justification. That the original form of the Mahābhārata as an Epic is from an earlier time than the original form of the Rāmāyaṇa is for me, at least, beyond any doubt. The whole spirit of the two poems, and many details, point even to a far greater age for the Mahābhārata. But this latter has had to suffer far more from revisions than has the poem of Rāma and Sītā, which from the very beginning was far more Brahmanic than the originally unpriestly, wholly warrior-like

Mahābhārata poetry. Furthermore, the Mahābh. is also so much longer, and thus offers more room for widow-burnings. Finally, the difference of place between the two must not be left out of account either. Assertions that it is the duty and nature of a good wife to follow her lord in death can be found often enough in both poems, although, as is natural, oftener in the Mahābh., but they yield no proof, since they all might be referred to later revision. In isolated cases, or locally, moreover, such a death by self-sacrifice of the woman undoubtedly happened from early times in Aryan India, too, and the Kshattriyas in particular, the forefathers of the Rājputs, who are endowed with the strongest feeling for private property in regard to their wives, may have known it.[1] Yet even the cases actually told of widow-burning in the Mahābh., where, furthermore, so many husbands meet death, and only very few

[1] A good example from Rājput history, which in many ways reminds us of the MBh., is given by Tod, *Rājasthan*, ii, 102 ff. The glory of the satī, the meritoriousness of the widow's death, and the way in which she shall burn herself are described, e.g. in Garuḍapurāṇasārod., x, 35–55. On the other hand the Mahānirvāṇatantra most emphatically curses this "wife's faithfulness": every woman is a picture of the great goddess, and if a woman in her blindness climbs onto the dead lord's pyre, then she goes to hell (x, 79–80). Cp. herewith Zachariae, *Zschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 14, p. 204, n. 2. A most excellent essay on Indian widow-burning has been given by this scholar in this same periodical Bd. 14, p. 198 ff.; 302 ff.; 395 ff.; Bd. 15, p. 74 ff. A kind of tale, though probably quite a modern one, of the origin of the custom is given in *Anthropos*, ii, p. 277 ff. The roots of the custom probably lie not only in the idea that the departed one must not go into the other world as a wifeless wretch, but also in the superstitious fear of his vengeance, if this property of his is withheld from him, or even taken over by a successor in marriage. On this fear of ghosts, which send his possessions after the dead man, cp. e.g. Schurtz, *Urgesch. d. Kultur*, 155 ff.; 221, 567; Crooke, *Anthropos*, iv, p. 469 ff.; *Zschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 15, p. 232; Andree, *Ethnol. Parallel.*, i, 26–29; *Anthropos*, vii, 659; etc. Worthy of remark here is the explanation of the Mishmi in the border hills of Assam, that they give the dead man his things in the grave not because he needs them, but because they look on it as unseemly to enrich themselves with his property (*Zschr. f. Ethnol.*, v, p. 193).

widows "die afterwards",[1] do not all show the true satī (suttee). We have spoken of the contest between Pāṇḍu's two wives, how each wished to let herself be burned with the husband's body. But of this there is no trace in the account itself. Kuntī's offer to "follow" her husband is hardly the first outbreak even of womanly overwrought feelings, as, say, in Tārā, Vālin's wife, but sounds exactly as if all was happening only for the sake of the sad widow's good appearances. And Mādrī, who is in real earnest, has not the reasons for an Indian satī. She says: "I have not yet enjoyed love to the full. And in the midst of pleasure's union he went away from love in death.[2] How might I now cut off his longing in the abode of Yama?" The warrior that falls by the weapon comes into paradise, where with heavenly companions in pleasure he gives himself up to the intoxication of the senses. On this Pāṇḍu, who was killed by the sexual union, has no claim, and therefore must starve in the other world. Yet even if this view should not come into the case, it is natural that Mādrī in this peculiar case, should see herself driven to take her step from the feeling of guilt (i, 125.23 ff.). That in itself this manifestation of wifely faithfulness by Mādrī is looked on as something unusual and peculiar is shown by the words addressed to his slayer by the penitent when he is pairing as a gazelle with his wife, and is so slain by Pāṇḍu: "The loved one with whom thou art lying at the time of thy death will follow after thee out of loving regard, when thou hast reached the city of the king of the dead, whereunto all cross only with reluctance" (i, 118.31, 32).[3]

The only true case of satī is found in a very recent part, where the four wives of Vāsudeva: Devakī, Bhadrā, Rohiṇī, and Madirā mount onto the pyre with his dead body (xvi, 7.18, 24). On the other hand, Rukmiṇī, the well-beloved, Gāndhāri, Çaibyā, Haimavatī, and Jāmbavatī, five of

[1] So, e.g. the widows of Droṇa, Drupada, and the still so young Abhimanyu go on quietly living (ix, 23.37 ff.; xi, 25.19; 20.23–28), to say nothing of others.

[2] Less likely: perished through love.

[3] Cp. in the treatment of the surata how the wife of the Brahman eaten by Kalmāshapāda follows him in death (i, 182), and what was said there about the self-burning of Mādrī (p. 233).

Kṛishṇa's wives, burn themselves, not with the soulless body of their lord, but only later on, after a very bad experience. Satyabhāmā and other highly-revered life-comrades of the Crœsus in wives go off, on the other hand, into the forest, and become penitents, just like the wives of Akrūra, whom likewise it is wished to hold back from doing so (xvi, 7.72 ff.).[1] As against this it is related in xviii, 5.25, 26 as follows : The 16,000 women, the wives of Vāsudeva, plunged at the proper time into the Sarasvatī. There they laid aside their bodies, and mounted up to heaven, and they became Apsarases, and went to Vāsudeva. A like anumaraṇa is also described in xv, 33.17 ff. : The miraculously strong Vyāsa makes the mourning wives of the heroes fallen in the battle—all that wish to do so—plunge into the Gaṅgā, and so come into the world of their husbands ; rid of the human body, shining in divine shape, decked with the adornment of heaven, freed from sorrow, and in joyful delight, they unite in the heavens with their beloved lords.

Already before this rising into heaven through the instrument of magic, Vyāsa bids all who are mourning for their dead, man or woman, to come to the Gaṅgā. Those taking part in the truly poetical spiritualist seance wait on the bank till nightfall. Then the mystagogue plunges into the water and calls up all the dead heroes from their various worlds. Through the divine penitential power of the holy man all those that were slain in the battle now rise up from the river exactly as they were in life, but glorified and surrounded with heavenly adornment

[1] It is instructive to find that it is only after Pāṇḍu's death, when Vyāsa so orders her, and tells her what dreadful times are coming that Satyavatī with her widowed daughters-in-law, and therefore as one far stricken in years with these no longer young women, goes off into the penitential wilderness (i, 128, 1–13); and that Kuntī, too, only takes this step with Dhṛitarāshṭra and Gāndhārī at an advanced age. Yudhishṭhira and Bhīma try as best they can to persuade her not to go, all her sons follow her with tears in their eyes, and her daughters-in-law Draupadī and Subhadrā go a stretch of the way with her, weeping and in despair, but she will not let herself be held back, but means by humble service to her " parents-in-law " and asceticism to earn her entry into the world of her husband (xvi, 16, 17).

and heavenly following, especially the bands of Apsarases, and the whole night long a blissful reunion is celebrated. All grudges of former days are forgotten. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, and other kinsfolk clasp one another. "United to their fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons, the women felt the utmost joy, and left sorrow behind. After the heroes and their wives had taken their delight for the one night, they bade one another farewell, clasped one another, and each went off again whence he or she had come" (xv, 31.19 ff.).

Of real intercourse with the dead husband, and children thus begotten, we are told in a "tale from days of yore" (paurāṇī kathā)[1]: "There was once a king, renowned under the name of Vyushitāçva, most rich in virtue, a successor to the blood of Pūru. When this man of virtuous soul, the strong armed one, sacrificed, then came thither the gods together with Indra, and the godlike Ṛishis. Indra became drunk with the soma, and the Brahmans from the wages of sacrifice at Vyushitāçva's sacrifice, the high-minded royal Ṛishi's. The gods and the Brahman Ṛishis carried out the sacrificial rite at that very place. Hence Vyushitāçva shone upon mortal men as the glowing son shines on all beings at the time when winter is over. This best of princes overcame the kings in the east and the north, in the west and in the south, took them captive, and led them forth with him to the great sacrifice, to the horse-sacrifice, Vyushitāçva the splendid. For this king was gifted with the strength of ten snake spirits . . . A daughter of Kakshīvant was his wife, held by him in high honour, Bhadrā by name, peerless on earth for her beauty. And the two loved one another. So it is told. Wholly overcome through his love for her, he was taken by consumption. In a short while as the result of this he went to his home like the sun. When this ruler of men was dead, his deeply saddened, childless wife broke out in a moaning (so we have heard), Bhadrā, she that was tortured by bitterest sorrow (Hear this, O high herdsman of men): 'Any wife

[1] Formalized expressions of the old bardic poetry often appear in it, and in other ways also it bears the stamp of an independent and older tale, but one later given a somewhat Brahmanic colouring. It is seen to be also a tale of the origin of the Çālvas and Madras.

robbed of her husband, O knower of the highest law, that lives without her husband, she does not truly live, the sorrow-burdened one. Death is better for a wife without her husband, O warrior hero. I will go whither thou art ; be gracious to me, and lead me thither. Parted from thee, I cannot even live an instant. Show me favour, O king ; take me quickly hence. On smooth paths, and on rough I will follow after, O tiger king, that goest but comest not again. Following thee like thy shadow, O king, ever subject to thee, I shall everlastingly find my delight in thy welfare, O tiger among men. Hence-forward, O king, pitiable, heart-withering agonies of soul will come upon me, that am without thee, thou lotus-eyed one. It must be that I, a wretched one, have (in an earlier existence) sundered some that were mated ; therefore it is that this parting from thee has befallen me. But even if a woman, parted from her husband, live but a moment only, yet this wicked one can hardly be said to live at all, like one that is in hell, O ruler of the earth. I have in a former body torn asunder those that were intimately bound together ; hence, O king, has this sorrow taken me in its grasp, springing from my separation from thee, and heaped up in earlier bodies through evil deeds. From now on, O king, I shall lie on a bed of kuça-grass, bathed in sorrow, filled only with the yearning to see thee again. Show thyself to me, O tiger among men, counsel me, who have ever an aching heart within me, wretched and piteously mourning thee, O ruler of men.' As she thus in manifold words kept ever bewailing, and clasped the dead man, the voice of one hidden [1] spoke :—

'Arise, thou good one, go from here ;
I grant thee a favour :
I will beget unto us a group of children
With thee, thou lovely one with smiling lips.

Thou woman with the glory of high hips,
Sleep thou on the moon's fourteenth night,
Also the eighth, cleansed in the bath,[2]
On thy bed with me united.'

[1] Literally : a hidden voice.
[2] Literally : having bathed after the monthly cleansing.

Thus addressed, the queen so did, she the faithful wife; exactly as the words did tell her, did Bhadrā, yearning after children. The queen bore three Çālvas and four Madras as sons by the dead man" (i, 121.7 ff.).[1]

[1] That the dead husband or wife can come back and have sexual intercourse with the surviving wife or husband, and even beget or bear children is a belief found elsewhere, too. Ploss-Bartels, ii, 589 ff.; Kirchhof, *Wendunmuth*, ed. Oesterley, iii, 515 ff.; Jülg, *Die Märchen d. Siddhi-kûr*, Leipz., 1866, 9th tale; Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, etc., i, 118; *Zschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, ii, p. 299 (Herod and the dead Mariamne); viii, p. 335 (South Russian vampire); x, p. 124 (Icelandic); xiv, p. 322 f.; Krauss, *Slav. Volkforsch.*, 130, 135; Elsie Clews Parsons, *The Old-Fashioned Woman*, p. 110 f.; Goethe's *Braut von Korinth*; Helgi's return in the Edda; etc. It is here that the many vampire and Leonora tales belong. Much literature will be also found, at several of the places quoted in Krauss, as to the man who cannot part from his lifeless wife (a few Indian examples in J. J. Meyer, *Hindu Tales*, p. 77; see also Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, ii, 221 f.). Best known of all is the commerce with the dead woman magically kept from decay after the example of Charlemagne. Hagen's *Gesamtabenteuer*, ii, p. 631 ff., iii, p. clxii f.; Weinhold, *Die deutschen Frauen i. d. Mittelalter*, ii, p. 8. This view must be particularly kind for Albanian women. There, when a woman after years of widowhood bears a child, we are told: "Her dead husband is a vampire and has visited her by night." *Zeitschr. f. Ethnol.*, "Abhandl." Bd. 26, p. 561. There is an interesting case in the Paramatthadīpanī, iii, p. 144 ff.: A vimānapeta induces the bride whom he has left by death to give a Buddhist begging monk a ball of thread; through this pious deed it becomes possible for her to taste divine pleasures. He fetches her in his heavenly chariot (vimāna); for seven hundred years, which to her seem seven, she is with him. When she leaves him the blooming wife becomes an old woman. By these last features this peculiar Indian Leonora belongs also to other cycles of tales, especially to that immensely extensive one which is best known to us by such tales as Wolfgang Müller's *Mönch von Heisterbach*, or Irving's *Rip Van Winkle*, and of which Hartland, *The Science of Fairy Tales*, (under "The Supernatural Lapse of Time in Fairy Land", pp. 166–195) gives a good, though of course highly incomplete survey. [From Melanesia for the case of marriage between a living man and a ghost woman cp. G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore*, pp. 55–6, 188 (Translator).]

XVI

Woman in Misfortune and in Sorrow

AS on the widow, so the Epic, often too, bestows beautiful and heartfelt words on the woman in sorrow, and eloquently paints the misery of her that is filled with suffering. Only one or two of these many passages will be mentioned. Bitter sorrow is laid on Draupadī when Arjuna must go off for a long time, and she calls down on him the favour of all beings and gods (iii, 37.24 ff.). Deeply moving is Kuntī's farewell to her sons and daughter-in-law. Through Yudhishṭhira's foolishness they have lost all, and must wander into misery for thirteen years. In burning sorrow Draupadī clasps her woman-friends, loud cries of woe are heard in the women's house. Kuntī can hardly speak for sorrow, and says to Draupadī : " To thee, my child, I need give no counsel ; thou good and perfect one, thou art an ornament to thy father's house, and thy husband's, and no sorrow can befall faithful wives. Walk thou paths of happiness, strengthened by the thought of me." She sees her sons standing there, who lower their faces for shame, are surrounded by gloating foes and weeping friends, and have been robbed of all their ornaments, and their good garments ; and she bewails the weary lot that lies before the banished in the wilds of the forest, and the injustice of the fate that groundlessly persecutes such glorious, such pious men, and she calls Pāṇḍu and Mādrī blessed, in that they are no longer left on earth to experience these awful things. After the last embrace they go forth, Draupadī in her only, dirty garment ; and the mother senseless with sorrow is led into her house by the arm of a loving kinsman (ii, 79). Cp. e.g. v, 90.

How can the descriptive powers of the poet, indeed, find scope in the crowded deaths of the great song of the bloody national struggle between the Kauravas and the Pāṇḍavas ! The most dreadful scenes come before us there on the field after the battle ; terrible there is the sight of the dead heroes ;

gruesome the ways of the beasts devouring the dead bodies; heart-rending the grief and the tender love that breaks forth from wife and mother. Vast pictures of terror in which whole hosts appear, and pictures where individual grief vents itself to the full are set before us. A whole book of the Mahābhārata, the Strīparvan, "the section of the women," is mainly given up to this theme. "Women can only seldom act with you, but to suffer with you they are always there." And elsewhere, too, in the course of the narrative the poem dilates on such episodes. We may mention above all the dreadful torment of Gāndhārī, to whom Vyāsa grants supernatural powers of sight, and who now looks out over the whole battlefield, and describes it (xi, 16 ff.); then Subhadrā's and Uttarā's lament for Abhimanyu, cut off in tender years (vii, 78; xi, 20; xiv, 61.24 ff.); lastly the descriptions in iii, 172.21–25; 173.61–64 (these two passages are particularly impressive); xi, 10.7 ff.; 16.48, 55; 17.30; 29.68 f.; xv, 15.35 ff.; xvi, 7.15 ff. To dwell on details would take us too far. And much that is conventional often slips in, too. On the other hand, this utterance is worthy of remark: "The sorrow to which men give themselves up all too much in their heart, arouses burning grief in the forbears that have gone before" (xiv, 2.2).[1]

[1] This reminds us of the beautiful verses from Kālidāsa's Rāghuvaṃça which are to be found in the poem of Aja and Indumatī, one of the very finest in Oriental literature, and which are spoken by the Guru to Aja bewailing his dead, deeply beloved wife:—

Now bestow on the sorrow for thy wife an end.
And grant her the grace of the death-gift;
For the hot tears that are shed by a loved one,
They do scorch the dead, if they for ever flow.

Cp. Nītivākyāmrita, 103.7–8.

This idea is perhaps best known to us from Chamisso's poem, where the dead child comes to the weeping mother, and amid other things reminds her as follows:—

I feel thy tears flow
To me without a stop;
My little shift and linen,
They are therewith so wet.

So, too, in Hoffmann von Fallersleben "the dead child" utters the prayer :—

O mother dear, do stop !
Why weepest thou ever ?
The tears come through my grave,
My clothes do not get dry.

And so in Otto Haendler's "Totenhemdchen" :—

Ah, mother dear, now weepest thou,
And in the grave I have no rest ;
It all is flooded o'er with tears,
And my shroud grows never dry.

(In the collection of poems *Herbst*.)

Cp. Weinhold, *Die deutschen Frauen*, i, 242 ; Lüders, "Die Jātakas u. d. Epik," ZDMG, 58, p. 706 f. ; Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 316 ; Fr. S. Krauss, *Slav. Folkforsch.*, p. 113 ; F. v. d. Leyen, "Entstehung d. Märchens," *Herrigs Archiv*, Bd. 114, p. 12, and the references there ; "Den heiligen Petrus u. d. trauernde Mutter" in the splendid *Sagen u. Märchen d. Südslawen* of Fr. S. Krauss, 1884, Bd. ii, 307 ff. ; *Zschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 3, p. 151 ; Caland, *Toten- u. Bestattungsgebr.*, p. 74. Often found in India is the belief best expressed in Yājñavalkya, iii, 11 (= Garuḍapur., Pretakalpa, 4.80b–81a ; xv, 58) : "Since the poor dead one has to drink the tears shed by his kinsfolk together with the mucus, we must not weep ; we must, so far as we can, carry out the works that fall to our duty." By this are meant, anyhow in the first place, the death rites that are helpful to the welfare of the dead one. But a further thought that finds expression in the burial-songs of the Veda —those that are still alive belong to life with its business and its joy— may also be found here. The same saying is found again, e.g. in Garuḍapurāṇasārod., xi, 4, only that here the last pāda is altered to say that all grieving is useless after all, a view stressed in India countless times on such occasions. Weeping for those snatched away is over and over again forbidden in the law writings, especially at the celebration of the death rites. Whoever in spite of this gives way to this weakness must cleanse himself by bathing. Vishṇu, xxii, 61 f. ; Parāçara, xii, 28. The basis here again is a superstition directed towards the precious self : tears along with seed, sweat, nail-cuttings, etc., belong to the "unclean", that is, magically baneful products of the human body, which leave one accessible to the evil powers. Manu, v, 135 ; Vishṇu, xxii, 81 ; xxiii, 1. They are calamitous (açiva MBh., iii, 28.18), and an evil omen (Rāvaṇavaha, xi, 124 ; xv, 43), a conception also found in Germanic lands and among the

In the Rāmāyaṇa it is naturally above all the luckless heroine Sītā herself in whose mouth the poet puts affectingly beautiful words of grief. Worthy of especial mention, perhaps, is her sorrow, when Rāma has at length come to set her free, and she, as the result of a magical trick played on her, believes that Rāma is dead, and has to conclude that he has been murdered in his sleep. "Why dost thou not look at me, O king? Why dost thou not answer me, whom thou, the childishly youthful one, didst win as a childishly youthful wife, as a life-comrade? Think of what thou didst promise, when thou didst clasp my hand: 'Now will I live my life with thee,' and take me away, who am stricken by sorrow. Up, Rāvaṇa! Kill me, too, swiftly, the wife together with the husband; by this win for thyself the highest virtuous merit, and for me the greatest happiness." And her saying may here be given: "It is said, if the husband dies first, then it comes about that the wife has no worth [1]: and it is before me who lead a good life that thou art gone hence, who didst walk the path of excellence" (Rām., vi, 32.9). It is worthy of remark that she so often thinks of her mother-in-law: "I pity neither Rāma nor Lakshmaṇa, the great chariot-fighter, nor myself so much as my poor mother-in-law. For she ponders ever: When

Mohammedans, the Mandæans, the old Greeks and Romans, and elsewhere, and a conception which probably is the first root of the custom of wrapping or covering the face when weeping, which, indeed, is also done in the Epic (ix, 63.68 f.; xi, 15.34 f.; etc.). Sorrow itself (çoka) is magical uncleanness (açauca), but joy and an uplifted soul are magically salutary (çauca) (MBh., K, vii, 71.20). Food onto which a tear has fallen is nourishment for the ghostly beings (ix, 43.26 f.; Manu, iii, 230). And so on. As a counterpart the fine Buddhist saying may here be quoted: "What is united must divide; we are indeed pilgrims. Mourn not for that which is vanished; love all that is still here" (Jātaka, Bd. iii, 95).

[1] As is well known the widow still has to hear this to-day among the Indians, as also among many other peoples and tribes. The natural reading of the words of the text would be: "The wife's first death, it is said, is the incapacity of the husband; thou, who didst live gloriously art gone hence before me, who, too, lead a good life." This meaning, however, does not fit in well, and close constructions are not seldom found in the two Epics.

after the fulfilment of their vow shall I once more see Sītā and Lakshmaṇa and Rāma? But I believe that Kauçalyā's heart will spring asunder, when she, that has but one son, learns that he has perished in the fight. For, weeping, she will call to mind the birth and the childhood and the youthful years, the good deeds, and the beauty of the lofty-minded one. When she has made the death-offerings for her slain son, hopeless, robbed of her senses, she will assuredly go into the fire or into the water" (see Rām., vi, 32, 48; 92.44–46).

Among the finest passages in the Rāmāyaṇa is perhaps the extract where Rāma tells Sītā that he is going off into the forest for fourteen years. He wishes to take leave of her, and gives her counsel as to her behaviour during his long absence. But with angered love she cries out: "What art thou saying there? The father and the mother, the brother and the son, each has his own destiny: the wife's destiny in this world and the other is the husband only. If thou goest into the forest, I shall walk before thee, and trample down thorns and sharp grasses before thy feet. As in my father's house, I shall live along with thee in the forest, and shall think of nothing in the three worlds but of my duty towards thee. How fair will it be in the forest together with thee! I have long been yearning for its mountains, lakes, and lotus-ponds. With thee so will I live a hundred thousand years in utmost joy, and I shall not mark their flight. Thou alone art my love, to thee alone does my heart cling; sundered from thee, I am resolved to die. Take me with thee; I shall be unto thee no burden." Rāma unfolds before her all the horrors, hardships, and torments of life in the forest. But she answers: "The wild beasts will run off when they but see thee. I have long known of the forest life from the tales of a nun that came on a visit to my mother. I am burning with longing to go off to the penitential settlement, and to serve thee, the hero. Through my love for thee I shall be freed from sin, following my husband, for he is the highest godhead; to him belongs the wife in death also. Take me, her that is truly devoted to thee, deeply sorrowing, a faithful wife, take me with thee into the forest. If thou do not, then shall I seek refuge in poison, in fire, or in water." Bathing the earth with her

tears, she sinks to the ground ; anger comes upon her, and Rāma must soothe her. She beseeches him once more : " Go not into the forest without me ! The pains of penance, the forest wilds, or heaven—all but with thee ! I shall not weary, if I walk behind thee. The sharp grasses and thorns on the way will be to me as soft cotton, the dust stirred up by the stormy wind as precious sandal-powder. When I am lying then on the forest turf, even a bed spread with handsomest rugs cannot be more blissful. Reach me the smallest root or fruit which thou hast brought me thyself, and it will be sweet to me as the food of the gods. I shall no longer remember father, mother, or home. Where thou art, there is heaven ; without thee it is hell. If I am forsaken by thee, O thou my treasure, then it is better I die. Not a moment can I bear this sorrow, how much less for fourteen years." Loud and piteously she cries out, and twines her arms fast round her beloved. Then he embraces her, utters consoling, tender words, and tells her she can go with him : " At the price of thy sorrow, O queen, I would not buy heaven itself. It was only that I did not know thou wast so firmly resolved. Follow me and be my life-companion in the fulfilling of duty. A fair deed hast thou done, and worthy of my house and of thine. Make thyself ready for the journey. Now were heaven itself nothing to me without thee." And filled with joy Sītā bestows her ornaments, her clothing, all the beautiful and loved things she possesses on servants and the needy, and goes off with Rāma into the forest (Rām., ii, 26.8–30).[1]

Very pleasing there, too, are chapters v, 15–43, which tell of Sītā held captive by Rāvaṇa, her ill-treatment by the monsters, her heroic endurance of all sufferings, her proud rejection of the enamoured prince of Laṅkā, her conversation with Hanumant, Rāma's envoy, and of her unwavering love for her husband. The poet here has poured forth a whole wealth of poetry of Indian hue, without, however, reaching that effect on our feelings which belongs to the simple loftiness found in the section just discussed of the second Book. The Hindu may think otherwise. Hanumant finds the captive in the glorious açoka-grove of Rāvaṇa. On her, indeed,

[1] With Sītā's words cp. especially those of the " Nut-browne Maide " in the celebrated English ballad of about 1500.

all the splendour is lost : she is sunk in a sea of sorrow in the midst of the loathsome man-eating monsters. In the night comes the ruler of this hostile world, surrounded by his bands of wives, and the splendour of his court. She is not completely dressed. "When the princess of Videha saw Rāvaṇa, the prince of the Rākshasas, she trembled like a banana-tree in the wind. With the thighs did the great-eyed lovely one cover her belly, and with the arms her breasts, and crouched down on the bare earth. To the tiger among kings, to Rāma, she was hastening on the chariot of her wishes harnessed to her thoughts. With one long braid of hair she stood out easily, like the earth when the rainy time is over stands out with a dark belt of forest." Rāvaṇa in eloquent words offers her all his splendour, the position of chief wife, and his glowing love ; she is not to let her precious youth thus go by in misery. What does she want then with the strengthless penitent Rāma, who after all is dead and gone ? But she lays grass between herself and the polluting stranger, and upbraids him for his unseemly words. Great misfortune, she tells him, comes on all that lust after the wives of others. Rāma will come, she says, and destroy Laṅkā, slay them that carried her off, and set her free. Before him will Rāvaṇa as little be able to stand his ground, as the dog before the tiger. But he threatens her : "I give thee another two months, then either thou comest onto my bed, or my cooks will cut thee up into pieces for my breakfast." The divine and Gandharva maidens that have been carried off by the woman-lover hearten Sītā by gestures with lips and eyes, and now she flings angry, confident words at him. He goes off, filled with rage, and bids the giantesses make her compliant by friendly means or by chastisement. The Rākshasī women now beset her ; bathing her broad breasts with tears, quivering like a gazelle lost from the herd, or torn by wolves, but firm and strong, she proclaims her will to be faithful to her husband, as Çacī to Indra, as Lopamudrā to Agastya, as Rohiṇī to the moon, as Sāvitrī to Satyavant. "Cut me up, tear me to pieces, make shreds of me, burn me in the glowing fire—I will not come to Rāvaṇa. Why will ye speak so long ? " She cannot understand wherefore Rāma does not come and set her free. Perhaps he does not know where she is. Perhaps his foes have

murdered him in his sleep. Or is it that he loves her no longer ? But of a certainty her wish will be fulfilled : " Rāvaṇa, the evil ruler of the Rākshasas will be slain, and the island so hard to win will wither away like a widowed woman." She ends thus :

> " My heart, robbed of happiness, with much sorrow
> Overwhelmed, is of a truth unyielding staunch,
> That it splinters not in a thousand pieces,
> Like some mountain-ridge struck by a thunderbolt."

Hanumant, who, up till now hidden in a tree, has been a witness to all, discovers himself to her, and gives news of Rāma, and how he is on his way to rescue her. At first she is filled with fear, will not believe the messenger, and holds him for a phantom shape of Rāvaṇa ; he calms and convinces her, and tells her of Rāma's sorrow and love. Then she believes, falls into joy beyond words, and sheds tears of bliss. But now she has many questions to put to him : how it is with Rāma and his brother, whether her loved one is not sad, does not torment himself, or whether he has lost his love for her, he who for her sake has gone through so much suffering, whether he no longer thinks of her, and has no wish at all to set her free. Hanumant assures her : " No sleep comes to Rāma, and if he once goes really to sleep, then he wakes up again with the word : 'Sītā !' If he sees a fruit or a flower or aught else that delights the heart of women, then he sighs long and says : 'Woe is me, Sītā !' " (cp. ii, 55.26 ff.). She makes answer : " Nectar mingled with poison are thy words—Rāma thinks of no other, and he is overwhelmed with care." Hanumant wants to carry her on his back at once to Rāma, and persuades her that he is strong enough. But she finds this to be dangerous for herself and him, and through this Rāma's honour would suffer ; he must overcome the evil-doer in battle, and bring her home ; this alone, she said, is worthy of him (39.29–30 ; cp. MBh., iii, 150.18 ff.) ; and she will and may touch no man's body but her husband's. Over and over again she charges the messenger that Rāma must set her free in a month ; longer she cannot live. As credential she gives him a precious stone that Rāma had bestowed on her, the sight of which has consoled her up till now in her wretchedness, just as though she had seen the beloved giver himself.

XVII

The Ideal Woman

SĪTĀ is wholly the Indian ideal of a woman : tender and mild, soft and dreamy as moonlight, self-forgetting, filled with love, devotion, sincerity, faithfulness, and yet, where it is a case of defending womanly virtue, nobility of soul, and purity of body, a strong heroine, great above all in long-suffering, but great, too, in her unyielding, daring pride.

And what a tender soul and stout heart together is shown, too, by Gāndhārī ! This princess is promised by her kinsfolk to the blind Dhṛitarāshṭra. She hears of it, and herself ties a cloth about her eyes : " I will let no dislike towards my husband rise up in me " (i, 110.9 ff.).[1] A wonderful fineness of feeling and strength of soul is shown by the pearl of all Indian women, Sāvitrī. At her father's bidding she goes forth, filled with shame, to choose herself a husband ; the dreadful fate that lies before her she locks in her heart without a word ; tender and noble, and yet with a hero's strength, she carries everything to a happy ending (iii, 293 ff.).

The Indian paragon of a woman, whose features have often emerged in the course of our treatment, is summed up also in Mahābh., xiii, 123 : " To the all-knowing, wise Çāṇḍilī, fathoming all truth, the Kaikeyī, Sumanā by name, put this question in the heaven of the gods : ' Through what way of life and through what actions hast thou shaken off all sin, and come into the heaven of the gods ? Thou shinest in thine own brightness like a tongue of fire, like the daughter of the ruler of the stars, her whose footprints have left brightness in the sky. Clad in dustless garments, free from weariness, standing in a heavenly chariot, thou shinest, glorious a thousandfold in

[1] An ugly knight has a beautiful wife who loves him greatly. He loses an eye in the lists, and now does not wish to go back again to her thus ; she puts out one of her own eyes, too, that he need not be ashamed before her. Hagen's *Gesamtabenteuer*, i, 249 ff.

power. It is not through moderate asceticism, open-handedness, or piety that thou art come into this world. Say unto me the truth.' Thus put to the question by Sumanā, the sweet-smiling Çāṇḍilī calmly spoke these friendly words to her: 'Not because I had been wrapped in the yellow-red garment, nor because I had worn bast garb, nor because I had walked with bald head, nor because I had had penitent's tresses did I come unto an existence of the gods. Never did I speak evil and rough words to my husband, nor forgot my duty to him. I was ever watchful and eager in the worship of the gods, the forefathers, and the Brahmans, and treated my mother-in-law and father-in-law well. I uttered not calumny against others, nor did it come into my soul; I stood not where there was no door, nor told long tales.[1] I gave myself up in no wise to unkind laughter of any kind, nor to hurtfulness in deeds, whether secretly or openly. If my husband had been out on business, and now came back home, I put a seat for him, and waited on him attentively. If he did not approve of some food, or did not like a dish, whether it was something to eat or to drink, then I avoided all such. If in the house-

[1] It strikes one as a little strange that Indian literature, which scourges woman's failings so heavily, does not pillory her talkativeness more. In this the Hindu is perhaps far surpassed by other peoples. Is it that the woman in India gives less ground on this point? Worthy of note, too, because of the chance coincidence, is the explanation here of why no beard grows on women. The Finnish poet of the peasantry, Jaakko Räikkönen, who was also more than ordinarily capable in the affairs of life, in his poem Tyytymättömät (printed in the Wäinölä Collection, p. 229) expresses exactly the same thought as the English verse which Thiselton-Dyer, *Folk-Lore of Women*, p. 68, brings from the neighbourhood of Salisbury :—

> "Nature, regardless of the babbling race,
> Planted no beard upon a woman's face;
> Not Freddy Keen's razor, though the very best,
> Could shave a chin that never is at rest."

Why the woman's tongue is always wagging is explained by the merry tale of the creation of the dog's tail, which Hans Sachs has also taken as his theme. Krauss, *Sitte u. Brauch*, p. 184; *Zschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 11, p. 255 f.; Bd. 18, p. 224.

hold any duties had piled themselves up,[1] then I rose early and had everything carried out, or did it myself. When my husband went away on any business, then I practised many luck-bringing things with the utmost care. When my husband was away, I gave up black eye-salve, orpiment, bathing, wreaths, ointments for the body, and ornaments. I never awoke my husband, when he was quietly sleeping, even if there was business calling[2]; in this my heart grew joyful. I never wearied my husband with household matters; I always kept that secret which should be hidden, and the house was fair and clean. If a woman thus keeps the path of virtue carefully before her eyes, she is raised high in the world of heaven, as Arundhatī among women.'"[3] The same teaching is found in xiii, 146.33 ff.: The woman's law and virtue, which are laid on her before the fire, and which make of her a sahadharmacarī, "the man's life-comrade in the fulfilling of the holy duties," are among other things: a friendly mind, friendly speech, a friendly eye, to think of none but the husband, to look on his face as on the son's. "The woman that shows her husband a bright and friendly countenance, when he addresses her with harsh words or gives her angry looks, she is a faithful wife. The woman who waits on her poor, suffering, sorrowful, way-worn husband as on a son, is one gifted with virtue. The woman who, filled with deep heedfulness, busily astir, and skilled, with the blessing of sons, is dear to her husband, has her life in her husband, is one gifted with virtue." Further, she must rise early, see to the service of the holy fire, make the flower-gifts to the gods, make the house clean, spread the cow-dung, give food to Brahmans, the weak, the helpless, the forlorn, the poor, carry out vows of mortification,

[1] Or: come to a standstill (samānīta).

[2] Āntareshv api kāryeshu. Perhaps rather: "when matters of business referring to his very near neighbourhood (or: touching him very near) came." Cp. Ābhyantara in my Kauṭilya.

[3] The name Sumanā first of all, then the language and the matter, lead us to think of a Buddhistic origin for this legend. Cp. v, 113; x, 54.6 ff.

and so forth. "This is holiness, this is asceticism, this is everlasting heaven, when a woman sees her highest good in her husband, is devoted to her husband with a religious zeal, and is good and chaste. For the husband is the woman's god, the husband is her kinsman, the husband is her refuge, the husband's regard is her heaven." [1]

Beauty of soul and of body go hand in hand; where the one is, there is the other, too: Yatrākṛitis tatra guṇā iti loke pi gīyate, says Hemacandra in Pariçishṭap., ii, 233 (cp. Bṛihatsaṃh., 70.23; Garuḍapur., 65.121; Agnipur., 244.6); and in the Uttararāmacaritam (iii, 21) we find the exclamation: Bhidyate vā sadvṛittam īdṛiçasya nirmāṇasya! (cp. my Daçakumārac., p. 301, where many more illustrations from popular sayings, poetry, and even the philosophical literature of the world could be given). Here we will make only a few particular remarks as to the Indian ideal of womanly beauty, which is fairly generally known. Much is to be gathered already from the descriptions of the various heroines of whom we have already spoken. Draupadī has black curling hair, long eyes like the leaf of the autumn lotus, a scent like the autumn lotus; her face is like the lotus-flower, like the jasmine-flower, when it is covered with sweat; slender is her waist, her hair is long, her mouth is red. She is neither too tall nor too short; she has beautiful hips; she is not thin, not too red, and not too hairy (ii, 65.33 ff.; cp. 67.157 ff.). At the sacrifice she comes forth from the middle of the altar as a wondrous-lovely maid: dark, with black and long eyes, red, high-arched nails, beautiful brows, lovely swelling breasts, and so forth; a scent as of the blue lotus is wafted from her a kroça's distance (i, 167.44 ff.; cp. 168.6; 183.7–10).[2] She is of course without compare on earth for beauty, like a maiden of the gods, like a wonderful apparition; whoever sees her folds his hands reverently before his forehead; and more of the same kind. Even as she goes along as a poor chambermaid wearing dirty clothes, men and women run up to where she is seen. Queen Sudeshṇā sees her from her palace, and, wondering greatly, describes her

[1] Cp. e.g. Vishṇu, xxv, Solomon's Proverbs, 31.10 ff.

[2] This far-wafted wondrous scent of Draupadī, already known to us from Satyavatī, is often referred to (so, e.g. i, 197.36; 183.10).

beauty in these words among others: "Her ankles do not stand out (but are imbedded in the flesh, a thing which in the Epic is often mentioned of the fair), and her thighs are firm and hard. Three things in her are deep (voice, understanding, and navel), six high-arched (nose, eyes, ears, nails, breasts, the joint of the neck), five red (the palms of the hands, and soles of the feet, the corners of the eyes, the tongue, the nails); she speaks unclearly as the swan, her brows and eyes are round-arched, red as the bimba-fruit are her lips, her neck is like shell, her veins are hidden, her face is like the full moon, and so on. Glorious she is as a mare from Kashmir." Still more glowingly does Sudeshṇā express herself in K.: "For the man thou lookest on there is no more weakness, no more pain, no more weariness, no discomfiture, no sorrow, and no torment. Sickness and old age, hunger and thirst, for him are done with to whom thou givest thyself in love. Were such a one even dead, and didst thou clasp him with thy lovely arms, then would he come back again to life (iv, 14.61 ff.)." Even the women gaze only at her; the trees seem to stand bowing before her; no man can see her without being held by love (iv, 9). So that it is no wonder if Kīcaka says to her: "Who in the whole world must not fall under the sway of love, when he beholds the glorious moon of thy countenance, endowed with peerless splendour, along with the moonbeams of the smile in thine eyes and lashes,[1] and decked with heaven's beams, ravishing by its heavenly sweetness? Thy two so glorious breasts, fit for a string of pearls, these well-shaped, splendid, plump, rounded breasts, set close to one another with no gap between, like unto lotus-buds, O thou with the lovely brows, thou with the sweet smile, goad me like the love god's own goads. So soon as I see that waist of thine, sweetly ringed by folds, bent by the breast's weight, and within the compass of the fingers, O thou slim one, and thy lovely secret parts, rising

[1] Sounds somewhat strange. Is perhaps īkshaṇalakshmāṇāṃ "having the eyes as moon-spots", one of the many Prakrit forms in the Epic, to be read? The text means literally: "in its smile (through its smile) like unto moonshine." A somewhat smoother reading would be smitaṃ. In the following half-çloka vṛitaṃ instead of vṛittaṃ is probably right, though "round, with heavenly beams" would also do.

like a river-island, I am carried away by a love-sickness beyond cure. Quench thou, O lovely-hipped, the glowing fire of my love with the rain of self-surrender, and the cloud of union in delight" (iv, 14.18 ff.).

An inventory or list of woman's charms like that just touched on, is given in v, 116.2 ff. Here the fair one is vaulted in six places, that is to say, according to the commentary, at the back of the hands, the top of the feet, the breasts; or: at the breasts, the buttocks, and the eyes[1]; she has seven things fine and delicate: skin, hair, fingers, toes, and the joints of fingers and toes; three things deep: voice, character (sattva), navel; five things red: palm of the hand, corner of the eye, palate, tongue, lips.[2] Then, too, she has like all goodly women other special bodily marks as well betokening good luck. When all are combined, it shows that she will bear many children, even a world-ruler. With words like those of Kīcaka, Rāvaṇa speaks to Sītā: "Of the right size, pointed, smooth, and white are thy teeth; thine eyes are wide and great, unblemished, and with red corners and black pupils; thy secret parts are spread wide and firmly swell; thy thighs are as elephant's trunks; thy two breasts have a fair, firm fullness, and are round, close-set to one another, bold, firm-swelling, with lifted nipples, graceful, smooth, and like unto wine-palm fruits" (Ram., iii, 46.18 ff.; cp. his words to the state assembly in vi, 12.12 ff.). Still more eloquent does this woman-worshipper, and the poet himself become, when he sees the Apsaras Rambhā on her way by night to the tryst (Rām., vii, 26.14 ff.): "Just at this time, Rāvaṇa saw the most splendid of all Apsarases, Rambhā with the full-moon face, decked with heavenly adornment, he saw her going along through the midst of the army. With heaven's sandal-wood

[1] Nīl. gives further a third possibility; but this must be ruled out, for the woman's belly must for Indians be slim, not high-arched.

[2] As to "catalogues" of womanly beauty cp., say, Agnipur., 244; much better Garuḍapur., 65; R. Schmidt in WZKM, Bd. 23, p. 183 ff.; *Ind. Erotik*, 614–632; *Zschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 18, p. 436; Max Bauer, *Das Geschlechtsleben i. d. deutsch. Vergangenheit*, pp. 305–315; here also especially Brantôme, *Œuvr. compl.*, éd. du Panthéon lit., ii, 301 ff.

her limbs were annointed, her hair was decked with mandāra-flowers, with heaven's flowers was Rambhā adorned—a festival of heaven.[1] The eye and the heart were ravished by her most intimate parts, swelling plumply, adorned with a girdle—that most splendid gift on the altar of love's pleasure. With her moist beauty-marks, laid on (forehead and cheeks) with the juice of flowers from the six seasons of the year,[2] she shone, like another goddess of happiness and beauty, in loveliness, splendour, brightness, and glory. All wrapped she was in a dark garment, like the water-laden cloud, her face like unto the moon, her glorious brows like two bows of the bowman, her thighs like elephant's trunks, her hands tender as young shoots. Rāvaṇa rose, under the spell of love's arrows took her by the hand as she walked, and spoke to the shy one, as he smiled: 'Whither away, thou with the lovely hips? What happiness art thou seeking of thine own accord? For whom is the sun now rising under which he will enjoy thee? Who will take his fill of the lotus-scented sap of thy mouth, tasting like nectar? To whose breast will these swelling, shining, close-set breasts of thine, like unto golden goblets, grant their touch? Who will now mount thy broad secret parts, like unto a golden wheel, and decked with a gold band, and which are embodied heaven?'" Cp., too, the description of Rāvaṇa's harem in v, 9, 10.30 ff.[3]

[1] Or: made ready for a festival of heaven.

[2] On these viçeshaka see my note in Daçakum., p. 239.

[3] The nose which we treat so scurvily, especially in poetry, among the Hindus and their poets comes better into its own. The lovely nose of women is here often spoken of, and the high-bridged nose is looked on as an attraction in the woman (unnasā, tuṅganasā). In men a big organ of smell is a great distinction. In the MBh. Yudhishṭhira often parades his huge, long, hanging, handsome nose. So in i, 188.22; iii, 270.7; iv, 71.13; xv, 25.5. Cārudatta, the ideal man in the Mṛicchakaṭikā, has a very high-arched nose (ed. Stenzler, p. 144, l. 21). Bāṇa in his Harshacarita says in praise of Skandagupta's nose that it was as long as the pedigree of his king (transl. by Cowell and Thomas, p. 191). The big nose with the tip turned down is the mark of the hero and of the king (Mārk.-Pur., viii, 196). The importance of the bold organ of smell as a measure of capability in love (Krauss, *Die Anmut d. weibl. Körpers*, p. 230; Storfer, *Marias jungfräuliche*

As already suggested, the figure, build, and beauty of woman have a great importance for her destiny, quite apart from conquests over the hearts of men. Çrī or Lakshmī is at the same time the goddess of beauty and also of happiness. Therefore in her wretchedness Sītā says : " The body-marks as a result of which the unlucky women are doomed to widowhood, them I do not see on myself. My hair is fine, smooth, and black ; my brows do not run together [1] ; my legs are

Mutterschaft, p. 68, n. 2) does not anyhow enter here. But in Agnipur. 236.43 f., it probably is among the marks of the hero in love and in war. The Aryan settlers in India in all probability were especially distinguished as noble from the aboriginal population of India by this characteristic also. A flat nose on the other hand is a mark of ugliness (Zachariae, *Zeitschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 22, p. 132).

[1] That in a woman eye-brows which meet bring ill-luck is a universally spread belief. Thiselton-Dyer, *The Folklore of Women*, Chicago, 1906, p. 59, cp. 218. These are the brows which a witch has, the barren woman, the werwolf, the person with the evil eye, and the person who through his demoniac power sends the nightmare, or torments others himself as a nightmare. Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, ii, p. 263, and the references there ; E. H. Meyer, *Mythologie d. Germanen*, 85 ; 133 ; 139. Cp. Th. Zachariae, *Kleine Schriften*, 361, note 2 ; 394 below ; Andree, *Ethnol. Parallel.*, i, 44 ; 63 ; E. Mogk, " Mythologie " in Paul's *Grundriss*, i, p. 1022 ; Krauss, *D. Anmut d. weibl. Körpers*, 110 (but the Persians and Arabs look on them as a beauty). A man must not wed a maiden whose eye-brows meet. Agnipur., 244.5 f. ; Wilson's Vishṇupur., ed. Hall, Bd. iii, p. 105. In both places and in Garuḍapur., 65.116 (corrected from Bṛihatsaṃh., 70.19) a warning is also given against the girl that has dimples in her cheeks when she laughs (Schmidt, *Erotik*, 627, 628, 629, 631). In the man, however, here also it is otherwise : The peculiar marks of the hero are that he is tall, has a nose like a parrot's beak, straight-looking eyes overshadowed by brows that run together, and a disposition that is easily aroused, and is inclined to anger and strife. Agnipur., ccxxxvi, 43 (Dutt, p. 845). So too among the Buddhists such brows show great distinction, and a brilliant future. See Schiefner, *Bull. der St. Petersb. Ak.*, Bd. 23, cols. 24, 33 ; Bd. 24, col. 449 ; Bd. 20, col. 383 ; Divyāvadāna, ed. Cowell and Neil, pp. 2, 58, 525, and elsewhere ; Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, ii, 389.

In Vishṇupur., Bd. iii, p. 105 also the warning is given, when marrying to avoid a maiden with teeth that stand wide apart. Cp.

rounded and not hairy ; my teeth are close-set ; my temples, eyes, hands, feet, ankles, and thighs are well-proportioned, and have a fitting fulness. My fingers have gradually rounded nails, they are smooth and well-proportioned. My breasts show no gap between, swell up plumply, and have the nipples set deep ; my navel is well sunk and (at the edges) raised up ; my side and my breast are hard and well-filled. My colour is like the precious stone,[1] and the hairs on my body are soft. I stand firm on my twelve (the ten toes and the two soles). So am I called a woman with lucky bodily shapes " (vi, 48.7 ff.). Cp. K, iv, 20.32 ff.

Garuḍapur., 65.118 f. (from Bṛihats., 70.21). On the lucky meaning of such teeth see Thiselton-Dyer, *Folklore of Women*, p. 220.

[1] Maṇi. MBh., vi, 106.61 forms a commentary. There the, as is well known, very dark Kṛishṇa is called maṇiçyāma, " black as the maṇi " ; and Nīl. says there that maṇi = indranīla (sapphire). See also v, 94.52 ; xii, 45.14.

XVIII

The Woman of Energy

A SOFT, swelling fulness of the limbs is thus looked on as a matter of course in the pattern woman. It corresponds to the softness and fulness of her feelings, of the life of her soul. But we should be much mistaken, if we thought that the women who are actually shown us in action and speech by the Indian poets are all made after this pattern, or act always in harmony with it. No, the Epic particularly, in spite of much that is cast in a fixed mould, has in it a very long series of varying kinds of womanly figures. In this the Mahābh. especially stands out. But in the Rāmāyaṇa also we have two so utterly different representatives of the sex as Sītā and Kaikeyī. Hard and ruthless is Kaikeyī, the spoiled favourite of the king and of fortune, when once her fear and her ambition have been aroused, as is described in cantos ii, 9–39, in numerous passages. Even the gentle Sītā is quite capable of blazing anger and harsh words. How hot she is against Lakshmaṇa, when he, faithful to Rāma's bidding, wishes to stay by her, and not to go off to his brother who seems to be calling for help; she even hints, certainly not without womanly vanity, that Lakshmaṇa wants her husband to die that he may himself get her for his wife (iii, 278.25–29; Rām., iii, 45).[1] As a true Kshattriyā she is, too, so soon as she has seen the wondrous phantom gazelle when picking flowers, ruthlessly determined to acquire at least its skin, if Rāma cannot take it alive. She wants to sit on it, far too much. "Such a headstrong whim is held, indeed, to be a dreadful thing and unbecoming to women.

[1] This passage thus seems to pre-suppose the widow's marriage with her brother-in-law as a matter of course; and here the younger brother would take the elder brother's wife, which is opposed to the passage already discussed on Tārā's and Sugrīva's relationship, but which is otherwise natural enough.

But the wonderful beauty of this creature fills me with astonishment" (Rām., iii, 43.19.–21).[1]

Strong-willed women are found, above all in the Mahābh., in great numbers. Indeed Eastern literature in general shows us, as has been already pointed out, the woman as being resolute, full of fire, passionate in comparison with the often so slack and sinewless man.[2] This characteristic comes out first of all in love. The fire of the senses is here also on the Indian doctrine far stronger in the woman, and it is not for nothing that the tender, timid sex so often takes the leadership in the Indian love tales, especially when it is a case of the fair one bringing about the tryst for the delights of sexual union that they desire as soon as possible, of keeping it successfully hidden, and of finding a safe way out when it is discovered.[3] This characteristic is further shared by the tales of the other parts of the East, which for the most part come from India, or are inspired by it, and, most certainly not without a connection here, by the medieval, especially the French love tales.[4] The woman is active, the man often quite passive ; he not only just lets himself be made happy by his beloved, but, in India,

[1] So, too, the queen in Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, ii, 273 ff., wants to have a cushion made of the skin of the wonderful golden stag ; and another lady clothing and ornament from the skin and horns of the nine-coloured stag-king Bodhisatta (ibid., i, 220 ff.).

[2] Indian literature has not a single complete hero in our meaning of the word, not one man corresponding wholly with the ideal of a man ; for even Karṇa is not without a stain, perhaps in greatest part, if not altogether, as a result of later distortions. On the other hand not a few wonderful and complete women stand out, especially in the Epic.

[3] Mucho sabe la zorra, pero mas la donna enamorada (The fox knows a lot, but the woman in love knows more).

[4] It is from France that those usually even high-born, and very high-born maidens, who often throw themselves, and at once, into the stranger hero's arms, or who are anyhow utterly wretched if he does not prove them his manhood in the most evident way within a very few hours after they have first known him—it is from France that these maidens then came into the literature of the German Middle Ages ; for the older writings of the Germans, found before the courtly culture, represent the woman in love in quite another light.

be also visited in the night. Juliet with her Romeo on the balcony is indeed to be found, but such things are by no means the custom of the land—not Leander, but Hero swims to the tryst in the Indian version of the well-known tale.[1] Even in the newer Russian literature—the latest of all I know too little about—the same Eastern strength and firmness of will in the woman is to be seen alongside the wavering, useless weakness of the man. So it is above all in Turgeniev, and in Pushkin and others. Now as the Mahābh. has much more unspoiled naturalness and undistorted reality, as it is far truer to life than the Rāmāyaṇa, which is much more strongly under priestly influences in its very foundations, so too the woman, as she is represented here in the narrative, is probably drawn far truer to the actual conditions of earlier times than in the companion Epic.[2] Then the pictures drawn of women in the

[1] The young girl swims with the help of a baked pot or jar to her lover ; an unbaked one is foisted on her, and she drowns. J. C. Oman, *The Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India*, Lond., 1903, p. 266 ff. ; Huth, *Zschr. f. vergleich. Literaturgesch.*, N.F., Bd. 4, p. 189 ; cp. *Stuttg. Lit. Ver.*, Bd. 208, pp. 127, 131 ; Hagen, *Gesamtab.*, i, p. cxxviii f., and note. The jar or pot for crossing over is also mentioned in MBh., xiii, 34.18 ; Rām., ii, 89.20. Cp. Hertel, ZDMG, Bd. 65, p. 439.

[2] The Epic, above all the MBh., owed its birth originally to the Kshattriya environment, or at least mainly so, and to the bardic poetry, which above all painted the warrior nobility. This must not be forgotten where the question arises as to the influence and standing of the woman. The Rājputs in particular, who at least in part, are descendants of the Kshattriyas, may be brought in here as elucidation. Indeed their Bhāt or bards of to-day are etymologically the old Bharatas. And just as the old bard and his highly honoured position was kept up in Rājputāna and among the Marathas, so, too, the Johur custom (Tod, *Rajasthan*, i, 284 f. ; 331 ; 347 f. ; 674 f. ; ii, 66) and the like among them will be found to link them with the olden time and the bardic poetry, unfortunately dreadfully mutilated in the Epic. In a burning like this of masses of women we may, indeed, see but barbaric ways and instincts. But such things as this remind us of the old Germans. Anyhow, in this there is to be seen a higher value set on woman and her purity. Thus a Rājput had to kill his daughter with his own hand, if she had been found in the arms of a young man. Dubois-Beauchamp [3], p. 37. Especially does Tod, not very critically

minded, it is true, set before our eyes in his *Rajaſthan* the tende and manly respect which the Rājputs show towards woman (i, 74, 295), and the truly noble romantic feelings they are capable of. Here belongs the custom of the "Gift of the Bracelet": a lady in distress sends her bracelet to a knight often quite unknown to her; he becomes thereby her "bracelet brother", who hastens into the fray for her sake, looks after her interests, and never sees her, though he is in a near relation to her (*Rajaſtan*, i, 332, 614). Tod rightly points out that the European knight, or *cavaliere servente* of the Middle Ages is far less high-minded (see for this J. J. Meyer, *Isoldes Gottesurteil*, pp. 1–74). Akin to this is the fine relation between the sister and brother by election among the South Slavs (Krauss, *Sitte u. Brauch*, etc., p. 638 ff.). Mention may also be made of the rape of the Rājput princess, who calls on Rāj Sing for help, and promises him her hand (*Rajaſthan*, p. 401). Now in the veins of at least a part of these very Rājputs there flows the purest Aryan blood. Fuller, *Studies*, etc., p. 47; Crooke, *The North-Western Provinces*, pp. 62; 201. And although Crooke in a later study: "Rājputs and Mahrattas," *Journ. Roy. Anthrop. Inſt.*, vol. xl, p. 39 ff. shows that many originally Scythian, and especially Hunnish elements have been taken into the Rājputs, he still supports the view there expressed in *Tribes and Caſtes of Bengal*, ii, 184, that the higher classes can claim to be sprung from the Kshattriyas. The Agāriah of to-day in Bengal also claim to be sprung from the Kshattriyas, and among them likewise the women have an honoured standing. See *Ztschr. f. Ethnol.*, Bd. 6, p. 377 f. (according to Dalton). Mention should be made, too, of the ruthless revenge which the Gurkha in Nepal, who claims at least to be descended from the Rājputs, takes on the offender who dares touch his wife. Wright, *Hiſt. of Nepal*, p. 32. Clear traces of a higher value being set on the woman have often shown themselves to us in the narrative parts of the Epic, and elsewhere. Like the Rājputs, the heroes of the Epic feel themselves most deeply dishonoured if another man touches their wives, or even only their kinsmen's (e.g. iii, 243.5; 244.17–18; 248.8). And undoubtedly the glories of the old lyric poetry, whose gold still gleams out here and there from under all kinds of rubbish and dirt, have in this respect likewise had to suffer heavily from loss and distortion. Ideal men and women, and ideal conditions we must not, indeed, think of restoring in our dreams even there. But in spite of all, the woman of the warrior nobility stands proud, strong, and honoured wherever Brahman hands and later influences have not smirched her. It would, of course, be a hopeless undertaking to try to carry through in the present MBh.—and that is all we have—a clear-cut separation between old and new, between what belongs to the epic poetry of the warriors, and what

Mahābhārata have, too, very often an immediate and natural power of conviction which has an irresistible effect on the unprejudiced reader. Lastly it is highly instructive, often comic beyond words, to see how the revisers of this Epic not seldom tried to patch up, and in the most unskilful, nay, craziest way, the stark contradiction between what is actually said of the woman, and the ideal, or anyhow the ideal which was held later. Draupadī in particular has cost them much toil. This personage, who in the original poem was evidently highly natural, with strong feelings and will, and blessed with a clear understanding, will not let herself be put at all as she is priestly botchery. The Kshattriyas were, of course, Hindus too, and the Brahman certainly from early times had won an influence on the life and poetry of the noble class too, here more, there less. Moreover in Brahmanic literature there often can be found a higher view of woman; and the not seldom lofty moral doctrine which in Brahmanic circles along with all kinds of irritating trash was partly built up in independence, partly, however, taken over from outside, in very many aspects was to woman's advantage also. In the old Upanishad there is found instruction how to beget a learned daughter; and in the same place Yājñavalkya initiates his wife, who longs after instruction, into the deepest secrets of philosophy. Here Gārgī takes part, a woman, in a philosophical congress, and of a truth is not dumb. How unspeakably ridiculous such a thing would have seemed to men like Plato or Aristotle, or to a Council of Fathers of the Church, which would rather take up the question whether women had souls at all! In the Brāhmaṇa literature the women speculate and argue with the men just as Draupadī does in the Epic. Of course, very much of this in the Brāhmaṇa may go back to the Kshattriya influence, which elsewhere, too, comes out so clearly.

Cp. further my note in Daçakum., p. 41, and Bhavabhūti's dictum, parallels for which are to be found elsewhere: "Excellence it is that yields the reason for respect in the case of the excellent, and not either sex or age" (Uttararāmac., iv, 11). The thought: "Woman is the word, man the meaning" is directly uttered in the wedding ritual (see Winternitz, pp. 51–52. Cp. Vishṇupur., Bd. iii, p. 118). Particularly skilful and deep play is made with this thought in MBh., xiv, 21.13–26. Cp., too, Tennyson: "Till at the last she set herself to man Like perfect music unto noble words" ("The Princess," vii, towards the end). In short various currents, various social classes, various places and times are spoken of in the Epic. No universally valid picture can be given from it.

should into the Brahmanic śtrait-jacket ; she is a spiritual daughter of the warrior nobility, in the beginning, judging from all appearances, like so much in the Mahābhārata, a pure creation of the Kshattriya poetry, and now plays very naśty tricks over and over again on the Brahmanic moral censors. Her kinsman Dhṛitarāshṭra probably knew her, who was, indeed, born from the fire, very well ; he says : " The daughter of Yājñasena is wholly and utterly the śtrength of fire " (iii, 239.9 ; cp. ii, 81.13). We have already been told how in the seśtion on Kīcaka she expresses herself with very scant ceremony indeed about her Guru Yudhishṭhira. When she lets śtrong words escape her even before him and the gambling company, he reprimands her and tells her she muśt not weep like an aśtress (before others' eyes), and he speaks of the wife's duty (iv, 16.40 ff.).

Among the mośt lively and śtriking passages of the great Epic is the dice-game. Yudhishṭhira has śtaked all his means, even his four brothers and himself, and has lośt, and then laśt of all Draupadī also. Duryodhana spoke :

" Go, fetch Draupadī, O Prātikāmin :
Thou needśt no longer fear the Pāṇḍavas,
Only Vidura is filled with fear, and does dispute ;
And he, indeed, ne'er wished our higheśt good."
Thus addressed, the Sūta swiftly went,
Prātikāmin went at the king's word ;
Even as a dog goes into the lions' abode,
So drew he nigh unto the Pāṇḍavas' wife.

Prātikāmin spoke :

" Yudhishṭhira is mad with the fumes of play,
Thee, O Draupadī, Duryodhana has won.
Go into the house of Dhṛitarāshṭra ;
I lead thee to the toil, Yājñasenī."

Draupadī spoke :

" But how speakeśt thou thus, Prātikāmin !
When, then, does a king's son play for his wife !
By the intoxication of the game the prince is blinded.
Had he no śtake besides me ? " [1]

[1] Probably, however, matto is to be taken as in çl. 4. Then : Blinded is the prince, drunk with the fumes of play. Had he, then,

Prātikāmin spoke :

" Ajātaçatru went on playing
Until no other ſtake was left him.
Then did the king firſt give for it his brothers,
Himself also, then thee, O king's daughter."

Draupadī spoke :

" Go unto the gamblers, ask there,
(Ask) Thou in the hall, thou Sūta's son :
'Didſt thou firſt gamble thyself away,
Or me, Yudhishṭhira ?'

When thou haſt found this out, come
And lead me away, O Sūta's son ;
For when I know what the king wishes,
Then do I go, filled with sorrow."

To the hall he haſtened and spoke
There these words of Draupadī ;
He spoke these words unto Pāṇḍu's son,
Who was ſtanding amidſt the princes :

" Waſt thou the lord, when thou didſt me play away ? " [1]
Thus speaks to thee Draupadī.
" Didſt thou firſt play thyself
Away, or me, Yudhishṭhira ? "
But senseless ſtood Yudhishṭhira,
Like one bereft of life,[2]
Answered not one word
To the Sūta, good or evil.

Duryodhana spoke :

" Let the princess herself come hither,
And put this queſtion ;
And all here shall hear
What she, then he, speaks."

no other ſtake for the dice ? Hi in this reading ſtands in a curious position. It is true that in the Epic it not seldom opens the pāda.

[1] Liter. : as whose lord didſt thou play me away ?

[2] Gatasattva lifeless, dead, annihilated ; probably also : robbed of the senses (wanting in Böhtlingk). It is often found in the Epic (e.g. i, 226.9 ; ii, 65.42 ; 69.20 ; iii, 39.63 ; 52.48 ; 68.30 ; 161.5, 20 ; 162.36 ; 206.5 ; 272.22 ; iv, 13.36 ; vi, 107.40 ; 110.23 ; viii, 3.6 ; 19.35 ; ix, 1.40 ; 10.41 ; xiii, 71.8 ; xiv, 77.22).

Faithful to Duryodhana's bidding,
He to the king's house went away ;
The Sūta spoke to Draupadī,
As though reeling with anxious fear :

Prātikāmin spoke :

" The lords there of the hall [1] do call thee,
Danger and doubt has crept o'er the Kauravas :
His own happiness, truly, he heeds not, the poor fool
That would take thee to the hall, princess."

Draupadī spoke :

" The Maker, of a truth, ordained he two :
Or young, or old,[2] good and evil befalls us.
Yet one law as the highest to the world he gave ;
If we follow it, it brings us peace.

This law must not glide by the Kurus—
Go, ask the lords that which I say of the Right.
The noble ones, they with the law in their souls, the wise ones,
Must give me the decision. I will follow."

When he her words had heard, the Sūta went
To the hall, then told of her speech.
They lowered their faces, and to silence fell :
Well they knew the stubbornness of Duryodhana.[3]

The king Duryodhana looked on their faces,
And joyfully unto the Sūta said :
" Bring her hither, O Prātikāmin ;
The Kurus shall themselves speak before her."

The Sūta said, obedient to his power,
Fearful of the anger of the king's daughter,
His pride disowning, to the lords of the hall said he
Once more : " What then shall I tell Kṛishṇā ? "

[1] Since the sabhā (hall) here also, as with King Virāṭa, serves both as gaming-house and as court of justice, the "lords of the hall" (sabhya, sabhāsada, cp. sabhāstāra = akshātivapāka) are here also both judicial assessors and gaming-fellows of the ruler. Indeed, the words in question have even the meaning of master or owner of a gaming-house. Cp. iv, 1.24 ; 16.32 ff., 43 ; 70.4, 18, 28.

[2] Or : Or stupid, or clever.

[3] I leave out here five çlokas inserted between the trishṭubhs as being foolish interpolations.

Duryodhana spoke unto his brother Duḥçāsana :

" Duḥçāsana, this dull Sūta's son,
My coward, is fearful of the wolf's belly Bhīma,
Do thou thyself lay hold of Yājñasenī and bring her.
What could the foes do to thee, the slaves ! "

When he heard his brother's words, the king's son
Arose with anger-reddened eyes ;
He went into the house of the great chariot-fighters
And spoke to Draupadī, the king's child :

" Come, Kṛishṇā, come ! Thou art won in play,
Leave thy shame aside, come unto Duryodhana.
Yield thyself up to the Kurus, thou with the lotus eye.
Thou art become their own by right. Come to the hall."

Then stood she up with deeply troubled soul,
And with her hand wiped her pale face ;
In torment and distress to the wives she ran
Of the old king, the bull of the Kurus.

Loud at her bellowed Duḥçāsana in anger,
Hastening he ran to the prince's wife,
And took her by her long hair,
That flowed down black in heavy waves.

The hair that at the great sacrifice of the king
Was moistened by the prayer-consecrated water of the closing bath,
It the son of Dhṛitarāshṭra boldly touched,
Bringing shame on the hero soul of the Pāṇḍavas.[1]

To the hall Duḥçāsana brings Kṛishṇā,
Dragging her by the long hair, and he shakes her about
As the wind does the poor weak young tree,
As though she so rich in protecting lords had none.

Dragged along, her slender body
Bent and swaying, she whispers low : " I am not well ;
My covering, thou fool, is but one wrapping ;
Do not bring me to the hall, base one ! "

[1] To be laid hold of by the hair is looked on as particularly ignominious, and the offence of thus dishonouring a woman as dreadful beyond all comparison. See e.g. vii, 195.8 f., 19 f. ; 196.42 ; K, xii, 14.84. Cp. also viii, 83.20 f. [From Melanesia for the tabu head or hair of a woman of the class of chiefs cp. G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore*, p. 23 (Translator).]

Loud cries for help and rescue Yājñasenī :
" Come, Kṛishṇa ! Jishṇu ! Come, O Hari ! Nara ! "
Then said he to her, in a wild grip
Holding dark Kṛishṇā by her dark hair :

" For me be thou unwell always, Yājñasenī !
For me thou mayst have one garment on or none !
Thou hast been won in play, thou art become a slave ;
To the slave a garment is given as one likes."

With loosened hair her clothing half slipped down,
Shaken wildly to and fro by Duḥçāsana,
Filled with shame, glowing with hot rage,
Then low to him Kṛishṇā these words did speak :

" Those in the hall are masters of the doctrine,
Rich in works, and all like unto Indra.
They abide in honour and worship, all to me
Are worthy of honour ; so before them can I not come.

Unutterably base man of varlet ways,
Take not my garb away, drag me no more ! [1]
The king's sons will make thee pay for it,[2]
Even though the gods with Indra, too, were to help thee.

To the law clings the noble son of the law.[3]
The law is subtle and hard to know ;
I would not that even through the word a whit of blame
Or lack of virtue should on my husband fall.

Yet this is evil, that thou in my sickness
Dost drag me into the midst of the Kuru heroes,
And none here raises one word of blame ;
They all must be of thy mind.

Oh, shame ! Gone is the law and custom of the Bhāratas,
Gone are the ways of those learned in the lore of warriors ;
The Kurus all with calmness in the hall see
The bounds overstepped of Kuru law.

Ah ! Droṇa, Bhīshma, these have no character,
Nor even Vidura, the high-minded one ;
So here the oldest and first among the Kurus
Heed not the king's dread wrong."

[1] Hardly : destroy me not (from kṛi). Mā vikārshīḥ is probably from kṛish. Cp. the already discussed apākarshuḥ, iii, 128.2.
[2] More literally : will not forgive it thee.
[3] Yudhishṭhira.

With these piteous words the slender one
Looked sideways at her angry husbands;
With side glances the sons of Pāṇḍu she did
Set afire, she round whose body anger welled.

Loss of the kingdom and their treasures
And most glorious jewels was not for them
So painful as Kṛishṇā's sideway look
She sent towards them in shame and anger.

Barely became Duḥçāsana aware that Kṛishṇā
At her wretched [1] husbands was gazing,
Than he wildly shook her, who was wholly senseless,
And to her shouted "Slave!" and loudly laughed.

And Karṇa to the word applause did give
In utmost joy, and he loudly laughed;
The prince, too, of the Gandhāras, son of Subala,
Praised Duḥçāsana high with joyous praise.

Yet but for these twain and Duryodhana
To all the lords of the hall that were there
Came sorrow without measure, when they saw how
Kṛishṇā was dragged around the hall.

Bhīshma now said he could not answer Draupadī's question, for it was about a very fine point of law. On the one hand, he said, a man who was no longer his own master, a slave, could not play away another's property.[2] On the other hand the wife was always under the dominion of her husband. Çakuni [3] was without a rival in the dice-game, Yudhishṭhira had wished to play with him, and his wish had been granted by Çakuni. Yudhishṭhira had owned himself beaten, "won in the game," and did not look on it as any trickery. Draupadī made answer: "The king, who has had little practice in gaming, was challenged [4] by skilled, base, evil-minded, and malicious lovers of gambling in the hall. How can it be that his wish was granted him! And how,[5] then, could he make

[1] Or: pitiable (kṛipaṇa).
[2] Just because he cannot have any property of his own.
[3] Yudhishṭhira's opponent, Duryodhana's fellow-conspirator and uncle on his mother's side, king of Gandhāra.
[4] He therefore, as we were told, as a Kshattriya had to accept.
[5] Probably kasmāt is to be read instead of yasmāt, although if needs must be, the latter is also possible.

a stake again, after he had unwittingly been won (as a slave) at play by the villains in union? Let the free Kurus here in the hall decide." Duḥçāsana hurls abuse at her once more; then Bhīma breaks out, and utters the bitter reproaches against his eldest brother which have already been spoken of. He wants to burn his two arms in the fire, so as to take insulting vengeance on Yudhishṭhira. Arjuna reminds him that unconditional obedience must be given to the eldest brother, and that a Kshattriya loses his honour, if he refuses after being challenged to play. But now Vikarṇa, a younger brother of Duryodhana, stands up, upbraids the assembly for not giving the law its due, and declares that as Yudhishṭhira has already played away his own person, Draupadī who was staked afterwards cannot be held to be lost in gambling; moreover she is the property of all five brothers. Loud applause followed his words. But from Karṇa's mouth harshly come the angry words: "Yudhishṭhira staked all he had, and lost it. Draupadī is part of this. Furthermore the gods have appointed but one husband for the woman; one that has more, like Draupadī, is a wicked woman, and cannot lay claim to any consideration or honour. Duḥçāsana, take the clothing of the Pāṇḍavas and of Draupadī!" He that was now spoken to tears off her only garment from the wretched woman's body, but by a miracle from Kṛishṇa, whom she had called on in her need, a new one keeps on ever wrapping her limbs, until at length a great heap of garments torn off her by Duḥçāsana lies in the hall.[1] Loud reproaches on Duḥçāsana are then raised, and

[1] This miracle is probably, though not certainly, of a later date. But certain it is that Kṛishṇa as the worker of the miracle and the Kṛishṇa cult belong to a later time. Originally Draupadī probably had to stand there naked. Secondary, of course, too, is the statement that the sun has never before looked on the face of the noble woman who is now thus exposed to the eyes of the men. The expression, indeed, is often found. and along with other things has even penetrated into very old parts of the Epic. That the Kshattriya women in old days knew nothing of being veiled and secluded is quite clear. But the view of many Indians that it first came into the land through the Mohammedan conquest is refuted at every turn by Indian literature. But the watch over women was made much more rigorous after the coming

heartfelt praise for Draupadī. Bhīma swears he will drink Duḥçāsana's blood in battle. Vidura comes forward for Draupadī, and demands of the gathering that it should deal out justice. But Karṇa calls out to Duḥçāsana to bring the slave-woman into the house. Filled with shame, and weeping, Draupadī then once more turns to the circle of great men and princes and complains of the evil done : "Sun and wind before were not allowed to see me ; now in the midst of the hall I am gazed on among the men, and the Pāṇḍavas allow it. That was never heard of, that an honourable woman should be dragged into the public hall. Where is the Kings' law ? The old eternal law is gone. Decide ye whether I was won in the game, whether I am a slave or not, and I will act accordingly." Bhīshma sorrowfully holds : He that has the power has the right.[1] While she is bitterly weeping and wailing, Duryodhana declares with the proud smile of the master that Yudhishṭhira and his brothers must decide. Yudhishṭhira keeps silent, Bhīma blusters and says that if his strong arms were not bound by all kinds of considerations,

of the Moslems.—Anyhow the present section is among the oldest of the Bharata poem, but is often touched up or wholly recast.

[1] The saying : "Might is right," as in other Indian literature, is here emphatically made, and in many forms. Often the pāda is repeated : balaṃ dharmo 'nuvartate, "right follows might" (so e.g. i, 136.19 ; Rām., vi, 83.26) ; "above right (virtue) I set might" (xii, 134.6). Who has might and strength is the free lord over right ; this is governed by might, as smoke by the wind. None, indeed, has seen the fruit of right or wrong ; strive after might on earth, all obey the nod of him that has the might" (xii, 134 ; see the whole chapter). Especially for or among the Kshattriyas power and right coincide (ii, 23.28, and elsewhere Heaven knows how often, in the most Machiavellian tones). I have already touched on that in a note. But here in Bhīshma's words we have not his honest opinion. Hopkins mistakes the meaning of the whole. Bhīshma says : "And that which here in the world the man, who has the might, looks on as the right, is called the highest right, when the question arises of the right (or : where the question arises of the limits of the right)." Perhaps, even, we should take dharmo 'dharmavelāyāṃ = "when wrong prevails". But also without the apostrophe that is the true meaning of the words.

his foes would pay bitterly for their ill-deeds against Draupadī. Karṇa is triumphant. "Three kinds of persons, it is well known, cannot hold anything—the slave, the child, and the (ever) dependent woman. Thou, O fair one, art the wife of a slave without right to hold property,[1] and hast lost thy master; so is it with all the slave possessed. Take thy place in the king's following, and be one of it; that is thy portion, the rest will then be allotted thee. But thy lords, O king's daughter, are all the sons of Dhṛitarāshṭra, not the sons of Pṛithā. Choose thyself quickly another husband, O fair one, from whom thou shalt not fall into slavery through the dice." Bhīma again gives vent to his anger: "I am not angered against the Sūta's son, O king; he has therewith rightly set forth the law of the slave. But would my foes so speak to me,[2] if thou hadst not diced for this woman?" Again Duryodhana calls on Yudhishṭhira to give an explanation himself; he keeps silence, as though stupefied, and Duryodhana bares his left thigh and shows it to Draupadī, as a scornful token that she is no longer of any account, a woman worthy of respect; for it is on the left thigh that the sweetheart is put to sit. Bhīma again flares out, and makes the solemn vow to shatter Duryodhana's thigh. But for all the words that are being bandied, she that is hurt to her innermost being is standing alone with her pride and her shame until ill-boding beast-like voices are heard. Then Dhṛitarāshṭra becomes afraid, upbraids Duryodhana, and grants Draupadī three favours. She chooses two only: first, that Yudhishṭhira shall be free, so that his and her son need not hear himself called a slave's child; and secondly, that the other brothers shall be freed from slavery. Herewith Karṇa finds a new opportunity to hurt the Pāṇḍavas and Draupadī: it is by a woman that they have had to let themselves be saved! Against this Bhīma is aroused in violent and useless sorrow, and to Arjuna he says: "Three are the lights that mankind

[1] Karṇa rightly says that as wife of a slave she is *eo ipso* a slave (MBh., viii, 73.86). See Meyer, Kauṭilya, 289.44 ff.; addit., 290.31.

[2] Mām sounds somewhat strange; tām (= "to her") would seem more natural. But it is quite right. Cp. v, 90.82; 137.22; vii, 40.4.

has : offspring, pious works, and knowledge [1] ; and when man is an unclean dead body, forsaken in the wilderness by all, then these three show their profit. For us now the light has been destroyed, by strangers having profanely touched our wife. How indeed could offspring come from a woman that has been touched ? " Arjuna brings out one or two wise sayings, and Bhīma has a fresh outburst of rage. But Draupadī has once more been stabbed, and deeply, in the breast, and though they can now all go away free, yet Yudhishṭhira lets himself be brought to dicing again, and once more loses all, whereupon Draupadī has to leave her children and go off with her five husbands into the celebrated thirteen years' banishment (ii, 67 ff. ; cp. v, 90.44, 47).[2]

There in the lonely forest she does her best to bring the listless Yudhishṭhira, always chattering of virtue and forbearance, to action. She describes to him how evil the foes are, she boldly attacks the very Godhead : " Not as a mother, or a father, O king, does the Maker act towards beings. As though in anger he acts by them like anyone else here on earth " (iii, 30.38). But man shall be up and doing, not fall a victim

[1] Or probably better, as I translated before : " Offspring, action, and knowledge." The conclusion, indeed, shows that religious works are at least included. How could this be thought of otherwise, indeed, in an Indian, who even " sins religiously " ? The forefathers' offerings made by the sons are of help, of course, in the world of the dead, through pious works men come into the heaven of the gods, the glories of which, it is true, pass away, and knowledge, philosophical knowledge, sets free from the Saṃsāra.

[2] This second dice-game (anudyūta) is of course a very stupid later distortion. In a more primitive form of the Epic, or of the Epic ballad poetry the Pāṇḍavas were, indeed, freed from slavery, perhaps, too, on Draupadī's prayer, but on the condition of going off into banishment, and so they went away into the forest owing to the first game. Thus Draupadī herself relates the matter (v, 82.28), and she must know about it better than the offenders against the poem who came later. Again and again the sharper sight can see the dreadful ravages done on the holy place ; often we can with certainty conclude to an older and better form, but only too often there is nothing left but painful anger at the bungling profanation of the old poetry of the Kauravas and of other Epic ballad treasures.

to doubt and brooding hair-splitting—this the fiery Draupadī argues in magnificent phrases. "It is armoured in deeds that we must go through life, he that is bent on action is prized; he is a fool who speaks of blind necessity and lays his hands in his lap. To him that lies there a sluggard, comes only evil, but the active man has happiness. Now we are in the depths of wretchedness; it would undoubtedly not be so, if thou didst act energetically. And if success does not come after all, yet a man has tried his strength, and finds a proud self-reliance and honour in this."[1] "The husbandman breaks up the ground with the plough and sows the seed, then quietly waits; the rain must do its share there. If the rain does not favour him, yet no blame falls on the husbandman in this matter: 'I have done all that another man would do.' Therefore we must act with zeal and wariness; let manly energy point the way, even though a mountain or a river have to be put out of the way, to say nothing whatever of a mortal man. He that earnestly strives does his duty towards others and himself. Let a man assert himself, and then fortune smiles on him. The patient man must bear with any and every mortification. Grief sheer weighs my heart down, when I think of all the former magnificence, and look on the wretched plight of us all to-day. Thou art a calm witness of it all, dost seem to be utterly incapable of anger, and wouldst be called a warrior! Fiery strength, a soaring will, an ever-lively feeling of honour—these are what the warrior must show, wherever needful" (iii, 27, 28; cp. e.g. iii, 32).[2] For her

[1] Whether abhimāna (32.45) comes from mā or from man would probably be very hard to decide. My rendering is meant to meet both possibilities.

[2] From the mouth of women and of men we are always hearing in the MBh. the praise of amarsha, "not brooking," the passion that flares up angrily and avenges an insult. Noble, good and glorious is anger, a magnificent thing is discontent—the never-resting striving for something always higher. It is only a poor wretch that puts up with everything; content, fear, pity, virtuousness kill happiness, and greatness is not won by him who has such things for his own. Anger and impatience is the strength of heroes. Cp. espec. Kauṭilya, 501.3 ff., 23 ff.; addit., 501.37; Çicupālavadha, ii, 46; Kirātārj., xi, 57 ff.,

friend Kṛishṇa she clothes her anger and sorrow with eloquent words, paints to him all the shame that was done her in the gambling-hall, how, while her husbands were still alive, the sons of Dhṛitarāshṭra had wanted to make use of her as a slave, even for the quenching of their lust. She, the noble daughter of a king, and born in wondrous wise, the daughter-in-law of a great prince, she, the friend of Kṛishṇa, the wife of five such heroes, had to put up with all this ! Shame ! she cries on her husbands, and their much-praised greatness. "When a man wards his wife, then he has warded himself ; for from her his own self is born (anew). But how should a husband that must be warded by the wife be born from my body ? They take the shame put on me and my ill-treatment calmly, and I glow with anger against our evil foes, who are weaker than we." With her hand she covers her face, and with her tears moistens her firm-standing, swelling, well-shapen breasts. Kṛishṇa consoles her and promises that all this shall have its punishment ; but she looks sideways at Arjuna to see whether he also gives his assurance (iii, 12.61 ff.). She then accompanies the whole course of events with her flaming zeal and the full weight of her determined activity, presses and drives on with every means ; her thirst for revenge can only be quenched by blood. As we so often find with the women of the Epic, she takes part in the men's discussions ; even where it is a case of deciding on war or peace she has her say like the most important of the heroes and great men ; and her words are not a whit less of weight. So in v, 82 (cp. also e.g. x, 16.26 ff.). Once more there has been much talk of what must be done. The question now is about sending Kṛishṇa as an envoy to the cousins and foes. In what wise is he to make his appearance

especc. 65 and 70 ; Ṛigveda, x, 83 and 84. But Kauṭilya, 501.11 ff. agrees with Herman Melville when he says : "Hate is woe" (*Moby Dick*, ch. cxix). See also MBh., iii, 29 ; and so on *ad infinitum* in Old India. Tegnér's splendid song of praise to "Oro" (Unrest) comes into the mind, when we read such verses as : "Discontent is the root of happiness, therefore I love it ; if a man strives after rising, that, O king, is the highest wisdom in life." Cp. i, 180.3 ; ii, 50.17 ff.; 49.13, 14 ; 55.11 ; v, 160.61, 92 ; etc. ; but especially the utterances of Vidulā (v, 133 ff.) to be shortly given.

there, and speak? Even Bhīma, the man of fierce anger, drips most wonderfully with the milk and honey of gentleness and conciliatoriness. At last Draupadī, "eaten with sorrow," speaks, and in deep disgust at Bhīma's being so friendly disposed, with tear-stained eyes, she reminds Kṛishṇa that their adversaries would come to no agreement earlier, even when this was deeply humiliating for the Pāṇḍavas. If Duryodhana would not give his cousins back their kingdom, then there could be no talk of peace. What was to the profit and credit of the Pāṇḍavas, of him, and of the whole estate of warrior nobles was this only: a crushing punishment for the irreconcilable ones. He that was a victim to greed must be chastened by the Kshattriya. Then she tells at short length again of the insult done to her in spite of her high rank, in all essentials as in her earlier conversation with Kṛishṇa.[1] "'I was gripped by the hair, tortured and brought into the hall, while Pāṇḍu's sons looked on, and thou wast still alive. I stood in the midst of the hall as a slave of the evil ones, and the Pāṇḍavas looked on without flaming forth or stirring a limb. If thou wouldst please me, if thou wouldst show me compassion, then must every drop of rage be poured out undiminished on the sons of Dhṛitarāshṭra.' Thus having spoken, she of the black eyes and lovely hips with her left hand grasped the loosely bound coil of her hair, curling at the ends, and glorious to see, deep-black, steeped in every perfume, endowed with every mark of good luck, shining like a great snake; and so the lotus-eyed one went up with the proud step of the elephant to him of the lotus eyes, and with tear-filled eyes the dark one spoke to him, the dark one: 'Of this hair, dragged upwards by Duḥçāsana's hand shalt thou, O lotus-eyed one, think on every occasion, if thou wouldst make peace with the foes. If Bhīma or Arjuna, those miserable wretches, have a wish for peace, O Kṛishṇa, then will my old father fight beside his sons, the great chariot-fighters. And my five sons with the strength of heroes will fight with Abhimanyu at their head against

[1] It is remarkable that she says: "I will say what I have already once said." Such a fear as this of repetitions, and such a memory the Epic does not show anywhere else. Cp. iii, 12.61 ff.

the Kurus. But if I do not see Duḥçāsana's black arm lying hewn off and covered with the dust, how is my heart to find rest? Thirteen years have gone by me in hoping and waiting, while I have been fostering my anger within me like a burning fire. My heart wounded by the arrows of Bhīma's speech, is bursting asunder, for this strong-armed one now looks only to pious virtue'. When Kṛishṇā of the long eyes had spoken these words in a voice choked with tears, she fell to weeping, trembling and sobbing loud. The lovely one with the long swelling hips moistened her close-set breasts, as the water flowed from her eyes like molten fire." Kṛishṇa comforts her and makes aloud to her the holy promise that, as she now weeps, so will one day the wives of their foes weep, all of whose kindred will then have been slain, and dogs and jackals will eat the bodies of Dhṛitarāshṭra's sons. "The Himālaya mountains may move from their place, the earth be shattered into a hundred fragments, the sky with its stars fall down—my word cannot stay unfulfilled" (cp. iii, 12.139 ff.; 51.36 ff.; 235.4 ff.).

It has been fulfilled—Draupadī has seen all that insulted her lying on the ground, and given her ears their fill of the weeping and wailing of the wives of them that once had exulted in victory over her. And Duryodhana himself acknowledges how much she has contributed to this end. Before the last day of battle, when his cause is already in great straits, Kṛipa begs him to make peace. But Duryodhana says it is too late, the Pāṇḍavas could not be held back from the fight, as they are thinking of the shameful treatment of Draupadī. "From the day when Draupadī was tormented, and to my destruction brought to sorrow, she has slept ever on the bare ground, until hate shall have had its due. Dreadful is the penitential mortification that Kṛishṇā has undergone that her husband's cause may win; and Vāsudeva's sister (Subhadrā) dropping self-regard and pride, serves her continuously, obedient as a slave. Thus all is in highest tension, and can nowise come to rest (nirvāti). . . . But this is not the time to play a manless part, but to fight" (ix, 5.17 ff.; cp. v, 139.13, 18). But heavily must Draupadī pay for this happiness, too, and for the new royal splendour, moreover much lessened through the battles of extermination. Her father and brothers perish.

But the most dreadful blow for her is the death of her five sons, who are surprised in their sleep and slaughtered by Açvatthāman in the night, following the ending of the many days' contest of the nations. Yudhishṭhira at the awful fate of these youths has nothing more to show than his usual swoon, and then after coming back to himself his still more usual loud and tearful cries of woe. Draupadī on the other hand, soon recovers from her great sorrow, utters scornful words for her husband, and goes on to say: "But I am burnt up with sorrow. If the son of Droṇa, the evil-doer, together with his following is not to-day bereft of his life by thee in stout fight in the battle, then shall I sit on in this place, and starve to death. Hear ye that, sons of Pāṇḍu!" Yudhishṭhira seeks to quiet her by saying that her sons and kinsmen have lost their lives honourably in battle, so that there is no reason for her to mourn. Moreover, the slayer has taken refuge in the forest fastness. But she will not be put off: "I have heard that Droṇa's son bears a jewel on his head, that was born with him. Only if the dastard is slain, and I see this jewel brought hither, and fastened to thy head, O king, will I live.[1] That is my resolve." She then entrusts Bhīma—whom she a long time ago put to trial as a rescuer in need, and whom she now, therefore, praises and spurs on—with carrying out the revenge (x, 10.24 ff.).[2]

When then at long last the kingdom is in Yudhishṭhira's hands, he begins a long lament, is tortured by remorse, and

[1] This of course is a wonderful stone of the kind often found in the tales: whoever wears it is proof against all fear and danger; hunger and want, sickness and weapons have to leave him unscathed, even gods, demons, and spirits have no hold on him. See in my Daçakum., p. 166; K. Fleck's *Flore und Blancheflur*, 2884 ff.; 6713 ff.; Hagen's *Gesamtab.*, i, 463. With this piece of the MBh. cp. Bhāgavata-purāṇa, i, 7.14 ff. (Arjuna brings A. before Draupadī, and cuts the jewel out of his head).

[2] Probably after Sītā's celebrated example, Draupadī, when she is alone once in the forest of banishment, is carried off, and by King Jayadratha. But the Pāṇḍavas very quickly follow him, he lets go his fair booty, and flees. Yudhishṭhira advises Bhīma and Arjuna, who follow up the pursuit of the insolent fellow, to spare his life. This arouses the utmost fury in the injured Draupadī, and she hotly demands his death (iii, 271.43 ff.).

wants to go off into the penitential forest. Draupadī then shows him that by this he is doing ill by his brothers, who have shared all pains with him, and should now have their reward. "He that hath lost his manhood cannot rule the earth, he cannot enjoy riches, in his house the sons can as little dwell, as fishes in the mud. Without punishment inflicted no king is possible. To bear love towards all beings, to make gifts, to study, to practise asceticism—this is the virtue of the Brahman, not of the ruler. To hinder the wicked, to help the good, and not to flee in the fight—this is the highest virtue of the ruler. Through thy blindness the fight now has been for nought. If the oldest and highest is crazy (unmatta), then all that follow him are crazy too. Were thy brothers not crazy, then they would put thee and the wrong thinkers in prison, and rule the earth themselves. He that thus goes astray should be treated with fumigations, salves, sneezing remedies, and medicines by a physician.[1] I am most contemptible among all women in the world, I who even so, robbed of my sons,[2] still wish to live. If they were still alive and doing, then I should not now be uttering my words to the winds. But thou art leaving the whole earth to itself, and thyself rushing into unhappiness" (xii, 14).[3]

All this suffering and more, too, she has to bear,[4] for though she is a soul of fire, and a wonder of beauty, yet, like so many of her kind, she is unhappy in her marriage, and this through her own fault—the only man that is worthy of her, Karṇa who is made for her, she scornfully rejects in a supercilious blindness, and clings to a Brahman beggar.[5] One husband was what

[1] As one out of his mind.

[2] I read vinākṛitā (cp. 27.22). But K., too, has vinikṛitā: "mortified through my sons (through their cruel death)," an unnatural way of expression.

[3] Read kurushe in çl. 37.

[4] While living in the wilderness she is once even carried off by a Rākshasa, but quickly and once for all set free by Bhīma through the monster's death—a weak copy of the Rāmāyaṇa motive.

[5] What may the original lyrical poetry or the saga have had instead of the later priestly nonsense of Draupadī's choice of a husband? Karṇa and Draupadī—Siegfried (he, too, according to the

she wanted, as every noble woman, and to give all her life and being up to him : five was what she got, and, oh ! greatest sorrow of all, none can be called a proper man—Yudhishṭhira is a poor creature, Arjuna a virtuous puppet of Brahman favour, the two twins hover like shadows through the poem ; it is only through the veins of the kindly, but not altogether polished or quick-witted Berserker Bhīma that red blood flows (cp. v, 90.46 ; K, iv, 22.115).

And yet they all five have divine fathers, and what is still better, an excellent and truly human mother. Kuntī also is an heroic woman, who not only nobly and steadfastly bears all the misery that comes upon her through her foes and her own sons, but who also, like Draupadī, strives to urge on her sons, above all their head, and to work them up to deeds. When Kṛishṇa, as a messenger of the Pāṇḍavas comes to Hāstinapura to treat with the foe, she is overwhelmed with sorrow and with joy ; now she sees someone that has come from her beloved sons and the daughter-in-law just as well beloved, and can give her news of the far ones. But alas ! they are in misery, and the poor mother herself has not seen her dear ones for the last thirteen years or more ; and she has to bear a heavy burden, quite alone as she is among hostile men and forces. With a voice choked with tears, and a " parched mouth " she makes searching inquiries after them all, is filled with the tenderest anxiety as to how they are faring in the wilds, and bewails her own lot : in reality, she says, she is dead, and dead for her are her children. But then the Kshattriyā comes out in her. She charges Kṛishṇa to tell her sons : " Do not act wrongly, so that your great duty may not suffer harm. Shame on the woman who lives, like me, in dependence on strangers ! Let not time go by. Do not act so basely, else will I turn my back

Edda a foundling), and Brunhild (whose flickering flames likewise mark her as a fire-being)—may in it perhaps have been bound together by more intimate relations before the Fire Maid came to her Gunther. Useless dreams ! *Ignoramus et semper ignorabimus*. It is, indeed, possible, nay very probable that even in the older Pāṇḍava saga, probably under strong priestly influences from the first, the brothers, disguised as members of the Brahman caste, wooed the princess of Pañcāla.

on you for ever. The warrior must give up even his life, if the time demands it. That was not yet a sorrow, that the kingdom was taken from you, and that ye were beaten in the gaming and banished. But what greater sorrow could there be than that that tall, that dark woman came to the hall in but one garment, and heard the rough words? In her sickness she with the lovely hips, ever joyfully submissive to Kshattriya duty, found no protecting lord, she Kṛishṇā, that indeed has protecting lords" (v, 90; cp. 137 and xv, 17.9 ff.). Kṛishṇa's mission does not bring peace but the still greater hatred that he himself wishes for, and when he goes away again, Kuntī gives him a long message for her sons. Stormy, hot utterances on manliness, heroism, strength of will, and mighty deeds stream from her lips. Fire darts from her words (v, 132. 5–137, particularly finely in 133). It is true that the most magnificent and far the longest part of her speech does not give her own words directly, but Vidulā's. The son of this woman, truly queenly not only by position, but in her soul, too, has been brought by his foes into a wretched plight, and yields himself to it, sluggish and inactive. Then his mother rouses him; and her cast of mind and her words are among the most elevating and most powerful things, not only in the Mahābhārata, which is rich in such passages, but probably, too, in all that the world's literature knows of martially virile inspired dithyrambs. Here we give a few strophes only, which, indeed, come out very feebly in the bald and as far as possible literal prose rendering. Kuntī says among other things: "Say, O Keçava, to King Yudhishṭhira, the soul of duty: 'Let thy great duty not be harmed, O son; do not act wrongly. O king, thou art a simple learned man without insight; thy mind, spoiled by babbling and prating, looks only on the right and on pious virtue. Up! Up! Look but on the right and virtue as thou wast made by God: from (Brahma's) arms the warrior was made, and he lives by the heroic strength of his arms. Fight in accordance with the law and duty of the warrior, make not thy forbears to sink. Let not thy virtuous merit disappear, and go not with thy brothers towards an evil fate after death. There was once the very great Vidulā, gifted with glowing anger, born in a noble family, shining,

joyfully devoted to the law of the warrior, self-checked, far-seeing, famed in the king's assemblies, one whose words were hearkened to,[1] who had learned much, and was of royal blood. She did upbraid her son, who had been conquered by the king of the Indus territory (Sind), and lay there with a sad and pitiable heart : " From me thou art not sprung, nor from thy father. Whence then art thou come ? Without the glow of anger, one that does not count, a man with a eunuch's organs, thou goest along without hope, so long as thou livest. Ho ! thou man of no account, raise thyself, lie not there thus overcome, a joy unto all thy foes, a sorrow for thy kindred, without the conscious pride of self. Easily filled is a wretched small river, easily filled the folded fore-paws of a mouse, easily satisfied a man of no account ; he avows himself satisfied with the very least.[2] Break out the tooth of the snake even, and so sink swiftly into death, or rush into danger, and show a hero's strength in life. Wheel this way and that, as the fearless falcon in the air, and spy out the foeman's weakness, either raising the battle call, or hovering silently. Wherefore dost thou lie thus like a dead man ! Why like one whom the thunderbolt has struck down ! Up, thou worthless man ! Rise and sleep not, overcome by thine adversary. Go not under as a pitiable wretch ; make thyself renowned through thine own deeds. Stand not in the middle, stand not behind ; lie not deep below as a thunderstruck weakling. Blaze up, if it is only for a moment, like the brand of tinduka-wood ; smoke not like a flameless fire of husks, thinking only of how to live. To blaze up for a moment, that is magnificent, but not to smoke a long time.[3] O may in no king's family a patient gentle ass be born. If a man has done all that men can, if in the race he has swept along to the utmost limit of his strength, then he has paid his debt to duty, and need not upbraid himself. Whether he reach the goal

[1] Or : " famed, one whose words were hearkened to in the session of the rulers."

[2] Cp. *Hindu Tales*, p. 305, ll. 9 and 10.

[3] Cp. xii, 140.19 (translated in note 60 on p. 249 of my book, *Isoldes Gottesurteil*, where through the mistake of the printer Mahābh. xiii, is given).

or no, the wise man does not grieve; he hastens to the immediate deed [1]; he has no yearning for the good things of life. Unfold thy hero's courage in the light, or go the way which for all is sure, letting thy duty walk before thee [2]; for wherefore art thou really alive? Lift up thy race, which because of thee and of itself has sunk deep. He whose deeds and life are not so great and wonderful that men speak of them does but add to the heap, and is neither man nor woman. If a man's renown for open-handedness, asceticism, truth, for art and science, or for acquiring worldly goods does not rise high, then he is only his mother's excrement. He that outshines men in learning, or in asceticism, in pomp and power or in heroic strength, he is a man—through deeds. May no woman bear a son that is without angry, impatient passion (amarsha), without energy, without manly courage, and that does but give joy to his foes—that is a curse bearing the name of son. Be not smoke, but a mighty rising flame; be stout in the attack, and slay the foemen. Be flame on thy adversaries' heads, even if it be but for an hour, even but for a moment. A man is a man only when [3] he is filled with angry passion, when he bears with nothing patiently; the patient man without anger is neither man nor woman. Content and pity destroys fortune and greatness, so, too, these two: want of energy and fear; he that does not strive, does not win greatness. Turn thy heart to iron, and then once more seek thine own. It is from being fit for the highest things that man is called man.[4] He bears the name in vain who lives on earth like a woman. When all beings live on a man as on a tree with ripe fruit, then his life has an end and meaning. The man who through his own strength, and full of deeds, brings his life into the heights,[5] wins fame in this world, and

[1] Ānantaryam ārabhate. Cp. Rām., vi, 41.59; MBh., vii, 32.3. In all three passages, indeed, "unbroken series (absence of intervals) would also be possible, that is: "he is unbrokenly active."

[2] Less likely: Wherefore art thou alive, who hast only virtue before thine eyes?

[3] Literally: in so far as . . .

[4] Purushaḥ, thus, it would seem, = puru + √ sah (çl. 35).

[5] Literally somewhat as follows: brings his life forwards and upwards (abhyujjīvati). On the other hand in xii, 141.63 clearly: to support life.

a shining lot in the world beyond. If a man is a warrior, and, wishing only to live, shows not, to the best of his power, fiery strength in bold deeds, then he is deemed a thief. We are they with whom others find refuge and sustenance, and we hearken to no one ; if I have to live in dependence on another, then I will leave life behind me. Be thou our shore in the shoreless, our ship where there is no ship, give us dead ones life again. I know the heart of the Kshattriya man as it ever and always is, as it has been proclaimed by fore-fathers and their forefathers, by descendants and the descendants of descendants,[1] made to be everlasting and deathless by Prajāpati. Only upwards shall he strive, never must he bow himself, for in upward striving is manhood ; he may break in irreparable misfortune,[2] but never on earth bow before any man.[3] For fighting is the noble man made, and for victory. Whether he conquers or is overcome,[4] he goes into Indra's world. And even in Indra's holy house in heaven there is not that happiness the warrior feels who has trodden

[1] Pūrvaiḥ pūrvataraiḥ proktaṃ paraiḥ paratarair api.

[2] Aparvaṇi. Literally : where there is no joint, where one cannot bend and slip out. Here the explanation of the schol. is wrong. But he is right in giving in v, 127.19 the paraphrase aprastāve "where there is no favourable opportunity". Parvan also means : "appointed time", and according to Wilson's dictionary then even "opportunity". Perhaps aparvan goes with it (that is = "not an opportunity").

[3] Of course here, too, a "hornless ox" of Brahmanic race has been eager to hold its court in the shrine—the following strophe is then smuggled in : "Like a rutting elephant let the man of great self go about the world, but before the Brahmans and the law let him always bow, O Sañjaya." Very remarkable, too, is the relationship with the çloka which after the same utterance in v, 127.20 has been dragged into Duryodhana's splendid speech. But it is left uncertain whether our "elephant" (mātaṅga) begot the Muni Mātaṅga, or the other way round ; but probably the first is the case. Mātaṅgavacana might even barbarously perhaps mean "The elephant's word". Then the mutual relation would be clear. The third repetition (xii, 133.9 ff.) also brings our utterance about the hero into relation with the beasts of the forest ; he can be broken, indeed, but never bent. Here the clumsy botchery is not found.

[4] Or perhaps better : "slain," of course, when he fights.

his foes beneath him. He gives up his own life, or he cuts down the foe ; there is no other way to bring him peace. The foolish man wants little that is unpleasing here on earth. He that in the world has little that is pleasing has certainly little that is unpleasing. But if a man has nothing pleasing (no great love, no fair happiness for which he strives), then he never wins dazzling greatness, and inevitably loses himself in nothingness, like the Ganges in the sea.[1] With all energy to raise himself, to watch, and to be ever exerting himself in deeds that lead to success—this is the whole duty of man ; he must never waver, he must only think : It will be. To such a one good fortune comes as the sun comes to the east." ' " The son reproaches his mother with having a heart of black iron ; what advantage is it to her, he asks, if her only son is dead ! But she will not give in ; and in the end he pulls himself together, and does what she wants.

[1] I read ihāprajñaḥ. If prajñaḥ is kept, then we must probably translate : " the (soberly) understanding man," that is, who has no uplifting of the soul. Cp. there vi, 26.11 ; xii, 237.3–10. Only he that loves little, and seeks little has little sorrow. " He to whom sorrow from love never came, to him, too, joy from love never came " (Gottfried's *Tristan*, 204 f.). " For he that lives more lives than one More deaths than one must die." O. Wilde, *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, end of iii. And : Whoso will climb high must leave much behind. Therefore does xiv, 50.18–30 set forth : The means of transport and food for the journey must be chosen aright, if a man will reach the most glorious end ; he must not cling to old opinions, nor to his Guru, etc. Let a man drive in the cart where the cart is possible, but otherwise let him press on stoutly afoot. Then : " It is only the great that are hit by happiness and unhappiness, but not other men," as the Jaina tale Agaladatta, translated by me in the Kāvyasaṃgraha, exclaims. Cp. Maila Talvio, *Silmä yössa*, p. 255 : Surullaja kärsimykselle kelpaa ainoastaan kaikkein jalain ihmisaines ; my *Hindu Tales*, p. 275 ; my *Isoldes Gottesurteil*, pp. 59 ; 249 ; and the mighty verses in MBh., v, 90.96–97 ; v, 8.53 ; xii, 25.28 ; 174.33 ff. : Great men love the peaks, the greatest sorrow, and more than human joy ; indeed, it is just these that are their only pleasure ; that which lies between is villagers' happiness. Indeed, only the wholly wise are truly happy, as are, too, the wholly stupid, but the crowd, which stands between them, is ever tormented.

Also Kuntī's fiery words seem not to have died out to no purpose. When she wishes to go off into the forest with Dhṛitarāshṭra, Yudhishṭhira says to her: "Formerly thou didst spur us on through the words of Vidulā, and we have listened to thy views, slain the foe, and won the kingdom; do not, then, leave us" (xv, 16.20–21). And she gives a short description of the dishonouring events we already know of, goes into a longer account of all that befell Draupadī in the gaming-hall, reminds her sons how unworthy of themselves their wretched inaction was, and how sore their plight, and declares that it is for this, not that she may herself enjoy royal splendour, that she goaded them on with Vidulā's speeches, tried to arouse their heroic strength (xv, 17).[1]

In the same way Kālī or Durgā, the wife of Çiva, which Çiva, as an upstart god, has not been bidden to the horse-sacrifice of Daksha, shows that, as a true woman, she is more concerned in outward honour, and above all in the honour of her beloved, than he is himself. At first he does not think any more evil, but she fires him on to taking revenge and disturbing the sacrifice (xii, 283 ff.).

[1] The later legends and history of the Rājputs tell of very many sisters to these Kshattriya women Draupadī, Kuntī, and Vidulā. Read there particularly Tod, *Rajasthan*, i, 65 (the heroic mother of the weak son); 656 (with what anger the Princess of Udipur welcomes her brave, but beaten, husband); 657 ff. (how the Princess of Kanauj chooses Pṛithvīrāja of Delhi at the Svayaṃvara, takes part in the battle that arises out of it, afterwards arouses her husband against the Moslems, and then, when he has fallen, dies); 661 ff. (Korumdevī, who is fired with love for Sadu of Pugal, although she is already betrothed to a rajah, weds her beloved, looks on at the fight that breaks out as a result, and heroically inflicts death on herself); 709 (the Amazon); ii, 507; 513–515 (the fiercely heroic mother).

XIX

Position, Rank, and Importance of Woman

THUS the share taken in events by the woman of the Epic is very important, whether it is by urging on and arousing, the more usual case, or by appeasing, and seeking to reconciliate. Thus Dhanaṃjaya, when Dhṛitarāshṭra wishes to question him alone on important matters, says that Vyāsa and Gāndhārī, the queen, must be there too, for "I should never care to say anything to thee in secret, for resentment might lay hold of thee. But those two can [1] persuade thee from resentment, O princess; for they are well versed in the law, ready, and quick at decision". And so it is done (v, 67.6, 7). In v, 129.1 ff. all try in vain to induce Duryodhana to be reconciled to the Pāṇḍavas; he goes off in a rage, and Kṛishṇa's advice is to bind the stubborn man and his fellows. Then Gāndhārī is called; she orders Duryodhana to appear before her, and she harangues him violently—though fruitlessly in this case—as has already been mentioned. In v, 148.28–36 she uses the same angry and energetic words towards him, here, too, in a deliberative gathering of the great ones of the kingdom, where she has her seat and vote with the men. Cp. also ii, 75, where she even advises the harshest and not at all motherly measures to be taken with him. When Yudhishṭhira has won the kingdom in the bloody battles, he first satisfies politeness by "announcing" or offering it to Dhṛitarāshṭra, Gāndhārī, and Vidura (xii, 45.11). He waits, too, on Gāndhārī before any of the others, and on Dhṛitarāshṭra only after her, when, being invited to Hāstinapura, he appears there (ii, 58.27 ff.).[2] See also iii, 9.1–3; 254.28, 34; v, 114.4 f.; vi, 49.8–12; 88.47; 89.6 ff.; xi, 11.1 ff.; xiv, 52.25 ff.

[1] Or: shall.

[2] The royal ladies, too, are among the few persons named as being visited by Arjuna and Kṛishṇa, before these two go away to Dvāravatī (xiv, 52.25 ff.). Cp. ii, 45.56 ff.

With Satyavatī's approval Bhīshma appoints Vicitravīrya as king (v, 173.6) ; with her consent he sets out to bring him his wives (i, 102.4). As soon as he has brought them to Hāstinapura, he tells his "mother" of all (v, 173.22 ff.) ; it is with her approval that the wedding takes place (i, 102.60 ; v, 174.4 ; cp. 176.49). So also he asks leave of her when he wishes to leave Ambā to her beloved (v, 175.1 ; 176.52) ; it is her, too, that he first tells of his coming fight with Paraçurāma, and she gives him her blessing (v, 178.72 f.) ; in the same way he tells her of the result of the battle (v, 186.12). After Citrāṅgada's death he carries on the government, together with her (i, 102.1 ; cp. 102.72, 73). As we have seen, she also takes care that an heir to the throne is begotten (i, 103 ff. ; cp. 110.3). When Yudhishṭhira starts on his journey to heaven, he leaves the care of the kings he has established to Subhadrā, the wife of Arjuna and grandmother of the heir to the kingdom (xvii, 1.6 ff.).

Thus do these Kshattriya women stand with the men in the most important matters.[1] It is even held that where there are no sons, maidens shall be dedicated as rulers (xii, 33.45). It is true that even the Strīrājya, or empire of the Amazons, has a king ; he comes to the Svayaṃvara at Rājapura (xii, 4.7) ; and we are assured that where a woman takes the reins everything comes to grief (v, 38.43). That the "regiment of women" did often really oppress the land may be clearly seen also from ii, 5.76. Thus a most significant saying of an Asiatic despotic ruler, who offers to give everything to her that enjoys his favour, is that of Daçaratha, when Kaikeyī at the news of Rāma's coming dedication as prince asks her old lover for a "favour" (iii, 227.22 ff. ; cp. Rām., ii, 10.27 ff.): "'Tis well. I will grant thee the gift of wishing. Take what thou wouldst have. Who that should not be killed is now to be killed ? Or who that is doomed to death shall be set free ? Whose belongings am I to give thee ? Or from whom shall they be taken away by me ? Which poor man is now to be made rich ? And which wealthy man is

[1] Cp. Tod, *Rajasthan*, i, 643, as to the wife : "The Rajput consults her in every transaction" (probably to be taken with a pinch of salt).

to be left with nothing? I am the king of kings on earth and the shield of the four castes. Do but say at once what thou needest."

And in other ways also the women do not sit aloof from the world and its joys, but experience all kinds of things beside the men. While the Pāṇḍavas and the Brahmans are sitting there in earnest discussion, Draupadī and Satyabhāmā come in, merrily jesting and laughing, and sit down with them. Satyabhāmā playfully asks Draupadī by what means she keeps such splendid heroes as the five brothers under her heel (iii, 233.1 ff.). When the Pāṇḍavas' army goes forth to Kurukshetra to the fight, Draupadī accompanies the troops as far as Upaplavya, and then comes home again with her women (v, 151.60). And as several of the highest ladies strike up a wailing for the dead on the battle field during the days of the fight, Draupadī among them, it is evident that they often come on a visit to the camp. The wives (kalatra) are taken right into the field, and on the march to the battle-field they are in the army's centre (v, 151.58; 196.26 f.).[1] And these are not only the life-mates of ordinary warriors,

[1] Cp. xii, 100.43. But it is uncertain in this passage whether the army is meant to be marching out to the battlefield, or attacking. Judging by the somewhat loose formation, indeed, one would be inclined to think rather of the last-named alternative. "In front let the army of the men be, of those armed with sword and shield, behind let the army of carts be, and in the middle the womenfolk." Or, since the carts and the women always go together at other times: "Behind and in the middle let the army of carts and the womenfolk be"? The carts (çakaṭā) are according to Nīl. on v, 196.26 bhāṇḍavanti anāṃsi "the waggons carrying the 'outfit'." By this is first of all meant all kinds of army implements (cp. e.g. v, 196.10), and then probably also table-ware, provisions, etc. In our passage, where āpaṇa is wanting, the carts may partly also contain traders' goods. These are anyhow also near the women. Cp. Kauṭilya, 565.7 ff.; but also 515.3–4; 516.21 ff. These passages, it is true, show that probably also in the Epic by kalatra are meant, above all, the wives of the soldiers. Cp. Kauṭ., 515.25 ff.—Droṇa's wife, Tārkshī, looks on in the battle between the Kauravas and the Pāṇḍavas, and is there wounded by an arrow and dies. Mārk.-Pur., ii, 34 ff.

but the royal wives, too, accompanied by their guards (xi, 29.65 ff. ; 30.3 ; 62.4 ff. ; x, 8.24 ff.).

Duryodhana goes off hunting and cattle-branding with his brothers and friends ; it is a glorious journey through the forest and country ; thousands of women go with them, as also townsmen with their wives (iii, 239 f.). So also King Sumitra and Pāṇḍu both take their wives when they go hunting (xii, 126.9 ; i, 114). We have already spoken of the picnics in the open air, and the lively share taken in them by the women-folk. A festival often mentioned is that already spoken of, the festival of Indra's banner (Indradhvaja). We have heard, too, of the festival in honour of the mountain Raivataka. It is splendidly bedecked for this, and food is brought out in plenty. "Palaces" are built there, and "wishing-trees" (kalpavṛiksha) planted. Music rings out, songs resound, there is dancing, the *jeunesse dorée* drives about in chariots gleaming with gold, there are swarms of townsmen and their wives, and the princely personages show themselves with harems of thousands, and sumptuous trains of music ; Kṛishṇa's elder brother here too sets his usual example, copied by very many, and reels about drunk (i, 218.9 ; 219).

It is a pleasure-seeking, merry-making world that opens before our eyes in the Epic. Feast-days, particularly religious occasions, were found there in plenty ; all kinds of shows and entertainments, as also extraordinary and fittingly welcomed events broke the monotony of life ; and the flock of women, high and low, threw themselves into the waves of pleasure, merry, greedy to see and hear, and, so far as possible, taking an active part. There they showed themselves in all their finery, and, of course, sought to be seen. How often we are told—in the Epic and the other literature—that on such occasions the streets were watered, the city was decorated with flowers, wreaths, garlands, bright cloths, flags, and so forth, while sham-fighters, dancers, mimes, and the like showed off their arts, and all the people jostled one another, and gave themselves up to merry-making. And when something really startling happened, or was displayed before the eyes of the crowd or of the smaller select circle, then, in the Epic world, clothing was waved in joyful applause, just as it is so

often painted for us in the Jātaka.[1] If anything special was going on below in the street, then from the houses, and from everywhere that gave a good opportunity for seeing, a thousand women's eyes looked down.

Men, women, and children come out from Hāstinapura to give a festal welcome to the Pāṇḍavas' envoy, Kṛishṇa (v, 86.17), and at his entry " the very great houses, too, (are) covered with women, and seem to totter under the burden " (v, 89.9). Not a soul has stayed at home, man or woman, child or greybeard, and the guest's horses cannot drive on for the throng (çl. 7). As he then drives in most splendid array to the royal assembly hall, women stand thickly crowded on balconies (vedikā, v, 94.26). Hundreds and thousands of women are at the windows, when Arjuna on his gold-hubbed chariot drives into the city of Dvārakā (i, 218.18). After the festival of the dead, Yudhishṭhira has dwelt a month long outside the city. He now comes back, and the houses on the main street almost give way under the crowd of women-onlookers singing the praises of him and his brothers (xii, 38.3 ff.). Especially when a battle has been won, and the conqueror comes back in triumph are the women again to the fore. So does King Virāṭa's son come back to the festally decked city, and youths and harlots, together with the young princess and her girl-friends, in choicest garb and ornaments come to meet him ; and the whole people and lovely women in magnificent ornaments, as also the army, and all kinds of loudly sounding musical instruments make up his escort (iv, 68.22 ff.). So, too, the public women and the young girls appear as the welcoming escort of the victor in iv, 34.17, 18, and elsewhere, as has already been described. The Kshattriyas and the women, but anyhow only those of the better kind, of higher rank, especially the noblewomen, are there drivin in chariots, too. So it is when the five sons of Pāṇḍu are

[1] Cp. e.g. my Daçakum., pp. 51, 52; Kalpasūtra, i, 100; Aupapātikas., ed. Leumann, § 1; Bhāgavatapur., i, 11.14 ff.; iv, 9.53 ff., and for the celukkhepana, Lalitavistara, ed. Lefmann, p. 145; MBh., i, 188.2, 23; 190.1; ii, 70.7; vi, 43.30; 121.28; vii, 19.19; 21.13; 109.32; 114.96; viii, 23.2; 86.9; 91.58; 61.4; Rām., v, 57.26.

brought by the Rishis to Hāstinapura, and the whole people streams out at their coming (i, 126.13). And when these princes and their cousins have then passed through the instruction, a splendid school festival is held, where they give proofs of their skill in arms. A mighty stand is put up for the king and the women. Broad, high-towering staging and costly compartments [1] the countrymen had to build. When the day had come, the king with his great men came into the "heaven-like stand, made of gold, adorned with jewels, hung with a net of pearls. And Gāndhārī, the excelling one, and Kuntī and all the king's wives with their serving-women and their following joyfully climbed onto the stages, as the wives of the gods onto Meru. The four castes with the Brahmans and the Kshattriyas at their head came quickly there out of the city, full of the yearning to see the princes' skill at arms. Through the loud-resounding musical instruments, and the joyously eager excitement among the people this gathering was like unto the high-billowing sea" (i, 134.8 ff.). Amidst the crash of music the warrior school-display then takes its course (135.6). The crowd billows and sinks in a mad confusion, thundering shouts and loud applause rise from the crowd of onlookers, when Arjuna, armed and in golden armour, shows himself to their admiring eyes (135.8 ff.). The most lively and strained attention follows what is happening on the stage. The wondrous son of the sun, Karṇa, unexpectedly rises and shines as a hostile star against the no less astonished light of the bowman's art, and threatens to obscure it; "rent in twain was the theatre, and two parties formed among the women" (136.27).

Then there were the great sacrifices of the kings and others, and the many private festal occasions, as, for instance, the feeding of Brahmans (often set on foot by women), whither all kinds of people streamed and made merry, and ate and drank their glorious fill; and women guests came to them, too, and made themselves as drunk as the men (i, 148.5 ff.). Further, women held puṇyaka, for instance, that is to say, celebrations to ensure their husband's love and to get a son;

[1] Çibikā. Perhaps less likely: balconies (or platforms). The P.W. throws no light.

at these the Brahmans served, and liked to appear in rich ornaments (i, 3.96).

And there was very much else also to see. So (according to ii, 23) there took place a mighty wrestling and boxing match between Bhīma and King Jarāsandha, and the women came thither, too, to delight their eyes and hearts at it (çl. 22). The ladies cannot have been over-delicate, for when we read of the hellish din which the warlike music of the Epic makes with its many instruments, to say nothing of the noise of the fight and the horrors of such exhibitions, we cannot but wholeheartedly wonder at the nerves of the weaker sex, that comes here with the crowd to the men's contest. The women take a great delight in heroes and heroic deeds. Whenever Arjuna shows himself in his panoply, the daughters of Brahmans and Kshattriyas, and Vaiçya maidens run up from their play to gaze on him—just as it is with us (v, 30.8). King Virāṭa makes the strong Bhīma give real gladiatorial displays before the beauties of his harem : boxing displays, trying his strength with wild lions, tigers, buffaloes, bears, and boars, and slaughtering them before the eyes of the ladies (iv, 8.10 ; 13.4 ; 19.5, 6 ; 71.5). They are also, it is true, entertained with milder arts. Eunuchs are appointed in the women's apartments to delight the women and the prince himself with tales and the rest. So Arjuna disguises himself as a eunuch, and enters into the service of King Virāṭa. He is skilled in singing, all kinds of dances, and the various musical instruments, and has other accomplishments. By the ruler's orders he is examined by women as to his sex, and declared to belong to the third—how that can be is left, indeed, in the dark—and then taken into the girls' dwelling, where he instructs the young princess and her girl friends in dancing, singing, and music (iv, 2.25 ff. 11.8 ff. ; and often in what follows after ; cp. vii, 64.11).[1]

Also when the heroes travel to visit kinsfolk or friends, they take their wives with them, at least at times. So the Pāṇḍavas, when they go to the dice-game, at Hāstinapura, as also Kṛishṇa, who with Satyabhāmā makes a visit to the

[1] According to iv, 45.12–15 he was then no eunuch ; while iii, 46.59 and K, 3.49 make him become really sexless for this one year owing to the curse of Urvaçī.

banished Pāṇḍavas in the Kāmyaka forest (iii, 183). No less so Subhadrā is allowed to accompany Arjuna, though it is true this is on a visit to her own home Dvāravatī (xiv, 52.55 ; 61.41). The womenfolk then naturally greet one another most lovingly, although the seemingly so gentle ladies may often have the same feelings at heart as Dhṛitarāshṭra's daughters-in-law, of whom we read : "When they saw the peerless loveliness, as it were, blazing up, of Draupadī, they were not in an altogether happy frame of mind" (ii, 58.33). So, too, they made one another the richest gifts, especially on great festal occasions, as at the horse-sacrifice (xiv, 88.1 ff.). But in general people did not hold much with wives travelling. A saying declares : "A blot (shameful stain) for the earth is the Bāhlīka, for the man the lie, for the good woman curiosity, and for wives travelling" (v, 39.80).[1]

It is now clear from what we have shown up till now that women of the "higher circles", especially those belonging to the warrior nobility, with whom the Epic is naturally most concerned, enjoyed no small measure of freedom. But the harem, too, is in the Epic an institution taken for granted, for the reason first of all that those of high standing often had many wives.

Polygamy is right for the man, but not for the woman : "Polygamy, O fair one, is no wrong for the men, but it is so probably for the women" (xiv, 80.14). Here as elsewhere it is also quite immaterial whether the husband is still alive or is dead ; for the woman one man is appointed, none along with him, none after him. So does the Brahman woman exhort her husband in i, 158.35, 36 to send her as sacrifice to the man-eating monster, for he can then take another wife. "And no blame is laid on the men that marry many wives, but very great blame is laid on women, if they offend their first husband (through a new marriage)." For : "This friendship the Maker has made an everlasting, deathless one" (xiv, 80.15). The indissolubility of this bond of friendship is therefore only a one-sided one. Still the man, too, has certain duties in his polygynic marriage. This is what the

[1] Vipravāsamalāḥ stṛiyaḥ, which here probably hardly means : When the husband goes off on a journey, the women enjoy themselves elsewhere.

old legend says : Daksha had twenty-seven daughters, the constellations. He married them to Soma, the moon. They were all without compare for beauty ; but Rohiṇī outshone even her sisters. Therefore the moon loved only her, and partook of love's joys with her alone. Then the others went in anger to their father and told him that their husband kept always with Rohiṇī ; therefore they wished to live with their father, and take refuge in asceticism. Daksha admonished the sinner : "Behave in the same way towards all thy wives that a great guilt may not come on thee." To his daughters he spoke : "Now he will treat you all the same, since I have so bidden him. Go back to him." But the evil man went on doing as before. The poor rejected ones came with new complaints to their father. He warned Soma : "Behave in like wise towards all thy wives that I may not curse thee." But the stubborn man gave no heed to his words ; the daughters once more took their anger and grief before their father, and begged him to see to it that the moon god should also give them his love. Then Daksha grew angry and sent a decline on the offender. Sacrifices and everything possible the moon, ever decreasing, undertook, but nothing helped. As a result the plants and herbs also vanished away, whose growth and strength, indeed, depends on the orb of night, the lord of plants ; and as these last grew dry and sapless, and had no new growth, all creatures suffered and died of hunger. The gods asked the moon what was the reason of his decline, and when he had told them, they begged Daksha to put a stop to the destruction of the world. He spoke : "The moon must always treat his wives exactly alike, and bathe himself in Prabhāsa, the holy pilgrimage-place of Sarasvatī. Then he will set himself free from the curse ; he will henceforth for a half month wane, and for a half month wax again" (ix, 35.45 ff. ; cp. xii, 342.57). Thus that curse that fell on him for his partiality is to-day still at work (xii, 342.57, 58).[1]

[1] Kāmasūtra, ed. Durgaprasad [2], p. 253 demands : "But if a man has gathered many wives, then let him be the same (to all)." According to Osman Bey, *Die Frauen i.d. Türkei* (Berl., 1886), p. 15, Mohammed also had required the man to love and treat his wives all alike. But the Prophet was far too experienced in matters of women to make

But that one wife should be preferred is so natural, that we often hear of it elsewhere, too, in the Epic ; and there the lot of the wife passed over is often a most touching one. So in Kauçalyā's case : beside his favourite wife Kaikeyī she is as nothing to her lord and husband Daçaratha, in spite of all her charms ; she then comforts herself with the thought that her son Rāma will bring her happiness and joy, but when he is to be consecrated as heir to the throne, her rival at the last moment snatches this stay away from her also : Rāma has to leave his mother, go into fourteen years' banishment, and hand over the kingdom to Bharata. "Like the slender shaft of the çāla-tree that is felled by the axe in the forest, the queen suddenly fell to the ground." She makes her plaint before her son : "The barren woman has one anguish of soul, but no other. 'Neither happiness nor joy have I ever had of my husband's manhood ; may I see them in my son,' so, my Rāma, I lived in hope. I shall have to hear many unlovely words from my fellow-wives that stand below me, words that stab the heart, I that am the highest, too. What could there be more painful for the wife than my grief and endless wail ! Even when thou wast still here, I was the hurt rejected wife ; how much the more will it be so when thou art gone ! Death for me is a certainty. Never held in love or honour by my husband, I was oppressed by Kaikeyī's waiting-women, although I am equal to her, nay better. Seventeen years are gone since thou wast born, and I have been longing for my care to pass. That it still lives, this I, who am so harshly treated, cannot long bear, nor the slights from my rivals, if I am no more to behold thy moon-like countenance. By fasting and magic

such a demand. In the 4th sura of the Koran we find : "It cannot be that you should feel the same love towards all your wives, even if you wish to. But you must do your best not to show an open dislike for any of your wives" (p. 70 in Ullmann's German transl., Bielefeld and Leipzig, 1881). And the poor man with many wives often honestly tries to do this, as can be seen, for instance, from p. 76 in Osman Bey.

On the waning moon Crooke, *Popul. Relig.*, i, 10–13. Soma, the moon, is also a giver of rain, and a god of fruitfulness. L. v. Schroeder, *Reden u. Aufsätze*, 409, 413 ; Meyer, Kauṭilya, index under "Mond" ; H. Winckler, *Die babylonische Geisteskultur* [2], p. 63.

and much hardship I, unhappy one, have in vain reared thee. For me there is assuredly no dying, and in the house of death there is no room for me, so that the god of death will not yet snatch me away, as the lion does violently a whimpering gazelle. My heart, it is evident, is strong, made of iron, since it breaks not—before the appointed time there is assuredly no dying" (Rām., ii, 20.32 ff.). So also Devayānī and her son in the Rāmāyaṇa (vii, 58.7 ff.) arouse the deepest pity. King Yayāti has two wives: Devayānī and Çarmishṭhā; he loves the latter, but not Devayānī. And in the same way all his tenderness goes to the favoured woman's son; but Yadu, the child of the shunned wife is the father's step-child. Then speaks Yadu to his mother: "Born in the race of Bhṛigu's son, of the god of unhindered deeds, thou bearest with sorrow that goes to the heart, and with contempt that is hard to bear. We too will go together into the fire. The king may go on taking his delight for long with the daughter of the Daitya. Or if thou canst bear it, then grant me leave. Do thou submit to it, I shall not; I am going to die, that is sure." When Devayānī heard these words from her weeping, deep-tortured son, she went in hot anger to her father, told him of her contemptible position, and threatened to kill herself, if he did not bring a change about. In his anger the holy man laid the curse on the evil-doer of falling a victim to old age now in his very youth.[1]

But even without such injustice from the husband enmity between his various wives appears in the Epic as normal and quite a matter of course.[2] Needless was the ethical teacher's sermon there: "For wives, besides intrigues with other men there is nothing to do them hurt in the world beyond, and besides hatred against the fellow-wife nothing to do them hurt in this world" (i, 233.26). Already the two daughters

[1] Cp. Vishṇupur. (Wilson), vol. i, p. 159 ff. (aṃça, i, adhyāya, xi, the legend of Dhruva); for Yayāti, Wilson, *Select Works*, ed. Hall, vol. iii, pp. 36–37. Schack, *Stimmen vom Ganges*, p. 189 ff., has given a poetical rendering of the tale of Dhruva after the Bhāgavatapur.

[2] Sapatnī means the fellow-wife, literally: the woman enemy. Cp. what Lane, *Arabian Society in the Middle Ages*, p. 245, says of the Arabic ḍarrah.

of Prajāpati, the maker of the world—Kadrū and Vinatā—wives of one man, quarrelled with one another, and the one as the result of a wager became the slave of the other (i, 20 ff.). The holy man Mandapāla in the form of a bird weds a hen-bird Jaritā. When she has laid four eggs, he leaves her, and goes off with another hen-bird, Lapitā. In the Khāṇḍava forest, where they dwell, the great fire now breaks out; he then wants to go off and see after his offspring. But Lapitā is very angry, and sulks: "Thou only wantest to go to my foe, and dost not love me any more as thou didst once." And when he then comes to the fledglings and their mother, they do not deign to give him one friendly look or word; only Jaritā throws at him: "Go away, do, to thy Lapitā!" (i, 229 ff., especially 233.7 ff., 24 ff.).—When Kuntī has got three sons; her fellow-wife Mādrī says to Pāṇḍu that she would also like to have children, but cannot in her jealous anger against her rival (saṃrambha) ask her herself; so he must be the one to make of her the request to help her fellow to have offspring. This, she says, will be well for him also. Kuntī teaches Mādrī how to go about it, and this obliging act is called a very hard thing (sudushkara). But she that is thus favoured gets at one swoop two sons from the Açvins, and then Kuntī is filled with moral indignation at the bad woman who has deceived her, she says, and filled with the fear that the hated one will become too powerful by having more children, and do her harm; therefore she refuses to get her any more sons (i, 124). That the fiery Draupadī does not look on with particularly kindly eyes, when her darling Arjuna brings home a new wife, Subhadrā, may be at once guessed. She flings the words at him: "Go, then, I pray, to where the daughter of Sātvata dwells. However tightly bound a bundle is, if it is tied up once more, then the first fastening becomes loose." Arjuna tries over and over again to reconcile and console her, and then sends his wondrous lovely new wife, clad in red silk and as a shepherdess, thus to show her lowly standing, into his women's apartment. Kuntī kisses the new-comer. The latter bows respectfully before her rival, and says: "I am thy servant." Then the deeply hurt lady makes the best of a bad thing, and clasps Subhadrā to her. "Now were the

hearts of the Pāṇḍavas, the great chariot-fighters, joyfully stirred, and Kuntī filled with the utmost joy" (i, 221.15 ff.). Cp. also xiv, 88.

As so often in the Indian writings, the loss, by a wife, of her standing to a new rival shows itself as one of the greatest sorrows on this earth already so full of sorrows. "The sorrow of him that loses his all, and of him whose son is slain; the sorrow of the wife that is robbed of her husband, and of him whom the king has laid hold of; the sorrow of the childless woman, and of him that already feels the tiger's breath on him [1]; the sorrow of the wife when her husband takes another besides, and of him that is convicted by witnesses—these sorrows are alike" (ii, 68.81 ff.). So also in v, 35.31, 32, among those who spend dreadful nights is found the adhivinnā strī, the wife who is put in the background through a new wife being taken (This çloka is = Nārada, i, 203. Cp. Meyer, *Altind. Rechtsschriften*, 109–11; Kauṭilya, index under "Überheiratung"). No wonder if she then often left her husband's house in anger, as we may conclude from Manu, ix, 83.[2]

[1] Vyāghrāghrāta. So far as I remember, āghrā is found in this peculiar usage only with the tiger. According to the lexicographers and the commentators (e.g. Mālatīmādhava, v, 29) it means "to catch hold of" (gṛih). But I think that it has, at least originally, the meaning "to follow the scent of, to follow after". So we read in MBh., vii, 128.9: "Thy followers in the battle ran away, like gazelles scented (tracked) by the tiger." It cannot mean "caught hold of" there.

[2] True jealousy is foreign to the primitive woman, at least as a rule. The wife of the proud owner of many wives is often as proud of this mark of the power and influence of her lord as is the wife of the rich upstart of his money-bags, and with not less reason. Indeed, the wife is often even angered, if her skinflint husband does not find her a new help for the household. Envy, indeed, is inseparable from woman, and Jean Paul therefore holds that all women should really go to hell, since there they could have so splendid a chance of showing their fairest and strongest virtue—sympathy, whereas in heaven at the sight of all the glories, particularly of their sisters, envy would almost kill them (in *Quintus Fixlein*, first edit. of the collected works, vol. 4, p. 118 f.). The husband with many wives has therefore even among savages his troubles at home, because each of his wives is always watching him to see whether the other is not getting something she her-

self has not, and so forth. Here Mark Twain has seen the truth very clearly in the delightful 15th chapter, vol. i, of *Roughing It*. Cp. e.g. Hertel, *Indische Märchen*, p. 131 f. When culture becomes higher, envy does not grow less, and true jealousy is found more and more; and in spite of all the men and women defenders who have come forward among us on behalf of the Oriental harem, and in spite of the apparent exaggeration in many cases of what has been written of the unhappiness of women in the harem, it still remains true that we see there picture after picture of hatred and darkness. Here we give only one or two examples from Old India. "What is the greatest sorrow of the woman?" the king of Benares asks his wife. She answers: "Anger at her rival" (Jāt., No. 489). Cp. e.g. Shib Chunder Bose, *The Hindoos as They Are*, 38 ff.; 229 ff.; espec. 40; Bulloram Mullick, *Home Life in Bengal* (1885), pp. 26–28; Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, ii, 120. If a woman cannot have her revenge in this life, then she will probably at her own wish become a Yakkhinī after death, and eat the hated woman's children away (Jāt., Nos. 510, 513; cp. vol. v, p. 39 f.). "Of enmities, that between a head wife and a secondary one is the worst" (Schiefner, *Bull. d. St. Petersburger Akad.*, Bd. 24, col. 503; cp. Bd. 23, col. 558). One or two drastic happenings in a household of this kind are given in the passage from the Petavatthu which I have given in note 2 to p. 305 of the Daçakum. Here the fifty daughters of Māndhātar in the tale of the holy man Saubhari are worthy of remark; it is told by the Purāṇas as an example of life in the house constantly increasing the wishes. These princesses are all married to this Ṛishi, who uses his wonderful powers among other things to split himself up into fifty husbands full of love, and each of the wives complains now to her father of one thing only: that the husband is always with her only, and neglects the other forty-nine. So Wilson's Vishṇupur., vol. iii, p. 273 ff. See also my *Hindu Tales*, p. 60, note 1. But a still greater self-denial is shown by the faithful wife of a Brahman in Mārkaṇḍeyapur., xvi, 14 ff.: She has a leper husband, and treats him most lovingly in spite of all his hideousness and spiteful outbursts of anger. He now wants her to introduce him to a beautiful hetæra, and she cheerfully sets about doing so. She acts therefore according to the commandment: "Let the wife show every kindness to the woman with whom her husband is in love" (MBh., K, xiii, 250.13); and according to the ideal put forward in Kāmasūtra, ed. Durgaprasad [2], pp. 242–246 and 250 (the two last sūtras). A picture such as this of deep yearning is painted in glowing colours by the great English painter and poet, William Blake: "She shall begin to give her maidens to her husband, delighting in his delight; And

All the splendour of the court must then usually have but little lightened the pain in the soul even of the ruler's wife, perhaps sometimes have strengthened it still more, even when she saw herself still outwardly honourably treated as before by her husband. This harem life, anyhow, is luxurious enough, as the Epic paints it for us in glowing colours. So, for instance, that of Rāvaṇa (Rām., v, 9 ff.). Even the captive Sītā is housed in a fairy-like açoka-grove, which ravishes the senses with endless scented lotus-ponds, all kinds of trees, birds, and beasts, splendid palaces, and a thousand other glories (Rām., v, 15.1–15; 18.6–9). The dwelling of the favourite Kaikeyī is thus described in Rām., ii, 10.11 ff. : Parrots, peacocks, plovers, and swans were to be seen there; musical instruments resounded; hunch-backed and dwarf women ran here and there; arbours of climbing plants, and painted houses met

then, and then alone begins the happy female joy." "Milton," p. 32, ll. 17 ff. Cp. the dithyrambs : "I cry : Love ! Love !" etc. in his "Vision of the Daughters of Albion", p. 7 (both in Ellis's edit.). See there especially the verses : "But silken nets and traps of adamant will Oothon [the wife] spread And catch for thee girls of mild silver, or of furious gold . . . Oothon shall view his dear delight, nor e'er will jealous cloud Come in the heaven of generous love, nor selfish blightings bring." The pair of women rivals in the Mṛicchakaṭikā is well known, who outbid one another in "nobility of mind"; and in Kālidāsa's Mālavikā and Agnimitra the thoughtful queen; as also, at the end, the praise of the wife who even finds new ladies for her lord's heart, because, she says, the river carries hundreds of streamlets with it to the sea. See, too, my Daçakumāracaritam, p. 305. But despite these and other like cases there is found, so far as I know, in India no historically vouched for example of the kind told us of his own wife by an Arab historian, according to Lane, *Arabian Soc. in the Middle Ages*, p. 246 : She bought handsome girls for her husband, and hoped to be rewarded in heaven for her friendliness towards her husband. Cp. the Turkish examples in Osman Bey, 136 ff.; 143 ff.; as also the Chinese wife whose husband falls in love with another woman, and who uses every means for him to get her (Dunlop-Liebrecht, 523b). There are other such cases. He that knows will understand them too. Of the Thongas in South Africa we are even told : "So indifferent are the women to their husband's morals that they will play the go-between for them in their overtures to other girls." Hartland, *Primit. Patern.*, ii, 207.

the eye; campaka-trees and açoka-trees spread their leaves and flowers; handsome seats of gold, silver, and ivory invited one to rest; cakes and the most various dishes and beverages enticed the palate; and all was decked out as the gods' own heaven. The soft luxury, the pomp and splendour of the palaces, the mighty army of servants and hangers-on, the debauchery in eating and drinking, the bestowal of gifts on the Brahmans and supplicants, and their feeding; the sacrificial festivals, and so on—in short, the whole Eastern court of the rulers is very often touched on or drawn by the Epic. It is, however, true that the later a certain piece seems to be, the more the poet also intoxicates himself with this overflowing luxury; while where older conditions are reflected there often can be seen an extraordinary simplicity in the life of the Kshattriyas.

Needless to say, there is no wish to find these soft delights lacking in war and in the armed camp. Yudhishṭhira's morning goes on, as it is described in vii, 82, quite as at court: the court singers and congratulators sing and recite, other singers are heard, the dancers dance, all kinds of musical instruments resound. Thus the prince awakes,[1] then goes into his bathing apartment; there, having put on his thin bath-robe, and seated himself on a splendid seat, he has sandal-water, consecrated with prayers, poured over him from gold vessels by a hundred and eight white-clad bath-servants, is rubbed with ointment (kashāya = sarvaushadhyādikalksa), and sprinkled with scented water; he carries out his sacrifices, bestows gifts on the flocks of Brahmans in his usual crazed way, and so forth. All this after so many days of murderous fighting.—And the Kauravas take counsel comfortably stretched out like the deathless gods on the most splendid couches spread

[1] When the Pāṇḍavas come on a visit to their cousins to play dice, they are sung to sleep by women (ii, 58.36). The king is, indeed, always to go to bed and to rise to the sound of music. Kauṭilya, transl., 47.14 ff.; MBh., i, 218.14; ii, 5.86; v, 94.6 ff.; Yājñav., i, 330. His person is so precious and so exposed to danger; but music drives away magical evil; indeed, the knowledge of music leads to redemption. Yājñav., iii, 115 f.

with costly rugs (viii, 10.7). Even at the time of the final blood-bath carried out by Açvatthāman he finds Dhṛishṭadyumna lying on a "great linen-white bed, spread with costly rugs, decked with the most splendid wreaths, perfumed with incense and sweet-smelling powder" (x, 8.12 ff.). Cp. ix, 29.70–72. The women could accompany their husbands into the camp. So, too, Draupadī took many women and serving-girls with her into banishment in the penitential forest (iv, 4.4, and elsewhere), a description due, of course, to later revisers, and one that does not tally at all with many other statements in the Epic. (Cp. e.g. Dubois-Beauchamp [3], p. 678 f.)

For the guarding of the women's apartments there are the often-mentioned "wardens": old men and eunuchs; and the need and duty of a strict watch on the harem and women in general is often emphasized; for the woman has an insatiable sexual appetite—on this something will be said later—and she can never be trusted. On the other hand the Epic is always declaring that all watching over women is useless. Indeed, he who watches over them not only beats the air with his fist, but goes to hell (v, 37.1–6). Bhīshma speaks (xiii, 40.13 ff.): "Love of scandal and the lust of sex did the Maker give to women. The man can in no wise preserve them—even were he the All-Maker, and how much less earthly men. Whether it be by words or blows or bonds or pain of various kinds—women cannot be preserved by anything; for they are always unbridled. And yet I was once told of the following case, how in times gone by, the safe-keeping of his teacher's wife was really brought about by Vipula. There was a most excellent Ṛishi, famous under the name of Devaçarman. His wife was called Ruci, and in beauty had not her like on earth. Gods, Gandharvas, and Dānavas were intoxicated by her beauty, but particularly Indra, the slayer of Vṛitra. Now the great Muni Devaçarman knew the ways of women, and looked after his wife to the best of his powers; and he knew full well that Indra, breaker of strongholds, gives free play to his lusts with other men's wives. Therefore did he keep watch on his wife with a strong hand. Now one day the Ṛishi wished to make a sacrifice (for someone), and thought

within himself: 'How could my wife be safely kept?' When he had thought out in his mind a way of keeping her, the great penitent called his beloved disciple Vipula, the child of Bhṛigu, and spoke unto him: 'I am going away to make a sacrifice, and since the ruler of the gods is ever following Ruci, do thou watch over her with all thy strength. Thou must ever be watchful against Indra, the stormer of strongholds. For he takes on the most manifold shapes, O best of the Bhṛigus.' Thus by him addressed, Vipula answered, 'Yes' —he, rich in penance, with bridled senses, ever given to strict asceticism, comparable to fire and the sun in brightness, with knowledge of virtue, a speaker of truth. And he in turn, asked the departing teacher: 'What forms, then, has Çakra, if he comes, O Muni? Of what kind is his appearance and his power? Do thou tell me that.' Then did he blessed with grace make known Çakra's juggling trickery to the high-souled Vipula according to the truth. Devaçarman spoke: 'Many-sided is the trickery of the holy and august Indra. He takes on this being, and that, many kinds of being, always and again. He wears a tiara, he carries the thunderbolt, a bow, he wears a diadem; he wears ear-rings, and then looks at one moment like a Caṇḍāla. Then he appears again with bushy hair on the top of his head, with plaits, in bark clothing, at one time as a man with a mighty body, at another as a thin wearer of bark clothing. Also he takes on light, and dark-blue, and black colouring. He appears as one ugly and one handsome, as a youth and as an old man, as a Brahman and as a Kshattriya, as a Vaiçya and as a Çūdra. . . . Another time he takes on the shape of parrots, crows, swans, kokilas, lions, tigers, and elephants. And he wears the outward semblance of a god, of a Daitya, or of kings. As one well-fed, as one crazed,[1] as a bird, as one misshapen, as a four-legged beast—in many shapes does the fool further show himself. He also takes on the outward likeness of flies, gnats, and so on. None can take hold of him, not even the All-Maker by whom this

[1] Or: as one possessed, as one with the falling sickness (vāyubhagnāṅga). Cp. my Daçakum., p. 241; Jolly, *Medizin*, pp. 118, 119; Ward, *View of the Hindoos* [5], p. xxii; Kathākoça, p. 157; Petav., ii, 6.1; and many other passages.

world was made. And then again Çakra is hidden, and he is seen only with the eyes of (supernatural) knowledge. Further the king of the gods also changes himself into wind. Thus is the chaſtiser of Pāka ever going into changes.[1] Therefore, O Vipula, look thou after this slender one so that the evil-minded Indra may not slobber over Ruci, like a dog over the offering laid there for an appointed[2] holy ceremony.' When the Muni had so enlightened him, that moſt excellent Devaçarman then went to carry out the sacrifice. When Vipula had heard these words of his teacher, he took thought, and kept the ſtricteſt watch againſt the moſt mighty king of the gods. 'What can I do now to preserve my teacher's wife? For this ruler of the deathless ones is rich in magical lore, and it is hard to lay hold of the skilful one. The chaſtiser of Pāka cannot be kept away by shutting up the hermitage or the leaf hut; for his power of making many changes is too great. Even in the shape of the wind Çakra might sully my teacher's wife. Therefore I will go into this Ruci, and now ſtay in her. As a man,[3] however, I cannot preserve her. For one hears that the holy chaſtiser of Pāka has many shapes. I will protect her through the power of yoga from him. I will make my way into her, limb by limb,[4] to keep her. If my teacher now comes back to find his wife something left over from what has been enjoyed (ucchiṣṭhā), the great penitent with the godlike knowledge will undoubtedly curse me in his wrath. . . . But if I were to be successful (in keeping her really pure) then I should have performed a miracle. Through yoga the penetrating into the body of my teacher's wife is possible. Thus will I abide in her with a collected and heedful mind, not clinging like a shifting drop of water on the lotus leaf. For me who am free of the caſt of passion that will be no sin.

[1] Already Rigveda, iii, 53.8 says that Indra takes on many shapes through his māyā.

[2] Or: that has been ſtarted (upahita).

[3] Or: through manly address (paurusheṇa).

[4] Or after all better: "Into her limbs I will penetrate with my limbs," that is, according to what is shown by what comes after: with the spiritual, ruling power in each limb I will sink myself in the corresponding limb of Ruci.

For as the wanderer on the road goes into an empty rest-house, so will I make the body of my teacher's wife my lodging (cp. xii, 320.172, 188). Thus shall I dwell in her body with collected mind.' Learn now, O lord of the earth, how this child of Bhṛigu practised the greatest care after he had thus looked from every side at what is right and at the Vedas of the Vedas, had looked on his teacher's and his own bountiful asceticism, and had thus in his mind resolved on taking her into his care. As his teacher's wife and he sat there, the great penitent Vipula enticed her of the faultless limbs into correspondence with his purpose.[1] With his eyes, with their bridles, Vipula linked the bridle of her eyes, with her organ his organ, and with her mouth his mouth, and so penetrated into her body as wind into space.[2] Without stirring, the Muni abode there, hidden, like a shadow. Then Vipula dwelt in the body of his teacher's wife, strengthening and wholly filling it, and heedfully thinking always of the care of her ; and she noticed him not at all.[3] All the time, so long as the teacher of this high-minded one had not completed the sacrifice and came not home, he watched over her.[4] Then came one day the ruler of the gods, thinking : 'This is a good opportunity' ; he came in celestial embodiment and

[1] That is, he drew all her attention in a certain direction, enticed her away, according to K (75.57) by telling tales (kathārthaiḥ instead of yathārthe).

[2] That is, he permeated her with his mind, so that the guiding activity (" the bridle ") which goes forth to every limb no longer came in her case from her own mind, but from his : her eyes were governed by the power of his mind which was directed to the control of his own eyes ; in the same way her sexual parts and her mouth were under the government of the corresponding activities of his mind. " Bridle " is better than " beam " for the reason that raçmiṃ raçmibhiḥ stands on the same footing with lakshaṇaṃ lakshaṇena, etc. Cp. xii, 320.17, where the translation should be the same.

[3] Cp. how in the same way the begging nun Sulabhā through yoga goes into the body of King Janaka (xii, 320) ; or how Vidura by the power of yoga goes into Yudhishṭhira (xv, 26.25 ff.).

[4] Or perhaps rather : " He waited for the time when the teacher of this gloriously-natured man should come home after completing the sacrifice " ?

shape to this hermitage. When the king[1] had taken on an incomparable, enticing beauty, and become a most glorious sight to see, he came into the penitential grove. He saw Vipula's body sitting there without stirring, with staring eyes, as though he were only in a picture, and saw Ruci with the splendid corners of the eyes, the swelling hips and breasts, the great eyes like a lotus leaf, and the face that was as the full moon. When she saw him she was minded to rise up quickly and greet him, amazed at his beauty, and wished apparently to say: 'Who art thou?' But as she would have risen, she was hindered by Vipula; held back, O ruler of men, she could not move. To her spoke the ruler of the gods with very fair and soft words: 'Know, O brightly smiling one, that I am the king of the gods, that I am come hither for thy sake, tortured by the love that has sprung from my longing for thee. Therefore, do thou receive me,[2] O thou with the lovely brows, before the favourable time goes by.' The Muni Vipula heard Çakra, the head herdsman of the gods, thus speaking, saw him, as he abode in the body of his teacher's wife. And the faultless one could not rise to meet him, and could not speak, being withheld by Vipula. But the child of Bhṛigu understood the mien of his teacher's wife, and the most mighty one held her back by force through his yoga. And he bound all her senses with yoga bonds. But when Çacī's husband still saw no change in her, he spoke shamefacedly to her that was bewildered through the power of yoga: 'Come! come!' Then she would have answered him. But Vipula twisted the words of his teacher's wife—'Ho! what is thy purpose in coming hither?' sped the words, adorned with rightful speech,[3] from her moonlike face. But she stood shamefaced there, when she had spoken these words under the stress of another. And Indra stood there, and was filled with confusion; and when he saw her unnatural condition, the thousand-eyed king of the gods gazed at it with his divinely searching look. Then he saw that the Muni was

[1] This sounds strange, and probably we should have janādhipa (instead of -paḥ): When he, O king, etc.

[2] Read saṃprāpnuhi instead of saṃprāptaṃ hi.

[3] Saṃskārabhūshaṇā; she thus probably spoke Sanskrit.

within her body, like the reflection in the looking-glass, having gone into the body of his teacher's wife. When the breaker of strongholds saw this man, endowed with terrible asceticism, he trembled in deep fear, filled with dread of his curse. But the great penitent Vipula left the body of his teacher's wife, went into his own body, and spoke unto the quaking Çakra : 'Thou fool with unquelled senses, evil-natured Indra, not for long will gods and men hold thee in honour. Hast thou, then, forgotten, Çakra, is it not in thy memory, that Gautama made thee to run, with women's parts drawn all about thee as tokens ?[1] I know what a childishly stupid mind thou hast, what an ignoble soul, what a shifting nature. This woman here is being watched over by me, O blind one ; go thy way, thou evil one. For to-day I will not burn thee with my fiery strength, thou with the unseeing soul ; but it is out of pity for thee, O Vāsava, that I wish not to burn thee. And if my most terrible, wise teacher were to see thee, thou evil-minded one, he would burn thee now with an eye blazing with wrath.[2] But do not do thus again, Çakra ; thou must reverence the Brahmans, else comest thou together with thy sons and ministers to destruction, annihilated by the might of the Brahmans.' "—The shame-stricken Indra vanished without saying a word ; and when the teacher came back, Vipula told him of what the king of the gods had done. Devaçarman praised and rewarded the faithful man, and "together with his wife, he lived without fear of Indra in the unpeopled forest" (xiii, 40, 41). It is true Vipula had kept silence about a part of the matter, which was afterwards brought to his consciousness as a blameworthy thing ; he then avowed all the details to his teacher, and all was well. The account ends thus : "But Vipula alone was successful in ever preserving a woman ; no other in the three worlds has it in his power to safeguard a woman" (43.27).[3]

[1] Thus the tale at least on this point is exactly as in Somadeva, not as in the Rāmāyaṇa. See also MBh., xiii, 34.27 f. ; K, xiii, 215.10 ff.

[2] Instead of tvaṃ, tvāṃ at least must be read. K. has gurur me.

[3] Manu, ix, 5–13, and Bṛihaspati, xxiv, 4 well show that what best safeguards is work and occupation.

But the woman can well look after herself, and good women do so also, as the Epic in agreement with the rest of the literature often declares, and proves it in beautiful tales. On the other hand it is the man's duty, stressed over and over again, to shelter the woman, to cherish and care for her, and whoever does not or cannot do it, comes to shame in this world, and to hell in the other (e.g. iv, 21.40–43 ; xiv, 90.45 ff.). Especially must she be well provided with food and drink. Only then has the man's life any worth (v, 39.83). "Let not a man resort with empty hands to the king, a Brahman, or a woman" (vii, 174.43), refers, however, probably to other ladies than his own wife. A gentle loving treatment of the woman is repeatedly enjoined ; he that is a hero towards her falls from the stalk like ripe fruit (v, 36.61).[1] "Towards women a man shall be without jealousy, but shall ward his wife, and to her be generous and kindly-spoken, uttering tender, sweet words, but not be under her thumb (vaçaga). Women are called the worshipful, most glorious, holy lights of the house, the goddesses of happiness and beauty in the home ; therefore they must most particularly be sheltered" (v, 38.10, 11). He that upbraids his wife over-severely goes to hell (v, 37.5). To this place of torment he, too, goes who eats before, or without, his wife (xiii, 23.71 ; cf. 23.82) ; and the precept that the wife, and the children and servants also must be first satisfied is often found in the Mahābhārata, as we have already been told, but has, anyhow in the actual life of Epic India, indeed, no foundation ; for a good wife here does as for instance Draupadī, and as the Hindu wife still does to-day.

[1] Indian literature is rich in beautiful sayings on the loving treatment of the woman. Reference may be made here to Mahānirvāṇatantra, viii, 33–47. In the same work (ix, 64) it is laid down : If a man utters ill words to his wife he shall fast for a day ; if he hits her, three ; if so that she bleeds, seven days. According to Yājñav., ii, 232 he must pay a 50 paṇa fine who strikes his brother or his wife (he that destroys the fruit in a slave-woman's womb, one hundred, çl. 236). "Women must on no account be chastised." Jahn, Saurapurāṇa, p. 115. The man must quietly take their abusive words, and never dispute with them. MBh., xii, 243.14 ff. Cp. Parāçara, xii, 56 f. ; Mahānirvāṇatantra, xi, 64.

Draupadī, too, only eats after the servants even (e.g. ii, 52.48 ; iii, 233.24). On the other hand, it was always repugnant to the Indian's feelings that the husband should let himself be supported by his wife ; a word for husband is, indeed, bhartar (the nourisher, protector), and for wife bhāryā (she that is to be nourished, or protected). He that lives on his wife comes, after death, into dreadful worlds (vii, 73.33). In xiii, 130.38, 39 he is on the same level with the Brahman-murderer, the cow-slayer, him who visits another's wife, and the unbeliever ; he goes like them to hell ; has to nourish himself there on matter and blood ; and is roasted like a fish (cp. e.g. xiii, 93.125 ; 94.22 ; xiv, 90.46, 47).[1] So they also are among the most shameful beings, heavily punished in the other world, who stand under the rule of their servants, wives, children, and of such as depend on them (āçrita), and let themselves be ordered about by them (saṃdiçyamāna, vii, 73.33).[2] The incapable man that does not give his wife fitting care goes to hell (xiv, 90.48 f.). It is a dreadful thing for Bhīma that Draupadī begs him and his brothers out of slavery (ii, 72.1 ff. ; cp. v, 160.112 f. = 161.30 f.).

Still oftener is stress laid on the sinfulness of killing a woman. The maxim : avadhyā (na hantavyā) strī, "the woman must not be slain," is often found (e.g. i, 158.31 ; 217.4 ; iii, 206.46 ; v, 36.66 ; vii, 143.67 ; xii, 135.13, 14 ; Rām., ii, 78.21 ; vi, 81.28).[3] He who kills a woman stands on a

[1] These passages, indeed, in the first place, anyhow, are aimed at the horrible practice, not confined, in Old India anyhow, to actors and suchlike, of a man living on his wife's vice. This crime is equal to killing a Kshattriya, Vaiçya, or Çūdra, or a cow, and leads to torture for a world-era in the twenty-one hells, and then to births as a water-beast. Vishṇusmṛiti, xxxvii, 25 ; xliii, 26 ; xliv, 5. One so without honour cannot be a witness. Nārada, i, 183. Food from such as allow their wife to have a lover, or live with him under one roof must not be accepted by the twice-born man. Yājñav., i, 164 ; Vishṇu, li, 16 ; Manu, iv, 216, 217 ; Gautama, xvii, 18 (cp. with xv, 17) ; Vasishṭha, xiv, 6, 11. Indeed, he that takes money from his wife's lover, and so shuts his eyes, must pay eightfold as a fine. Kauṭilya, 360.4–6 ; Yājñav., ii, 301.

[2] See also Manu, iv, 217.

[3] Cp. e.g. ii, 41.13 ; xii, 73.16.

level with the slayer of a Brahman, or of a cow, with the ungrateful man, with him that desecrates his teacher's marriage-bed, and with the man who does not honour the guest (xiii, 126.26 ff.). The murder of a woman, together with unfaithfulness towards a friend, ingratitude, and the slaying of the teacher, makes up a set of four crimes for which there is no atoning (nishkṛiti) (xii, 108.32 ; cp. xvii, 3.16). Cp. Manu, xi, 191 ; Yājñav., iii, 299 ; Vishṇu, liv, 32 ; also MBh., v, 36.66. Dreadful, therefore, after death is also the punishment for such a hideous deed : "The fool that has taken a woman's life will have to go through many tortures in Yama's realm, and twenty incarnations (saṃsāra) ; then in an existence he is born a worm. When he has been a worm for twenty years he comes into the world as a human being" (xiii, 111.117, 118).[1] To crown all, to kill an ātreyī, that is, a

[1] The slayer of a woman arouses horror even in the criminal (Rām., vi, 81.22). He has to look forward, like the child-slayer, to the existence of a worm, as we find e.g. in Mārk.-Pur., xv, 19 ; and according to Agnipur., 203.7, the woman- and the child-murderer is tortured in the hell Raurava during the time of existence of fourteen successive Indras. Nārada, i, 225, casts these two into the worlds of worst torment together with the murderer of a Brahman, the ungrateful man, and the false witness. The killing of one's own wife is, according to Manu, xi, 89, to be atoned for in the same way as that most awful of all crimes, the murder of a Brahman. In the atonement laid down the slaying of a Brāhmaṇī is in Vasishṭha, xx, 37 ff., the same as that of a Kshattriya man, of a Kshattriyā woman the same as of a Vaiçya man ; for a Çūdrā woman the Brahman-murderer's dreadful vow of mortification (which for him lasts twelve years) must be carried out for a year. On the other hand Baudhāyana, i, 10, 19.2–3 (= i, 10.23) makes Çūdra-killing and woman-killing in general equal to one another (ten cows and a bull are the money-penance here ; no vow is here expressly mentioned). Āpast., i, 9, 24.5 seems to demand for all castes except the priestly one, as atonement for the murder of the woman, the same gifts of cattle as for that of the man. So, too, perhaps, Gautama, xxii, 17 (but evam will probably refer to the foregoing Sūtra, and demand the one year's purification for Brahman-murder besides ten cows and a bull. Baudh. would seem to point to this). Cp. Meyer, *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, 56–60. He that kills a chaste woman (apradushṭā) must according to Yājñav., iii, 268 f., like the

woman that has bathed after her menstruation, is looked on as an unspeakably awful deed ; it is twice as bad as killing a Brahman (xii, 165.55).[1] And where a woman is beaten

slayer of a Çūdra man, undertake for six months the purificatory vow of the Brahman-murderer. But if she has led a bad life (durvṛittā), then he need only give for a Brāhmaṇī a leather bag, for a Kshattriyā woman a bow, for a Vaiçyā woman a he-goat, and for a Çūdrā woman a sheep, and thereby he is cleansed. Manu, xi, 139, sets the same value on the unchaste woman. Cp. Gautama, xxii, 26. In Manu's law book the killing of a woman, as that of a Kshattriya, Vaiçya or Çūdra man, leads to loss of caste, and he that is guilty of it must still be strictly shunned even when he has cleansed himself according to precept (xi, 191; so too Yājñav., iii, 299; Vishṇu, liv, 32). There, too, the king is strictly enjoined to have the woman-murderers executed also, like slayers of Brahmans and children, and other evil-doers (ix, 232); and so, too, in Vishṇu, v, 9–11. This offence appears as the type of the most dreadful sin in Mahānirvāṇatantra, iii, 153 also. Indeed, in the case of strange women (parastrīshu), as in that of men of a higher caste than one's own, twice as heavy a fine must be paid as in the case of men of equal caste, if they are spit on, kicked with the heel, or have filth thrown over them. Yājñav., ii, 213 f.; Kauṭilya, 306.20–22; cp. Kauṭ., 305.6–7 and addition to it (in the case of certain verbal insults double the fine).

[1] All the law writings put this crime, as regards the atonement laid down for it, on the same level as Brahman-murder. So Baudh., ii, 1, 1.12 (= ii, 1.11; milder in i, 10, 19.5 = i, 10.27); Gautama, xxii, 12; Manu, xi, 88; Āpast., i, 9, 24.9 (in every case the ātreyī); Vishṇu, xxxvi, 1; l, 1–9 (here further the twelve years' dreadful penance explicitly described; in both passages, however, atrigotrā instead of ātreyī through a false interpretation). In Vasishṭha, xx, 34 this direction is restricted to the Brāhmaṇī, and the commentators fill in this word in the other law books also. But probably this is wrong. Vasishṭha explains the ātreyī as a woman that has bathed after her courses, and therefore, when her husband lies with her, gets a child (35–36). Nīlakaṇṭha explains (but wrongly) in the passage from the Mahābhārata the ātreyī as a woman with child. On the view which here lies as a foundation it would, indeed, come to the same thing. In the prescription quoted from Vishṇu, it is also said of the woman who is just menstruating (rajasvalā), and her that is with child, that her murder is the same as Brahman-murder, and to be atoned for like it. Among the Old Germans also for a woman with child a higher wergild had to be paid (Rullkoetter, *The Legal Protection of Women among the*

the house is stained, and sacrifice there is useless; for the gods and the shades will not accept anything there (xiii, 127.6 f.). In general, he who is cruel and in any way evil (nṛiçaṃsa and tyaktadharma) towards women is branded as a disgraceful and criminal man (xiii, 93.122; 94.29). The ravishing of a woman [1] is forbidden to his band, indeed, even by the robber leader (xii, 135.13); true, he is a very pious one. If the king watches over the land, women can walk in the streets without being attacked, unaccompanied by a man and wearing all their finery; here probably what is thought of in the first place is the robbing of the weak (xii, 68.32). And no woman with womanly virtues shall be lied to or deceived, says king Janaka to Sulabhā (xii, 320.72–74). Want of uprightness towards a woman brings, he says, destruction, as it does when towards a more mighty ruler, or a spiritually powerful Brahman.

Ancient Germans, p. 33 f., 36); among them, too, the value in law of the woman depended largely on her capability of bearing more children. And, as among them the pregnant woman enjoyed peculiar privileges (Grimm, *Rechtsaltertümer*, 1899, Bd. i, 564 ff.), so according to Smṛiti she need pay no ferry-money nor toll; so also according to Kauṭilya (see 199.10–12 and addit. thereto).

[1] Or to carry her off against her will (na ca grāhyā balāt striyaḥ). According to Bṛihaspati, xxiii, 10, 15 the man who rapes a woman shall have all his property taken, his member and scrotum cut off, and then be led round on an ass; if the ravisher is from a lower caste, then the woman must be killed. On the other hand Parāçara, x, 21–22 on the whole teaches that, when a woman has been enjoyed by force or by intimidation, she becomes clean again through certain fixed vows of mortification and by her monthly flow. For the ravisher of a maid Manu, viii, 364 demands death; Nārada, xii, 71, and Yājñav., ii, 288 do so only when it is the case of a maid from the highest or Brahmanic caste; the first-named also ordains the confiscation of all his property. In the case of other girls the cost is according to Yājñav. the hand, according to Nārada two fingers. This last-mentioned punishment is also in Manu, viii, 367. Besides these there are milder prescriptions. So in Manu, viii, 378 the Brahman who forces even a warded (guptā) Brāhmaṇī to his will gets off with a thousand paṇa fine, a very handsome sum, it is true, for a priest's offspring. Cp. also Kauṭilya, 357.18–20; 364.15; and addit., 364.45.—The South Slav severity against the ravisher and deflowerer has also good effects (Krauss, *Sitte u. Brauch*, 204–213).

Men, it is true, have at all times and in all lands given their approval to a saying that is often heard, but expressed in somewhat varying forms (i, 82.16 ; viii, 69.33, 62 ; xii, 34.25 ; 165.30 ; cp. iii, 209.3–4 ; xiii, 23.60), and which declares that this is a lesser sin, and does not do harm, indeed, is neither a lie nor wrong-doing at all—an untruth where women are concerned, or during (or rather for) the pleasures of love, at the wedding, in jest, in personal danger to life, and when all one's property is to be taken away (or where destruction threatens all one's kinsfolk, or where the highest advantage of a Brahman is at stake, or where that of the teacher is at stake, or in general, to save another's life).[1] The finer feelings, however, even in such cases shrunk from an injury to truth. King Çibi Auçīnara says in a solemn affirmation with magical power : " As truly as I have never uttered an untruth towards children or women, nor in jest, nor in attacks and fights,[2] nor in my own distress, nor when disaster came on me—so truly shalt thou raise thyself into the air " (v, 122.9).[3] And

[1] " In marrying, in the game of love, in jest and in sorrow a lie is allowable." Gautama, xiii, 29 (and thus " some "). Vasishṭha, xvi, 36, has instead of the last two cases : when loss of life or of one's whole property is threatened, or the highest weal of a Brahman comes into question. A false oath is no sin either, where a beloved woman, a marriage, fodder for a cow, or firewood is concerned, or for the purpose of obliging a Brahman, Manu, viii, 112. Cp. also Manu, viii, 104 f. ; Yājñav., ii, 83 ; Gautama, xiii, 24 f. ; Bṛihaspati, vii, 34 ; MBh., xii, 109.14–20.

[2] Probably this would hardly be " agreements " (saṅgareshu). Instead of vaihāryeshu (in jest) K has vaivāhyeshu (in wedding matters). I read tathāpad—instead of the always possible tathā tad.

[3] Even for the sake of mother or father a man shall not speak an untruth (xiii, 107.50). " They that neither for their own sakes, nor for the sake of others, nor in play, nor to make a jest say that which is not, come into heaven. They that neither to save their life, nor for the sake of a holy end, nor of their own free will speak untruth come into heaven " (xiii, 144.19 f.). And in xiii, 115.71 we meet the beautiful instruction : " Speak the truth and not falsehood ; truth is the eternal good (the eternal law, etc.) ; Hariçcandra walks in heaven in moonlike glory because of his truthfulness." This does not harmonize with ii, 12.10 ff., according to which this celebrated king won such great

according to xii, 23.64 the deceiver of women must go to hell. Nay, he that hates women is a very low fellow, as, too, is he who behaves ill, when an arrangement is made for the joys of love (v, 43.19 ; 45.4).[1] And one must yield ("give

glory in heaven through his Rājasūya sacrifice, and the open-handedness he there showed towards the Brahmans (like xii, 20.14), but it coincides with the so lofty version of the legend still current to-day in India, as it is given by Rāmakrishṇa in his *Life in an Indian Village*, p. 164 ff. Here Hariçcandra, in spite of the more than human sorrow that thereby comes on him, acts unwaveringly after his maxim : "It is written that to kill a thousand cows is as sinful as to kill one child ; to kill a thousand children is as sinful as taking the life of a weak and helpless woman ; and to kill a thousand women is as heinous as the crime of slaying a Brahmin ; but to tell a lie is worse than killing a thousand Brahmins" (p. 173). Cp. also my Daçakum., p. 75, note, and for the tale itself there discussed, Chavannes, "Fables et contes de l'Inde" (*Actes du XIV. Congr. intern. des Orientalistes*), No. xxi = *Cinq cents contes*, etc., No. cxvii ; ZDMG, 46, p. 605 f. ; Rosen, *Tuti-Nameh*, p. 248 ff. ; *Decameron*, x, 5 ; Fr. v. d. Leyen, *Indische Märchen*, p. 151 ff. ; Chauvin, viii, 123–4. On the other hand we find in MBh., xiii, 23.60 that one may lie only on behalf of a person of standing (the teacher ? gurvartham), and to save oneself ; but that falsehood otherwise leads to hell. Further concessions are made in xii, 109.17–20, where he that for the sake of the truth does not lie in the cases there given is even called a beggar of virtue or worshipper of the letter, and a low fellow. Kṛishṇa the cunning one even teaches that one may lie without scruple for the sake of one's own life, and that untruth is older than truth (vii, 190.47), which is in utter contradiction to other Indian sayings and the glorious Jātaka, No. 422 (Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, No. 490) ; while what is told immediately after of Yudhishṭhira's chariot (MBh., vii, 190.56) makes a parallel to that Jātaka. The same hero and god further sets forth that truth even thrusts a man into hell, if it hurts others, and supports this by a tale of robbers (viii, 69.46 ff.). And in this he does not stand alone in India. Cp. further the discussions in xii, 109 ; 110.11. To be sly with women is even a noble thing according to a saying of Cāṇakya (Kressler, *Stimmen ind. Lebensklugheit*, p. 177). Moreover in vii, 190.47 the rendering is possible, though not very likely, as follows : Better than the truth is (in this case) untrue speech.

[1] Saṃbhogasaṃvidvishama. Or : who is so base as to talk of pleasures of love (or blabs about them) ? But only so if we follow the scholiast's reckoning. But it is not a very good guide, and his interpretation of

the road ") to a woman, as to a cow, a Brahman, the king, an old man, him that is bearing a burden, him that is driving in a cart (cakradhara), a blind man, and a deaf man (iii, 133.1 ; xiii, 162.38).[1] Thus woman must be treated friendly, but she must not be trusted, nor must secrets be told her (e.g. ii, 5.83 ; cp. Rām., ii, 100.49).[2] Therefore let a man be careful not to

certain expressions is a wrong one. The set of seven " base ", " evil-natured " ones in this verse is probably rightly as follows : (1) saṃ-bhogasaṃvid, he whose mind (consciousness) has nothing else in it but the pleasures of sex ; (2) vishama, the dishonest man ? he who torments, ill-treats mankind ? (3) atimānin, the haughty man (over-concieted) ; (4) dattānutāpin, he that rues it, when he has given something (or according to 45.4 : who boasts, when he has given) ; (5) kṛipaṇa balīyaṃs (in 45.4 kṛipaṇo 'durbalaç is to be read), the strong man who proves a wretched fool ; (6) vargapraçaṃsin (or bahupra-çaṃsin), he that praises with the crowd (with the many ; hardly : praises the crowd, the many, although this would come essentially to the same thing) ; (7) vanitāsudveshṭar (or vanitādvish), the woman-hater.

[1] One shall " give the road " to the aged, the sick, children, carriers of burdens, women, people driving in a cart, a bride going to her husband's house (Vasishṭha, xiii, 57 ff.) ; to an old man, a king, one with a burden, a Snātaka, a woman, a sick man, a bridegroom, and to a man in a cart (cakrin, as often elsewhere), say Yājñav., i, 117 and Vishṇu, lxiii, 51. So, too, Gautama, vi, 24 f. (Cp. K, i, 192.13–14, where anyhow bhāri must be read instead of bhīru). All three also lay down the rule that if a Snātaka and a king meet one another, then the king must give way, all being as in Manu, ii, 138 f. Instead of the old man we have here the man who is in the tenth decennium of his life. Āpast. has Brāhmaṇa instead of Snātaka (ii, 5, 11.5–7). Cp. Çukranīti, iii, 279 ff. Mārk.-Pur., xxxiv, 39–41, gives the Brahman, the king, him that is tortured with pain, him that is superior in art or knowledge (vidyādhika), the woman with child, the younger man dragging a load, the dumb, blind, or deaf man, the drunken man, and the crazy man, the man-mad woman (puṃçcalī), the enemy, the child, and him that has been cast out of his caste. Cp. Agnipur., p. 596. Āpast., ii, 5, 11.5 ff. gives carts, carriers of loads, the sick, women and such weaker persons, and a man of higher caste. Then he goes on : " For his own good everyone must give way to boors (açishṭa), those cast out of their caste, the drunk, and the mad."

[2] From " but " on this is of course a thought that comes up over and over again. Later we shall say a few words about it.

deliberate with woman ; here she belongs to the company of fools, madmen, and so forth (iii, 150.44). A man may ask women, but only if he wants to hear not the salutary but the pleasing (ii, 64.15). They are no good for matters of business, and here bring danger (v, 38.42 f.). But that in reality the women of the Epic even in the most important matters at any rate have their say, urge on, arouse, and so on we have already seen ; as also this, that they read the men a lesson, when they are wanting in any way. Cp. here also Rām., ii, 48 ; 82.25, 26. Moreover where there is a close and intimate relation between the husband and the wife, where the two are one heart and one soul, and their love but grows, as we are particularly told of Rāma and Sītā (e.g. Rām., i, 77.25–28)—how could a far-reaching share but be taken in all as a matter of course by the woman ? And when in Old India she did not get what she wanted, then she naturally had there, too, her very efficacious means, above all her tears. Women of rank, or at least of princely rank, had their sulking-room (krodhāgāra), and understood this art very well indeed. A splendid example of this is Kaikeyī (Rām., ii, 9 and 10). With eyebrows furrowed in anger she rushes into her " room of wrath ", flings her wreaths and all her finery on the ground, ties her hair in a plait as a sign of sorrow, throws herself on the bare ground, and declares to her serving-maid she means to die there, if her wish is not fulfilled. Anxious and sorrow-stricken, the woman door-keeper tells the king, who has come there, that the gracious lady is very wrathful, and is in her sulking-room. The poor husband and lover strokes her as she lies on the ground, coaxes her, promises heaven and earth. For a long time she will not look at him, nor speak to him, only weeps and sighs, and at last comes out with what she wants. Daçaratha, indeed, has not pondered on the reminder in Mahābh., ii, 64.11 : " If a bad woman is treated too well, she turns her back on you." [1]

[1] Just as Kaikeyī, the queen in the Buddhistic tale in Chavannes hurries off to her *maison d'affliction*, and keeps stubbornly silent (*Cinq cents contes et apologues extraits du Tripiṭaka chinois*, ii, 273 ff.).

With this chapter compare especially the addition in the " Appendix ".

XX

The Worth and Nature of Woman

BUT it is not the good women who are referred to in such words as these. Their praises are sung by the Epic in fiery tones. "Honour women" we hear again and again. "Women must always be honoured and cherished, and where women are honoured the gods are gladdened. And where they are not honoured all religious deeds are barren. A family goes to ruin where the women are sad. Houses on which the woman's curse rests are as though destroyed by an evil spell, they are without light, and thrive not, for they are forsaken by good fortune. When Manu wished to go to heaven, he entrusted men with women, as their weak, easily led away, in truth victorious friends.[1] But if they have to live in jealousy, in a yearning after regard, and in anger, then they are unwise friends. But women deserve regard; give them your regard, O men. For of a truth it is from women that the good (dharma), and all the pleasures of love come. They shall always have at their disposal service, homage, and worship from you.[2] Look! bound up with women is the raising of offspring, the care of the child, and the wealth of joys on the earthly pilgrimage. . . .[3] As goddesses of happiness

[1] Or: victorious through truth; where perhaps the thought is above all of the truth (truthfulness, honesty, the right behaviour and nature) of the man towards the woman, or perhaps of the upright, noble mutual relation between husband and wife.

[2] Or: "It is on women that the good rests; all the joys of love, service, homage, and worship ye shall zealously give unto them" (with āyatta cp. also vii, 135.1; ix, 23.91). If this verse is set close to what follows, it could also mean: "All your joys of love, service and worship (of the gods? of husband and wife?) must depend on them." The imperative sounds odd here.

[3] Lokayātrā. Even the pseudo-Ignatius holds that women must be respected and loved, because the man without them cannot beget. *Zschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, xii, 351.

and beauty, women, indeed, are always to be held in honour by him that would thrive ; if watched over, and held in check woman becomes the goddess of happiness and beauty" (xiii, 46.5 ff.).[1] The Rāmāyaṇa tells us that at first all beings were alike in stature, sex, speech, etc. Then the Maker made a distinction, took the best from all beings, and from this shaped the woman-wonder Ahalyā (vii, 30.17 ff.).[2] The man may take a treasure of a wife out of a bad or lowly famiy, too ; for : "a woman, a pearl, and water cannot be spoiled (hurt) (are adūshya, xii, 165.32).[3]

Sharply opposed to such passages as these are others which paint the woman as the sum and essence of all that is evil. We have already met with a good many very strong utterances on the subject of the wickedness of women. Here we will give further only something out of the very abundant stock of harsh sayings against the fair sex. They are, as is well known, very much in the mouth of the Indian in general.

Yudhishṭhira spoke : "I would fain hear of women's character, O best of the Bharatas, for women are the root of evils ; for they are held to be light-minded." Bhīshma now, as so often, tells an old legend. The divine wise man Nārada would like to be thoroughly instructed on the character of woman, and therefore betakes himself to the proper source, a woman, for she, indeed, best knows her sex.[4] She whom he asks,

[1] Cp. Manu, iii, 55–62 ; ix, 25–29. Rabindranath Tagore writes : It is impossible for a woman in a European family to attain to the varied perfections which a woman can in a Hindu home. Our women make our homes smile with sweetness, tenderness, and love. . . We are quite happy with our household goddesses, and they themselves never told of their 'miserable condition'. Basanta Koomar Roy, *Rabindranath Tagore* (New York, 1915), pp. 123, 125.

[2] Cp. what the MBh. relates of the creation of Lopamudrā (iii, 96.19, 20), and Tilottamā (i, 211.12 ff.), as also Kirātārj., vi, 42.

[3] Cp. Muir, *Metrical Translations*, pp. 277–278.

[4] The most biting judgments on women are well known to come from woman's mouth. The saying of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is among the wittiest : "It goes far toward reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no immediate danger of ever marrying one." The disdainful Indian pronouncements

Pañcacūḍā, the lovely, but like all her heavenly sisters very profligate Apsaras, at first will not do as he wishes : "As a woman, I cannot rebuke women. Thou knowest full well what women are like." He will not be put off, however, and she begins : "Women that are of good family, beautiful, and well married do not stay within the moral bounds ; this is the failing in women, O Nārada. Of a truth there is nought worse than women ; for women are the root of evils ; that thou, too, knowest. If women have found husbands who are acknowledged as rich and are worthy of them, and ever ready to do their will, even so they cannot abide them, so soon as they get another opportunity. But this is the evil nature of us women, that we, putting shame behind us, throw ourselves into the arms of bad men.[1] For he that runs after women, comes near them, and courts them a little—it is he whom they wish for. Women know no moral bars, and if they stay faithful to their law of morality and their husband, this is only because men do not woo them,[2] or because they are afraid of their serving-women. For them there is not a man they would not go to ; they do not let themselves be decided by any age ; be a man ugly or handsome, 'He is a man,' they think to themselves, and enjoy him.[3] It is neither from fear, nor from pity, nor from any regard to what is profitable, nor for the sake of the bonds of kinship or family that women keep true to their husband. Seemly women envy those fair ones who are in glorious youth, and wandering about free in sex,

on women can point to a whole army of kindred souls throughout the world. Cp. with this and the next chapter, for instance, Fr. S. Krauss, *Sitte u. Brauch d. Südslaven*, the section on "Das Weib ; Rosegger, *Volksleben in Steiermark* [10], p. 394 f. ; Elsie Clews Parsons, *The Old-Fashioned Woman*, pp. 203 ff. The view of the Arabs strikes one as thoroughly Indian : Woman is the source of all evil on earth, and God only made this monster that the man should learn to turn from earthly things (*Anthropos*, iii, 65).

[1] Or : worse (than our husbands) ; or : very bad.

[2] Ovid's thought : "Casta est quem nemo rogat" we often find in Old India very emphatically uttered. Cp. e.g. Hitopadeça, ed. Max Müller, i, strophe 115 ; 118 ; Garuḍapur., 114.9–10.

[3] Cp. e.g. Manu. ix, 14.

and wearing costly ornaments and garb.[1] And those women who are ever held in high esteem, watched over, and loved, they, too, fasten on to hunchbacks, the blind, simpletons, dwarfs, and cripples, O divine Ṛishi, and on to other defective and little-prized men—for women, there is no man in this world they would not go to, O great Muni. And when they cannot come to a man at all, then they even fall on one another[2]; for they are not true to their husband. Their nature flutters this way and that, it is hard to serve them; in their meaning hard to grasp as the (sparkling, witty) words of the clever man here on earth—thus women are. The fire has never too many logs, the great sea never too many rivers, death never too many beings of all kinds, and lovely-eyed woman has never too many men. This and other things (of this kind), O divine Ṛishi, is the secret of all women. So soon as a woman sees a handsome man, her vulva becomes moist. Even if their own husband grants all their wishes, even if he does what is dear to their heart, and shelters them, yet women cannot bear him. Not the richest enjoyment of their wishes, not ornaments, nor protection and home do they hold in so high esteem as favour and satisfaction in the pleasure of love. The god of death, the wind, death, the underworld, the ever-burning entrance to hell, the knife-edge, poison, snake, and fire—women are all these in one. Ever since the five elements have been, and the worlds have been made by the Maker, ever since men and women were made,—ever since then these faults have been in women, O Nārada." Yudhishṭhira spoke: "Men here in the world cling ever to women, ridden by a frenzied delusion brought about by the gods, and women in the same way to men; that lies before our eyes, and the world is a witness to it. And now a torturing uncertainty goes through my heart. Whence is it that men have the

[1] This is exactly the opinion of Kshemendra in the 3rd tale of his Kalāvilāsa (see my transl. of the Samayamāṭrikā, p. xlv).

[2] Nīl. says: They put on an artificial penis, and so come to coition, and this is known to all—when the husband is away, that is. Cp. e.g. R. Schmidt, *Liebe u. Ehe in Indien*, p. 254; Brantôme, ii, p. 278 (often in the gallant France of his time).

inclination towards them, and under what conditions[1] do women take fire and grow cold again? And how can the fair under these circumstances be watched over by a man? Tell me, pray, of this. For while they are themselves going to love, they deceive men here, and no man gets free of them that has fallen into their hands. As cows fall on new grass, so they are ever doing to a new man. The arts of deception (māyā) that Çambara, the arts of deception that Namuci, that Bali and Kumbhīnasi wielded, these all women understand. They laugh with them that laugh, and weep with them that weep, and him that is unfriendly they catch with friendly speech, all through the hand of fate. Untruth they call truth, and so truth they call untruth. Mainly for the mind of woman, I think, were the political books of doctrine drawn up by Bṛihaspati and the other most excellent men.[2] If women are held in honour by men, their heart is false towards them, and if they are repulsed, their heart is false. And yet we have been told that these creatures are virtuous. What man could watch over them? . . ." Bhīshma gives this recital of woman's wickedness his strongest assent, and tells an old legend: In times gone by men were so virtuous that they became gods of their own accord. Then a great fear came over the gods. They went in their distress to the father of the world, and he now made the witch-like women, so that they should mislead the men; for in the beginning there were only good women

[1] Less likely: towards which men (keshu). But the first half of this çloka perhaps better: "How can men arouse lasting inclination in them?"

[2] This is the linguistically most natural interpretation of: strīṇāṃ buddhyarthanishkarshād arthaçastrāṇi . . . kṛitāni. But women's artfulness is inborn in them, they have no need to poke their noses into books. This is also directly stated by Hitopadeça, ed. Müller, i, strophe 120. Thus perhaps it is rather: mainly because of the mind of women (that their tricks may be known)? The real meaning would best be given by: "It is by drawing on the wealth of women's mind (liter.: taking out, or: It is mainly according to the practices [things] of women's mind) that Bṛihaspati and the other most excellent ones drew up the books of doctrine of the things (practices) of worldly life." Also the preceding çloka seems to make this rendering a necessary one. Cp. *Hindu Tales*, p. 286 f.

on earth. The bad ones, the evil magical beings, came into being through this creation, and Brahma gave them as their inheritance these roaming wishes, a bed, a seat, ornament, base nature, an evil tongue, and lust.[1] Then Bhīshma tells him the old legend of Vipula and his teacher's wife, and makes the very reasonable conclusion : "Both things can be seen in them : good and bad. The good women, the so glorious ones, are deemed the mothers of the world, and it is they who keep our earth in being with its forests and groves." The wicked and evil-bringing ones, however, can be known by marks. They love no man, not even him with whom they unite,[2] and are evil witches. Them a man must shun (xiii, 38–43).

The accusations here made are often found again in the Epic, but perhaps none so often as that of the ever hungering greed of sex in the woman, and of her polyandric passion (i, 202.8 ; xii, 33.45 ; xiv, 90.13 f.). Cp. v, 40.7 ("the fire cannot get enough wood, the great sea enough rivers," etc., as above) ; 39.82 : "In love a man cannot overcome a woman"[3] ; xii, 33.45 : "The band of women is the seat of appetite."[4]

[1] Cp. Manu, ix, 17. How bad women arose is also told in the legend of Peter and the two heads that were changed by mistake. See Bolte, *Ztschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, xi, 254 ff.

[2] It is, however, in general laid down of woman that she never really loves. See Samayamātṛikā, p. xlv ; Sūtrakṛitāṅga, i, 4, chap. 1, v, 24. If one wished to give parallels only from Indian literature for the badness, especially the lustfulness, of women, it would make a whole book. A small collection will be found e.g. in Hitopadeça, ed. Max Müller, i, strophe 109–120.

[3] In full somewhat as follows : through sleeping sleep is not checkmated, through love not women, through wood not fire, through drinking not spirituous liquor (all of them always keep their old strength and insatiableness, one is never done with them). The saying (with a slight variant) is also in Garuḍapur., 109.34.

[4] Or : of love (kāmāçayo hi strīvargaḥ). The Bible is in agreement : Three things cannot be sated, and the fourth does not say : "It is enough." Hell, the locked womb of women, earth—it can never have water enough, and fire says not : "It is enough." Solomon's Proverbs, 30.15–16 ; that is, almost word for word the celebrated Indian saying, for Luther's "hell" is the kingdom of the dead.

So that in fact Gaya Āmūrtarayasa must have been a pattern king, for he sated the gods with soma, the Brahmans with possessions, and the women with bestowals of love (kāmais, xii, 29.116). This satisfying of "excellent women" is also expressly enjoined on the horse-sacrificer (xiv, 90.13, 14), where, of course, we need not have in our minds a direct activity of the "father of the land", but the well-known Indian doctrine that a good king brings about the right conditions throughout his kingdom through his actions and the magic of his being. So a proverb declares: "Food is valued when it has been digested, the wife when her youth is gone, the hero when he has won the battle, the ascetic when he has reached the other shore" (v, 35.69); and v, 34.40 advises, like many other peoples, the woman being ill-clad as a measure of precaution. But both are suggestions of optimists. Woman is ever the very embodiment of sensuality (xii, 213.9), and as such the cause of Saṃsāra (xii, 213.7). Instability, however, is a matter of course in the woman (v, 36.58; is found again almost word for word in Rām., vi, 16.9). The wise Agastya thus enlightens Rāma: "This is the nature of women since the creation: if it goes well with the man, then they cling to him; if it goes ill with him, then they forsake him. The restlessness of lightning, the knife's sharpness, and the swiftness of the Garuḍa and the wind are imitated by women" (Rām., iii, 13.5–6). Woman does not really love at all; not him that attacks her hotly (Mahābh., ii, 5.45; cp. Rām., ii, 100.28), not the gentle man (Rām., v, 22.2); of the poor man she wants to know nothing whatever (MBh., vii, 29.42; viii, 9.19; v, 33.56). What she wants of the man is expressed in the saying: "Thieves live on the careless man, physicians on the sick, the fair on their lovers, the sacrificial priest on the sacrificers, the king on litigants, and the clever always on the stupid" (v, 33.85). Therefore, of course, women cannot and must not be trusted (i, 233.31; v, 37.57;

The often-repeated çloka is also found in K, i, 128.8–11, where among other things there is added: If women see even son or brother in secret their vulva grows moist, which is in harmony with a view very often uttered in India (see e.g. Vetālapañcav., ed. Uhle, iii, strophe 9–10; Garuḍapur., 109.36–37).

39.74–75 ; etc.). The verse : "The Brahman knows the Brahman, the husband knows the wife, the ruler knows the minister, and the king the king" is, then, probably to be taken pessimistically : the Brahman, the wife, the king, etc., may blind another, but the Brahman's fellow, the wife's life-mate, the king's colleague, etc. know better (v, 38.28). For that no man can ever see into the real being and the thousandfold deception of woman can be read in Indian literature till we are wearied. We have just heard an emphatic support by the Epic from the lips of the Apsaras Pañcacūḍā. But what man does understand is that they are his misfortune. "The fool and the wise man, too, in the world are led astray by women with their power, are led under the sway of love and hate (wrath krodha).[1] Woman's very nature involves the destruction of men. The men of understanding do not cling over-much to the fair" (xiii, 48.37, 38). They belong, indeed, to those four things of the world, but especially of nobles and princes, which are often referred to also in the Epic : wine, dice, hunting, and women (e.g. iii, 13.7 ; ii, 68.20),[2] and among these four was shared the dreadful monster made by Cyavana, Mada or intoxication (drunkenness, lust, pride, etc.), as is often stated elsewhere, and several times in the Epic (iii, 124.18 ff. ; xiii, 156.16 ff. ; cp. xiv, 9.31 ff.). But we are taught in xii, 140.26 that they are to be enjoyed warily (yuktyā), but that to cling to them brings destruction. In women, especially the lovely ones, there abides even something of that most dreadful of horrors : of Brahman-murder (v,

[1] = Manu, ii, 214. Women's love is the intoxicating draught of the three worlds ; but while wine only clouds when it is drunk, woman robs the understanding, if she is but looked on ; and so she has infatuated the highest of the gods and wise men. Agnipur., 372.12–14. Woman is the fire, man the butter, which is bound to melt from the fire, if it comes near it. Bhāgavatapur., vii, 12.9. Therefore a man shall not be alone even with mother, sister, or daughter ; for the senses are all too strong. Manu, ii, 215 ; Bhāgavatapur., ix, 19.17. This is still the view to-day in India (Dubois-Beauchamp [3], p. 131). And so on indefinitely, all bearing witness to the weakness—of the man.

[2] A glowing and convincing speech in praise of the four and of the great merits of devotion to them is given in Daçakum., 340 ff.

13.18–20), according to the usual account a fourth part (xii, 282.43 ff. ; 342.53 ; Rām., vii, 86.11 ff.). Nay, according to the last-named passage, comely young women stand there fully equal even to actual Brahman-murderers and all their stealthy ways.

Love and hate live side by side in one house—" anger was made to be a help-fellow of love by the Lord God, the ruler of the gods " (xiii, 40.10)—and not only is woman, as the seat of lust, the cause of enmity in the world, and, indeed, as the Indians often declare, of the worst enmity, that which never dies,[1] but the tender sex itself is inclined to anger and hate. So they are fond of quarrelling ; and what a wonderful model king must Rāma have been, when under his rule women did not have disputes, much less the men ! (xii, 29.56). Moreover curiosity is woman's defect (xii, 328.20). And when the urge to learn something is awakened in the woman, then she is lost to every consideration, then her wish must be fulfilled without more ado, whatever the cost. The Rāmāyaṇa on this has an old tale (here, it is true, twisted) ; it is told by Sumantra, King Daçaratha's chariot-driver, to Kaikeyī of her mother, that she may give up her stubbornness (ii, 35.18 ff.) : " One that could bestow supernatural favour, granted thy father an incomparable gift according to his wish, and through it the high herdsman of the earth understood the voices of all beings. Thus, too, he knew what the beasts were saying. Now thy father, the bright-shining one, once as he lay abed, understood what a jṛimbha-bird was uttering by its call. Then he laughed heartily.[2] At this thy mother, who longed greatly for the noose of the god of death, was angered, and she spoke : ' I wish to know why thou didst laugh, my dear king.' And the herdsman of men said to the queen : ' If I explain

[1] E.g. Çiçupālav., ii, 38 ; Mahāvīracar., ed. Ratnam Ayar, Rangachariar and Parab, 1892, p. 129 ; in Schiefner's " Erzählung von der Hetäre Āmrapālī," *St. Petersb. Ak.*, Bd. 24, col. 475 ff. ; Bose, *The Hindoos as They Are*, p. 43. Cp. Rām., iv, 17.31 (where rūpam means : woman's beauty). Crooke, *The North-Western Provinces of India* (1897), p. 142.

[2] Or : again and again.

to thee why I laughed, then I must at once die ; of that is no doubt.' Thy mother, the queen, again spoke to thy father Kekaya : 'Explain it me, whether thou go on living or not. Thou shalt not laugh at me.' Thus addressed by his beloved, Kekaya, ruler of the earth, related this thing according to the truth to that bestower of favours. Then answered this bestower of favours, the holy man (sādhu), unto the king : 'Whether she die or perish, do not tell her, O lord of the earth.' When the prince had heard these words from the man whose heart had come into joyful freedom, he quickly put thy mother away, and lived now amid joys, like Kubera." [1]

While now this fair one feels no pity even for her husband, and is quite ready to give him up to death, just because her curiosity demands satisfaction, and while many another woman in the Epic feels none for other reasons, yet we are told a few times, too, of the woman's pity. In the account of what happened after Yudhishṭhira's disastrous dice-game we find : "When the wives of Dhṛitarāshṭra's sons learned of all this, how Draupadī went to the gaming-house and was there dragged about,[2] they all wept loud and blamed the Kurus greatly.

[1] This tale, here very ill told, is often found. See Jātaka, No. 386 ; Chavannes, *Actes du XIV. Congr. intern. des orientalistes* (1905), Cinqu. sect., p. 125 (No. xviii) = No. cxii in his *Cinq cents contes*, and cp. Rosen, Tutinameh, ii, 236 ff. ; Kuhn, *Barlaam u. Josaphat*, p. 81 ; Jacobs, *Barlaam u. Josaphat*, cxxiii ; Benfey, *Orient u. Occident*, ii, 133 ; *Archiv f. slav. Philologie*, vii, 318, 515 ; Schreck, *Finnische Märchen*, 44 ff. ; *Zeitschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 19, p. 298 ; Hertel, *Das Pañcatantra*, p. 284 f. These Finnish, Serbian, Tartar, and Georgian versions all have the cock as the pasha of hens ruling his regiment of wives, the cock whose superiority to the husband is so admired by Reinmar von Zweter in his well-known poem. He is seen in the same light in Chauvin, v, 180 (from the 1001 Nights). There is a monograph on the tale : A. Aarne, *Der tiersprachenkundige Mann und seine neugierige Frau*, No. 15 of the "F.F. Communications" ed. for the Folklore Fellows by J. Bolte, K. Krohn, A. Olrik, C. W. von Sydow.

[2] Parikarshaṇam ca Kṛishṇāyā dyūtamaṇḍale. See as to dyūtamaṇḍala Lüders, "Das Würfelspiel in alten Indien" (*Abh. d. Götting. Ges. d. Wiss.*, N.F., Bd. ix, p. 10 f.) ; Meyer, Kauṭilya, addit., 310.40.

And long they sat with saddened minds, leaning their lotus-faces on their hands" (ii, 79.32 f.). And yet they were not very fond of her, for the readily understood reason that the "dark one" put them all in the shade through her wonderful beauty. So, too, Dhṛitarāshṭra says later (ii, 81.19, 20): "All the wives of the Bharatas together with Gāndhārī wept there terribly, when they saw Kṛishṇā in the hall, the dutiful lawful wife, her that was glorious in loveliness and the bloom of youth. Together with the children (or: the people) they stand, and ever mourn for her."[1] Maṇḍodarī excuses herself by the body of her husband, Rāvaṇa: "I ought not to bewail thee that art fallen as a hero, but since I am a woman my heart is in the bonds of pity" (Rām., vi, 111.74).[2] It is Sītā who shows most beautifully this above all (at least so it is said) womanly virtue (Rām., vi, 113.27 ff.): Hanumant comes to her in captivity, and tells her of Rāma's victory and the death of Rāvaṇa. Then he wants to kill the cruel monsters of women that have so tortured and mishandled Sītā. But she will not allow it; these poor slave-women, she says, had only acted on the bidding of their lord. "This old strophe with its message of virtue did the bear recite before the tiger. Hearken unto it, thou that flyest through the air: The good man lets not the evil, that other men of evil ways do unto him, reach him at all, but he must live up to the duty he has taken on himself.[3] The good have a noble way of life as their ornament. Whether a man be good or bad, or even worthy

[1] But here the *esprit de corps* of the sex is perhaps also, and indeed above all, at work.

[2] Or has kāruṇya here the meaning: mournful bearing, to give oneself up to sorrow?

[3] He does not take this evil to himself (ādatte), does not let it come into his soul; it can, indeed, never touch his innermost self. And then he never makes such action his own, he does not requite evil with evil. Perhaps the interpretation should be according to Sītā's foregoing words—that man enjoys only the fruit of his own work, and the genit. taken in the meaning of an ablat.: Evil does not come to one man from another, the evil-doer. The duty, the law of the good is naturally love and pity.

of death—the noble man must have pity ; there is none that does not offend." [1]

But it is not only of that pity which is so often exalted by the Indian as the beginning and end of all ethics that the woman is capable, nay, especially capable, but of redemption, too ; just as the despised Çūdra (and Vaiçya), who is often set alongside of her, she can enter into the Godhead for all eternity (xii, 240.34 ; 250.23 ; vi, 33.32 ; xiv, 19.61). Women, indeed, come before us quite often as teachers of men, even of the holy men, and it is the begging nun Sulabhā that teaches the famous King Janaka, him filled with the deepest wisdom (xii, 320). Since no husband who was her equal could be found for her, she was initiated into the utmost bounds of knowledge, and became a lonely ascetic (çl. 183).

[1] The commentator gives a short indication of the contents of this old tale of the bear, the tiger, and the thankless, base man, and this note together with the translated verses are the foundation of my poem : " The Bear's Revenge " (*Asanka*, etc., p. 61 ff.). Cp. Benfey, *Pantschat.*, i, p. 208 ff.

Sītā reminds us of Gudrun : she bears with just as much strength, faithfulness, and nobleness captivity and mishandling ; and like Gudrun towards the old she-devil Gerlind, she lets pitying kindness prevail towards the women-monsters after the splendid victory of her side. But such comparisons were probably made long ago.

XXI

Woman is a Chattel

AS our old, splendid Freidank says, in woman the greatest and the loveliest and the basest and the ugliest are found side by side ; no man can be so good as the woman, but then, too, none so bad as she.[1] In somewhat these words the views as a whole of the Old Indian Epic, too, might be summed up. But no matter how high or how low the various sayings, discussions, and tales set women, and no matter how important a meaning women may have had in the life and the business of life of the Indian world of those days—the fundamental view, even as yet seldom outlived, in the history of human development throughout the world, is not found lacking in the Old Indian Epic either : Woman is a Chattel (e.g. iv, 68.32 ; 72.26).[2] As the booty of war woman has an attraction, indeed, in all times and ages.[3] Therefore xii, 131.8 advises :

[1] Cp. Wirnt von Grafenberg, *Wigalois*, 5393 f.; Thiselton-Dyer, *Folklore of Women*, p. 3.

[2] Here the Kaffirs, for instance, are quite logical. Among them the son inherits also his father's widows ; his mother he does not touch, but may sell her. Usually he lets children be produced for him by her "as everyone's wife". Post, *Einleit. i. d. Studium d. ethnol. Jurisprudenz*, p. 38. So, too, the wives of the dead father fall to the son, and he takes them to wife, among the Batamba in East Africa (*Anthropos*, vi, 378) ; among the old Persians, Egyptians, and Israelites (Ed. Meyer, *Gesch. d. Altertums*, i, 1 [3], p. 28) ; among the pre-Mohammedan Arabs (Welhausen, *Gött. Nachr.*, 1893, p. 455) ; etc. The woman is currency, indeed, in many places in the world ; vasu, thing, valuable object, she is called times beyond reckoning in the Epic also. The Rājput's wergild is land or a daughter to wife (Tod, *Rajasthan*, i, 194).

[3] Cp. the already named passages, Richter, v, 30 ; Manu, vii, 96 ; as also Tod, *Rajasthan*, i, 74 : "I possess numerous inscriptions (on stone and brass), which record as the first token of victory the captive wives of the foeman."

"Let the king who is sore pressed by the foe yield up his harem. For why should he have pity for the possessions of his foe?" The wives of him that is conquered fall as a matter of course to the conqueror. Treasures and maidens the famous hero Arjuna brings home with him from his victorious campaign (iii, 80.27). King Virāṭa speaks: "I give well-decked maids, and various possessions, and what the heart yearns after in the fight" (iv, 34.5). Beautiful women as gifts to some man are found time and again in the Epic. Truly we have here in most cases probably slave-girls, as indeed is often expressly stated. But it is always remarkable that withal the bestowal of bondmen as human wares is relatively seldom to be found. There was, indeed, no so precious a thing, with which to bring honour and joy to a man, as enchanting maidens in the bloom of youth; and the men of the priestly caste above all, even the penitents and holy men, know how to value such treasures, and weary not in proclaiming the meritoriousness of this kind of open-handedness. Karṇa shouts out in the battle that to him who shows him Arjuna he will give a hundred cows that will constantly yield a brass pail of milk, a hundred fine villages, as also a chariot harnessed with white, black-maned, she-mules; and if he be not satisfied therewith, then he will give him a golden chariot with six elephants, and also a hundred decked, dark women with a golden breast-ornament round the neck, and skilled in song and the playing of musical instruments (viii, 38.4 ff.). When Drupada marries his daughter to the Pāṇḍavas, he makes over to them along with other wedding-gifts a hundred slave-girls in the first bloom of youth, and dight in handsome clothes, ornaments, and wreaths (i, 198.16); and so, too, Kṛishṇa sends them on this occasion fair-decked waiting-maids from various places, who have the gifts of beauty, youth, and skill. At the wedding of Abhimanyu to Uttarā, Kṛishṇa also bestows on the Pāṇḍavas women, jewels, clothing, etc. (iv, 72.26), and on Arjuna, as already mentioned, at his wedding with Subhadrā, a thousand girls to be made use of at drinking and bathing festivals (i, 221.49–50). Dhṛitarāshṭra wishes to give Kṛishṇa a hundred lovely slave-girls that have not yet borne children (v, 86.8). As messenger's fee, Bharata,

among other things, gives Hanumant, who brings him the news of Rāma's home-coming, sixteen well conducted, ear-ring-decked girls to wife, golden-hued women with lovely noses and thighs, with moon-sweet faces, favoured with every kind of ornament, and with birth from noble families (Rām., vi, 125.43 ff.). Also beautiful women or girls are brought as tribute to the rulers ; so to Yudhishṭhira a hundred thousand slave-girls wearing cotton garb, dark, slender, long-haired, decked with gold (ii, 51.8, 9 ; cp. 52.11, 29) ; at his horse-sacrifice, among the treasures brought him by the other rulers are women, too (xiv, 85.18) ; and on his side he treats the rulers with the like delicate attention (89.32). So, too, on other sacrificial occasions they always make up a part of the more or less rich flood of treasures poured out by the holder of the sacrifice. Yudhishṭhira at his kingly sacrifice bestowed hundreds of thousands of young beauties (ii, 33.52), and Çaçabindu a huge number at his horse-sacrifice (vii, 65.6)—on the priests and Brahmans, of course. Lovely women are always being mentioned as the dakshiṇā, or sacrificial fee. King Bhagīratha so gives thousands and thousands of gold-decked maidens, each standing on a chariot drawn by four horses (xii, 29.65 f. = vii, 60.1, 2). Cp. xii, 29.32, 133; vii, 57.5–7; etc. Thus, too, lovely maidens, splendid women, and slave-girls are particularly advised as gifts to the Brahmans at the çrāddha or festivals of the dead, and are bestowed even by the hundred thousand (xv, 14.4 ; 39.20 ; xvii, 1.14 ; xviii, 6.12–13). It is, however, to the Brahmans that such sweet things must in general be dealt out most plentifully, and the king that does not do so is an accursed ruler (rājakali, xii, 12.30 f.). King Sagara makes over to the Brahmans a palace all of gold, filled with lotus-eyed women and with beds (xii, 29.133). King Vainya gives a thousand lovely slave-girls to Atri, who has sung his praises (iii, 185.34). So the holy Cyavana lets women be bestowed on him (xiii, 63.39 ff.). They are the natural gift for Brahmans (iii, 315.2, 6). Cp. iii, 233.43 ; iv, 18.21 ; xiii, 102.11 ; 103.10–12 ; etc. Even a young widow is made over to the pious Çabara ; he keeps her as his wife (xii, 168.33 ; 171.5 ; 173.16 ff.). A penance is given in xiii, 136.6–7, for when a Brahman has let a

woman be bestowed on himself: he is to murmur a prayer, and hold bare iron in his hand.[1] Judging by the context, however, a woman is meant whom he has received from a bestower who is unclean for him. Whoever shows his piety through open-handedness of this kind is naturally magnificently rewarded with lavish joys in heaven (with Apsarases, etc.). So e.g. xiii, 145.2 ff. And the man must make the woman helpful in every way to his own profit *here on earth.* Where he himself is concerned, let him without hesitation sacrifice daughter and wife, like everything else; this is often advised in the Mahābh., too, a teaching with which on the other hand, we find, of course, associated its opposite, often and powerfully glorified in maxim and tale. From the accounts we have had set before us we have seen over and over again how a princess is put by her father into the arms of any Brahman that comes, though, it is true, he is very holy, because the father is afraid of the Brahman's curse, and so on. This must have seemed the more natural in the case of Sukanyā: The Brahman Cyavana, mortifying himself strictly, kept in one place like a tree-stump. The ants built a hill around him, and completely covered him. Then Sukanyā, the only daughter of King Çaryāti, came that way; together with her girl-friends she went wandering this way and that in play. With wanton hand she broke off the boughs from the trees, laden with glorious flowers. She went off from her play-fellows, and came to the spot where the holy man was doing penance. When he saw the wonderfully fair, magnificently decked young girl, he was filled with joy, and spoke unto her. But she did not hear his weakened voice, and saw in the ant-hill only his glowing eyes, which looked like two fire-flies. Full of curiosity, she thrust a thorn into these things she could not understand. The already very hot-tempered chastener of his senses took his revenge by bringing a stoppage of urine and of the bowels on the king's army. In vain the ruler tried in his need to find out who had injured the old penitent; it was on him he threw the responsibility for the mysterious disaster. When the good daughter saw her father thus troubled, she told him of what had befallen her. At once Çaryāti hastened to the

[1] This is well known to be very efficacious against all kinds of evil.

ant-hill ; but Cyavana inveighed against the maiden, who, he said, was blinded by his beauty, and finally let it be understood that he would only grant forgiveness, if he was given her as his wife. The king at once gave her to him, and the king's daughter, once so full of youthful high spirits, clad in wretched garb served the old and ugly Yogi as a loving, obedient, ungrudging wife, and quickly won his utmost content (iii, 122).

It is, first of all, highly meritorious to give of one's free will one's own daughter, above all if it is a question of honouring or gladdening a Brahman, a penitent, or a holy man. It has been already seen in the discussion of the different kinds of marriage that under the "Brahmanic" form of marriage the father gives the daughter for nothing ; and this method has been put at the head and distinguished with its name by the priesthood, of course not on moral, but on very selfish grounds. The quite gratuitous marriage of a princess with a Brahman, a holy man, or a penitent is found, too, in many of the tales in the Epic ; and in the Brahmanic view a very great honour is done to a ruler when the pious man accepts such a gift. That the proud nobility, however, in reality often even looked down with contempt on the begging pack of Brahmans, is put on record by the Mahābh. in various places, as already indicated ; and we are told of King Duryodhana : "The prince would not give his daughter to the Brahman, for he said : 'He is poor, and is not equal to me in caste'" (asavarṇa, xiii, 2.22). It is no wonder that a whole set of pious kings of the fabled earliest times have their praises trumpeted as having thought otherwise and given their daughters to the Brahmans, and as a reward gone into the worlds of the blest together with all their kinsfolk. So xii, 234 ; xiii, 137.[1] Such a shining contrast to rulers of Duryodhana's kind is the pious King Yayāti, who at once assigns his daughter Mādhavī to the Brahman Gālava, so that the Brahman, like a kind of better master of hetæræ, can even hand her over to one ruler after another, and so through her acquire his wonderful steeds (v, 106.19 ff.).

[1] Such pattern kings also give sons to the members of the priestly caste. But there is less demand for them.

Just as high, nay, still higher, stands the giving up of the wife. Thus King Mitrasaha gives his beloved wife to the Ṛishi Vasishṭha, and thus comes together with her into heaven (xii, 234.32; xiii, 137.18); on Yuvanāçva Vṛishādarbhi bestows, besides "his beloved wives", all his jewels, and a most delightful dwelling, and is then, of course, rewarded in the same way (xii, 234.25).[1]

Women for the temporary use of the guest, or as a definitive gift to him, have been already alluded to (allusion to Kṛishṇa in v, 85.13, 14; 86.8). Yudhishṭhira keeps hundreds of thousands of young girls (dāsī), wearing shell bracelets and most splendid ornaments, sprinkled with sandal, skilled in the sixty-four arts, and in dancing and singing songs, that they may hospitably wait on the Brahmans (snātaka), ministers, and kings, and he then stakes this valuable property at the game (ii, 61.8 ff.). To give fitting pleasure to the newcomer, even with a man's own daughter or wife, is, as is well known, a thing that is demanded by good manners, and therefore by morality, in very many places in the world.[2] But beyond any doubt this "virtue" has nowhere found a greater glorification than in the Mahābh. For here we find the following tale of the man that overcame death (xiii, 2.34 ff.). Agni who as a Brahman sought the hand of Sudarçanā, the king's daughter, and was given her after some difficulties, had by her a splendid son, Sudarçana, who in very childhood "took for his own the whole of the most high and everlasting word of God'. Now

[1] Cp. Oman, *The Great Indian Epics*, p. 205 (a later Rajah gives a Brahman one of his own wives).

[2] See e.g. McLennan, *Primit. Marriage*, p. 96, n.; Grosse, *Die Formen d. Familie*, p. 112; Müller-Lyer, *Phasen d. Liebe* (1913), pp. 2 ff.; Westermarck, *Human Marriage* [3], pp. 72–75; Hertz, *Giftmädchen*, 120–21; Finck, *Prim. Love*, 78, 429, 478, 638 f. and elsewhere; Hartland, *Prim. Patern.*, ch. vii; Ploss-Bartels [4], i, p. 402, 430; Dargun, *Mutterrecht u. Raubehe*, 43; Schweiger-Lerchenfeld, *Die Frauen d. Orients*, 234; Weinhold, *Die deutschen Frauen*, etc., ii, 199 f.; Feist, *Kultur, Herkunft u. Ausbreitung d. Indogermanen*, 283 f.; Christian Schulz, *Aus Hagenbecks Jagdgründen* (Dresden, 1922), p. 110 f.; Günther, *Weib u. Sittlichkeit*, 29; Schmidt, *Liebe u. Ehe*, p. 543 f. In India, to do honour to the guest, the daughter is also given as wife. Wilson's Vishṇupur., iv, p. 79, etc.

there was a prince, by name Oghavant, the grandfather of Nṛiga. He had a girl Oghavatī and a son Ogharatha. This daughter Oghavatī, her with the godlike stature, Oghavant gave of his own will to this wise Sudarçana to wife. In union with this Oghavatī Sudarçana dwelt in Kurukshetra, devoting himself gladly to a life as father of the house. 'As father of the house I will overcome Death,'[1] this vow was undertaken by him so rich in insight, him that blazed with flames. To Oghavatī spoke the son of fire: 'Unto a guest thou must nowise do anything that might displease him. Whatever it be whereby a guest would be gladdened, be it even the giving of thyself—thou must never harbour hesitation or scruple. This pious rule (vrata) is ever astir in my heart. For him that dwells in the house, O thou of the lovely hips, there is nothing higher than the guest. If my word is to thee as a guiding thread, thou of the lovely thighs, thou shining one, then do thou keep this speech of mine ever fast in thine heart with mind firm-set. Whether I happen to have gone away, or to be here, O sweet one, O blameless one, thou must not disregard the guest, if I have to decide for thee.' To him spoke Oghavatī, her hands folded humbly on her forehead: 'For me there is nought that I would not do without question at thy bidding.' But since Death now wished to overcome Sudarçana in his house, he, ever following, went after him into it, and sought a bare spot on him. When the son of fire had now gone out to fetch firewood, there spoke as a guest to Oghavatī a glorious Brahman: 'I would have thee, O thou of the lovely face, show me hospitality to-day, if indeed the law laid down for the estate of father of the house is unto thee a guiding rule.' Thus addressed by the Brahman, the glorious daughter of the king welcomed him according to the precept made known in the Veda. When Oghavatī had given him a seat and water for the feet, she spoke to the Brahman: 'What is thy business? What shall I give thee?' To the lovely daughter of the king then spoke the Brahman: 'It is with thee I have business, O lovely one. Do thou carry it out without hesitation or thought. If unto thee the law laid down

[1] This is otherwise done through knowledge, through asceticism, or through holy living.

for the estate of father of the house is a rule of conduct, then show me an act of love, O princess, by giving thyself to me.' The royal maiden offered him anything else he might wish, but the Brahman wanted nothing of her but that she should give herself. The princess, however, bethought herself from the very first of the words of her husband, and filled with shame said 'Yes' to the Brahman bull. Then laughed the Brahman Ṛishi, and he and she sat themselves down,[1] she remembering her husband's bidding, who as he strove was ever mindful of his headship of the household. Then the son of fire came there with the firewood, on whom followed always, as on a kinsman, Death in dreadful shape. When he begotten by the fire god had come into the hermitage he called out repeatedly to Oghavatī: 'Whither art thou gone?' But she made no answer, because she had been touched by the Brahman with his hands, and was a faithful wife. She thought to herself: 'I am only what another man has left over,' and was ashamed before her husband; the good woman kept silent, and spoke no word in answer. Then spoke Sudarçana again to her[2]: 'Where is the good one? Where has she gone? What is there dearer to me than she? Why does she not come to meet me smiling to-day as before, the faithful wife, the truthful one, ever joyfully given to perfect honesty?' But the Brahman in the hut made answer to Sudarçana: 'Know, O son of fire, that I am come as a guest, and am a Brahman. This wife of thine, O best one, offered me every kind of honour for guests, but I wished for her for myself. In this wise did the lovely-faced one come to me. Whatever else is fitting here, do thou do it.' But Death followed him, with an iron pick in his hand, and thought: 'If he is untrue now to his pledge, I shall slay him.' But Sudarçana, who in thought, deed, eye, and speech had put aside jealousy, had put aside anger, smilingly spoke these words:

[1] According to B.: they went in, into the house. K. has upaviveça (instead of atha viveça). The expression also means "to have connection", but evidently not here.

[2] Tāṃ provāca. Probably not: "about her." Taken figuratively, the usual "to her", it is true, could be used here, too.

'Luck to thee in the pleasures of love,[1] O first among Brahmans! For to me this now is the greatest joy. The first law of the father of the house is, indeed, to honour the guest that is come. The wise say there is no higher law and merit than this, that the guest go his way having been honourably entertained by him that dwells in the house.[2] I, indeed, have taken this vow: My life and my wife, and whatever else I have I must give my guests. And that this word which I have spoken will brook no doubt—in witness to this truth, O Brahman, I touch my own body. The earth, the wind, the ether, water, fire as fifth, the mind (buddhi), the soul (ātman), the heart (manas), time (kāla), and space (diças) —these ten constituents, indeed, dwelling in the bodies of those that carry bodies, are ever beholding the good and the evil deed, O best among those faithful to the law. So true as the words are true which I have now spoken, so truly shall the gods shield me or burn me.'[3] Thereupon there was heard again and again from every direction a loud sound in all the quarters of the world: 'That is true,' and 'That is not a lie'. But thereupon that Brahman came out of the hut, filling heaven and earth with his form, as though the wind had arisen.[4] Making the three worlds to ring with the tone of recitation true to art, he spoke unto this man that knew virtue, addressing him first by name: 'I am the god of righteousness and virtue, come here, if so I may say, to put thee, O guiltless one, to the test; and having come to know thy uprightness, I feel towards thee the highest glad approval. Thou hast overcome Death, who

[1] That is, suratam used like susnātam, etc. Or according to the usual meaning: Let the pleasures of love be thine, that is, set about them!

[2] If a guest goes away disappointed or unsatisfied, he leaves his evil deed behind him there, and takes with him instead the good works of the master of the house. This is the teaching of the MBh., and e.g. Vishṇupur., vol. iii, 94, 123; Mārk.-Pur., xxix, 31, 32; Çivapurāṇa, xlii, 23; Vishṇusmṛiti, lxvii, 33, and Jolly's note thereon in SBE, vii, p. 215. Cp. Manu, iii, 100, and especially my *Altind. Rechtsschriften*, p. 334 f.

[3] Of course, according as these words are true or not true.

[4] Or: set itself up (udyata). The wind does indeed fill the whole world.

goes in after thee here ; he was ever looking for a weak spot in thee, and now has been beaten by thee through thy staunchness. And none in the three worlds, O best of men, has the power even to look on this faithful woman, thy good wife. Whatever this woman that none can stain, sheltered through thy virtues and her virtues as a faithful wife, may say, so it is, and not otherwise.'" Then he further praises the moral greatness of the two, and says that Oghavatī, who has rid herself of all failings and vices through her obedience to her husband, and wields yoga, shall with one half be left to Sudarçana, but with the other half she shall become the river of her name that wipes away sin. Together with her he shall come into the worlds of bliss, from which none ever come back again into the Saṃsāra. The conclusion is made up of a fresh song of praise for hospitality, as being better than a hundred sacrifices ; and assurance is given that a man shall come unto holy and blessed worlds, if he relate this " tale—bringing fame, long life, and all happiness—of the man who as father of a house overcame Death ".[1]

[1] The tale belongs to the great cycle, well represented especially in the MBh., of the temptation of the good man, which I hope to treat separately some time. One or two knights of the same kind as this overcomer of Death may here be mentioned. In Yule's *Marco Polo* [3], vol. I, p. 210, we find it said of the dwellers in Kambul in China : " If a foreigner comes to the house of one of these people to lodge, the host is delighted, and desires his wife to put herself entirely at the guest's disposal, whilst he himself gets out of the way, and comes back no more until the stranger shall have taken his departure." And the Venetian reports of the province of Caindu : " When they fall in with any stranger in want of a lodging they are all eager to take him in. And as soon as he has taken up his quarters the master of the house goes forth, telling him to consider everything at his disposal, and after saying so he proceeds to his vineyards or his fields, and comes back no more till the stranger has departed." The guest then has his pleasure of the women in the house that please him, and hangs his hat, or some other mark, on the door, that the master may know how long to stay away (ii, 54). Both peoples saw in this custom, handed down from of old, the necessary condition for the gods being well-disposed to them. On the other hand the purest good-fellowship is what seems to inspire the Namaqua Hottentots : " If a husband has been out hunting and on his return finds his place occupied, he sits down at the

The splendid, bold flight of the unbending, pitilessly logical zeal of the dreamer for some one virtue or for virtue in general, the intoxicated ethical enthusiasm that so often carries the Hindu irresistibly away, is also brought out strongly by this legend. And needful, dreadfully needful, it is evident, was an incitement like this to the not at all so very hospitable Old Indian people.[1] This tendencious sermon, of course, does not refer to real conditions ; it did not occur to the Old Indian actually to practise this kind of " piety ". And as the Brahman who here appears as guest is any guest in the fullest meaning,[2] what we have, at any rate in the first place, is a show feat of priestly pride. It was quite in the same way that the often very bold, and bodily and morally louse-ridden travelling community of little poets and singers, the band of the unhoused, used to sing the praises in the Middle Ages of that incomparable " warm charity ", so pleasing to God, that they so ardently yearned for from kind-hearted ladies (cp. Hagen's *Gesamt-abenteuer*, ii, 248 ff. ; Meyer, *Isoldes Gottesurteil*, 42–45, and the notes there ; *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, 340 ; 398 f.). To be taken somewhat more in earnest is what Sanatsujāta says about the six marks of true friendship (v, 45.12 ff.). Among these is the giving to a friend of son and wife.[3] A pattern friend of this

door of his hut, and the paramour handing him out a bit of tobacco, the injured man contentedly smokes it till the other chooses to retire " (Hartland, ii, 212 after Sir James Edward Alexander, *An Expedition of Discovery into the Interior of Africa*, 1838, vol. i, 196). He thinks, indeed, as does that Bushman : " What are women otherwise for ? " (Alexander, ii, 21).

[1] Cp. my transl. of the Kuṭṭanīmatam, v, 217 ff. (p. 32 ff.).

[2] So e.g. in MBh., iii, 200.61 ; xiii, 35.1. We find it expressly stated in Āpastamba, ii, 3, 6.3–6 ; Vasishṭha, xi, 13, that guest and Brahman are one and the same thing, as, too, in several other places. See my *Altind. Rechtsschriften*, pp. 334, 337.

[3] As is well known, a custom also, like the lending and exchanging of a wife, in olden and later times in the most differing places in the world. The most famous case is Cato, who gave up his Marcella to his friend Hortensius ; and according to Strabo this was here also in accordance with good and old tradition (Lippert, *Kulturgesch.*, ii, 18). But in India it is often declared that the wife must not be given to any man (e.g. Bṛihaspati, xv, 2).

kind would be Kṛishṇa, who is ready to give even his wives and sons to his dear friend Arjuna (x, 12.28 ; cp. v, 65.9). Karṇa even wants to bestow his sons and wives on him that shall show him in the battle where Arjuna is to be found (viii, 38.20). It is true that he may not have been left untouched by the customs of his kingdom ; anyhow, it was said of Anga-land that in it the sale of one's own wife and own children, together with the exposure of the sick, was a native custom, and, indeed, this is brought before us as a heavy shame (viii, 45.40. Cp. i, 104.40 ?).

But *property* is what the woman is ; he that takes away from another his married darling takes away his property (vasu) ; he is freed from this sin if for a year he undertakes the mortification appointed for Brahman-murder (xii, 35.25 ; cp. 35.24). The owner can naturally do what he likes with his own, and this principle is, indeed, still applied to the woman also, in all its meaning, among many peoples and tribes. It is found juridically in the India of the Epic also. But nobler views on woman, a high position for the woman in esteem and her activities, which was really to be found, in the upper classes of the population at least, and a finer, purer ethic were alive. Here the already discussed Dyūtaparvan is instructive. Yudhishṭhira in the dice-game, having lost all his other possessions, first stakes his brothers, with an unwilling regret, it is true, beginning with the youngest, then himself, and finally, on his opponent's challenge, his wife—and her with the utmost, most matter of fact cold-bloodedness in the world ; indeed, he goes on in a long speech to praise her charms and gifts, as a slave-dealer might praise the beauty and accomplishments of his stock of women. The assembly of men has up to now calmly looked on ; there is no sound or gesture of disapproval. But so soon as the "wretched excrescence" Yudhishṭhira thus yields up Draupadī, it is: "Shame, shame !"; the voices of the old men were raised from the hall (sabhya). The gathering in the hall was deeply moved ; sorrow and pain came over the princes ; the sweat broke forth from Bhīshma, Droṇa, Kṛipa, and the others. Vidura held his head in his hands, and was as one forsaken by life ; with bowed face he sat there in anxious, gloomy thoughts, and breathed heavily

like a snake. But Dhṛitarāshṭra kept on asking in joyful excitement : "'How? Won? How? Won?' and gave no heed to his mien. Karṇa with Duḥçāsana and his other (brothers) rejoiced immoderately. But from the eyes of the other men in the hall the water gushed" (ii, 65.40 ff.). When Draupadī is then actually played away, and Duryodhana wishes to treat her as a slave, Vidura prophesies its fall to the Kuru race. Then follow the events in the hall so insulting to Draupadī, and she never raises any question as to her having fallen according to law and custom to the winner in the game, if only it is certain that Yudhishṭhira before putting her to the hazard of fortune has not lost his own freedom, and with it every right of property. She makes appeal to the noble and dignified lords, and begs them to decide whether she is really a slave or not. And now the thoughts of those present struggle and wrestle with this complicated question of law, seeking a solution. Where a good heart speaks, as in Bhīma, there is room but for one thing : a holy wrath at such a crime ; and even one of the sons of Dhṛitarāshṭra, Vikarṇa, presses his hands together in anger, pain, and despair, because the assembly, mainly out of fear of Duryodhana, sits there dumb, while according to Vikarṇa's loudly uttered consciousness of the law Yudhishṭhira was absolutely without the power to gamble away the noble princess, since from the first he had only a part-ownership in her, and then as bondman had lost all rights in her. A storm of applause follows his words. But then the scales again turn in Duryodhana's favour ; all the good ones utter loud cries of blame that the Kauravas would not settle Draupadī's case. But in the hall they are swayed this way and that, for and against the poor proud woman. Duryodhana then leaves the decision with the five brothers, especially Yudhishṭhira ; this way out of it is hailed by many with loud shouts of applause, and much waving of shawls, while others utter loud cries of pain. They all look intently at the brothers, especially the eldest one. The latter wraps himself in his silent wretchedness, Bhīma gives vent to his rage, the worthless Arjuna, who is also here, needless to say, dreadfully correct,[1]

[1] The only word for him, we think, would be that flabby, weak expression so dear to the mollusc-like mind : "faultless."

thinks : "The king was a free master when he staked us. But what he was master of, when he had gambled himself away, this is the question that the Kurus here must decide together." Then the evil-boding signs resound, and Dhṛitarāshṭra lets mildness have the upper hand. The difficulty around which everything turns in the long discussion is only this : Was Yudhishṭhira still lord of anything (īça) when he offered Draupadī ? We know he was not so. But for the knowledge of law in those days the question was a knotty one. For Bhīshma, the truly noble teacher of law in the Mahābh., acknowledges the matter to be too subtle for him : Yudhishṭhira, indeed, has already become a slave, he says, and thus without any possessions whatever, but on the other hand the wife stands always under the husband's sway. But what the bungling interpreter of the law has to leave doubtful, holds no darkness for the eye of the unspoiled mind, nor for the noble heart. "A dice-game (atidyūta, ii, 71.17) carried beyond the bounds of what is right was played here, since ye are disputing about a woman in the gaming-hall ; happiness and well-being will be utterly destroyed for you, O Kurus, for ye are plotting evil deeds"—shouts Vidura, and this is the feeling not only of the honourable Bhīma, but of almost all those there, as also of the people and the women. According to Dhṛitarāshṭra's own account the Brahmans also were "angered when Draupadī was dragged about" (ii, 81.22 ; see the whole matter in ii, 65 ff.). Now as the woman is herself property, she, of course, in principle cannot own anything. What she acquires belongs to her owner (her father or her husband).[1] The wife is here the same as the slave and the child (i, 82.22 ; ii, 71.1 ; v, 33.64). But that the woman could own private property bestowed on her or inherited, this we have already seen.

In the same way the standpoint of ownership was taken, where the wife offended in the case of the wife's adultery. The law literature deals but little with this ; is it, indeed, not a public matter, but one above all for the husband's decision. But in this also his powers are limited partly through prescriptions of the law, partly through the prevailing moral attitude,

[1] On the other hand, according to Mahānirvāṇatantra, xii, 25, 111, as already mentioned, what a woman acquires herself is her property.

as we have already often seen in the Epic. What is common to the whole of Indian literature is the casting off of the wife as a punishment for unfaithfulness. This punishment inflicted by the husband does not put any stain on him, and on the other hand cleanses the wife (xii, 34.30). Nīlakaṇṭha says on this point, in agreement with the law writings, that the punishment and atonement lies in the sinning woman being upbraided, having only food and clothing, not being allowed near him by her husband, and being debarred from sexual intercourse.[1]

[1] "Public punishments for adulteresses are only spoken of in general for particularly glaring cases; they are then to suffer a more severe death penalty (M., 8, 371; Vi., 5, 18; etc.); in ordinary cases it was only the jurisdiction of the injured husband or his family that came into action." Jolly, *Recht u. Sitte*, p. 128. Yājñav., i, 70, 72, ordains: Let him (the husband) leave the unfaithful wife to dwell robbed of her dignity, dirty, living only on a mouthful, despised, and sleeping on the ground; but if she has got with child by the stranger, then it is laid down she shall be cast off. Manu, xi, 177 f., is not so severe. In Nārada (xii, 91–92) we find: Where she is unfaithful to her husband, there is, for the woman, shaving the head, sleeping on the bare ground, bad food, and bad clothing (or: bad housing, kuvāsas), and for work the removal of garbage and rubbish. Vasishṭha ordains: If the woman has really committed adultery she shall for one year wear a garment smeared with melted butter, and sleep on a mat of (holy) kuça-grass, or in a pit with (purifying) cows' dung. At the end of the year the husband shall make a sacrifice in fire, reciting 108 times the Gāyātrī, and the formula: "Water is light, water is the deathless," and she at the same time shall bathe in water. Then she is cleansed once more. But she must be cast off, if she gives herself to the Guru, or to her husband's disciple, or to a man of lower caste; and if she at the time of her ṛitu has carnal intercourse with another man, then she loses all religious and social rights (xxi, 8–10). According to Baudh., ii, 2, 3.48, the adulteress must do kṛicchra. And so on. But if the faithless wife has atoned for her sin, then she must be treated just as before her misdeed. Āpast., ii, 10, 27.1. A stirring picture of the delights and the woes of adultery is given in Kuṭṭanīm., strophes 789–838. Here the casting out from the family, the censure by people, danger to life, the journey to hell, and other pains are given as the lot of the wife forgetful of virtue. The cutting off of the nose, riding an ass, and so on is well enough known out of Indian literature. The adulteress

walks abroad as one unclean, the house she goes into is defiled, and the Brahman may take no food from her (Parāçara, x, 32–34; Āpaſt., i, 7, 19.16). As we have already been told, in losing her virtue she has also loſt her womanhood and rights as a woman: if anyone kills her, he is practically left unpunished. But besides this there are, it is true, milder views enough. According to an old verse quoted by Manu, viii, 317, and Vasishṭha, xix, 44, the adulteress is not guilty in any way, but the guilt falls on her lord and maſter, who should have made the miſtake impossible. The same view, it would seem, is found also among the Maori; for among them the kinsfolk of a woman take a bitter revenge on the husband for a sexual offence on her part. Hartland, i, 279; cp. ii, 33. And among the Baganda he has to pay them a heavy fine, for he should have looked after her. Her offence becomes known through her dying in child-bed. Hartland, i, 276 (cp. here e.g. also *Zeitschr. f. Ethnol.*, v, p. 262). And in other cases too the general rule with mankind, which spares, and often even exalts, the man sinner in things of sex, but crushes the woman, is often reversed. See e.g. *Anthropos*, iv, 315; Hartland, ii, 220; Wright, *Hiſt. of Nepal*, p. 33 (among the Mewār in Nepal). The forbearance with which the adulterous wife is treated might be called something quite without example when set againſt the often very great severity shown towards the man sinner, such as we find in the Old Indian law literature, in the Purāṇas and elsewhere. Of this we have already often been told (pp. 206; 220; 227; 249 f.; 312; etc.). Here we will only give some further matter in short form from MBh., K, xiii, 58 f., and Agnipur., 165.6 f., 19 ff. Since the woman is not sullied by any sexual intercourse, or, anyhow, the uncleanness is always carried away by her monthly flow, the husband muſt not caſt off the unfaithful wife. The woman's vulva is there for the member of all. But on the husband falls a very heavy guilt. Only when the wife becomes pregnant by a man of lower caſte may the husband, according to MBh., K, caſt her off, while the Agnipur. even then lays down: he shall wait till the "thorn" or "sorrow-bringing foreign body" (çalya) has come out of her through birth, and she has menſtruated again; then she is "clean" again for him. Between the ṛitu times (tīrthāntare) her vulva is quite free to all, says MBh., K, repeatedly (cp. p. 121 in the present work). See also Meyer, *Altind. Rechtsschr.*, 22 f.; 73; 141; 167; 342.

Among the old Germans also the wife was the man's property. According to Tacitus, *Germania* 19, the punishment of the adulteress was left in the hands of the husband and the clan. As is well-known, it was very severe. This ſtandpoint made itself ſtill so ſtrongly felt in later times that, according to Gregory of Tours, a man named Eulalius, who complained to King Gunthram that his wife had left

We must, indeed, hold xii, 35.30 to be very mild : "To wives, however, on whom the suspicion lies that they are bad the man of understanding shall not go. They are cleansed by the monthly flow like a vessel by ashes." Like the whole literature in many passages, so the Epic throughout shows a kindly and tender, or a cynical and cheerful forbearance towards women's mistakes [1] ; indeed, we have already seen several cases of this. But this does not spring from any contempt of woman's chastity, praised, too, as it is in the highest terms by the Epic. For it is of infinite value for the continuance of the

him and was living with another man was only laughed at. Rullkoetter, *Legal Protection*, p. 77.

As among the old Germans (Grimm, *Deutsche Rechtsaltertümer*, ed. Heusler and Hübner, Bd. i, p. 563), among the old Israelites (*Ztschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd., 11, p. 249), and among other peoples, the woman in Old India is a chattel, or anyhow a ward, in this also, that she cannot bear witness, and this because of her lack of truthfulness (Nārada, i, 190 f. ; cp. Krauss, *Sitte u. Brauch d. Südslawen*, 514), or because of the unsteadiness of her mind (Manu, viii, 77). Still, this is true only as a general principle, and here a responsible personality is not denied to her so much as it is elsewhere. The Old Indian law, reminding us of the English jury : he that is equal in rank shall be witness for his equal, is applied also to her : Where women are concerned (strīshu), women may and shall appear before the court as witnesses. Manu, viii, 68 ; Vasishṭha, xvi, 30. But does she who is on trial fare very well thus ? Cp. Daçakum., p. 59, note 2.

[1] The cynical, it is true, preponderates : women cannot help it, "every woman is at heart a rake," as Pope holds ; so that we must be indulgent (Jāt., Nos. 120, 220, 224). They are like the well, the bathing-place, the street—all have access to her (Jāt., No. 195 ; Divyāvad., p. 257, lines 12–20 ; Rājatar., iii, 514, and the whole tale from 496 on). So that we must not on account of them think of losing a man who is clever, or useful or dear to us, and has broken through our fence ; beautiful women can easily be replaced by others, but a wise man, a good counsellor, a friend is seldom to be found (Jāt., No. 224 ; Çukasapt., text. simpl., No. 57). Cp. MBh., xii, 168.22. King Pradyota sees from clear evidence that women cannot be kept from going wrong, and he therefore gives his whole harem leave to go roving about by night for adventures until a drum is beaten, then they must all come back to the palace (Lacôte, *Guṇāḍhya et la Bṛihatkathā*, Paris, 1908, p. 242 ff.).

world, that is, the keeping up of the castes (vi, 25.41).[1] Then morality in general is above all in the hands of the gentler sex : " Most important of all is the way of life of womenfolk ; what way the woman takes, that is the way always which prevails in mankind " (xiii, 146.10).[2] Food from a woman that runs after men the twice-born man must not eat ; for it is mūtra (urine, xiii, 135.14).[3] But Utathya is fully contented merely with having back again his wife that has been carried off and so long enjoyed by Varuṇa ; so likewise Gautama takes to himself again Ahalyā who has been defiled by Indra, though indeed only after a long penance. In the old legends and tales, however, the husband who has been really, or to outward seeming, injured by his wife's unfaithfulness often orders her without more ado to be killed. So Paraçurāma's father, and at first Cirakārin's. When Svāhā burning with love has taken on the shapes of the wives of the first six out of the seven Ṛishis and has thus received Agni's embraces, the six seeming cuckolds cast off their wives, but afterwards learn that the poor wretches are only victims of a clever trick, and are quite innocent ; yet they do not take them back again (iii, 226.8 ff. But cp. 230.1 ff.). The explanation of their action is given by Nīlakaṇṭha in a very characteristic way : " Through fear of the talk of people like Rāma " (for çl. 17).

[1] Cp. Manu, viii, 353.

[2] Strījanasya gatiḥ parā. Gaur yāṃ gacchati, suçroṇi, lokeshv eshā gatiḥ sadā. The dictionaries do not give this meaning for *go*, but refer to " mother " given by Indian lexicographers. The meaning in that case would come to the same thing exactly. Nīl. has another meaning for the passage. With this thought compare : " Les hommes font les lois, les femmes font les mœurs." Comte de Ségur in *Les Femmes, leur condition*, etc.

[3] According to xii, 36.28 the harlot's food robs him who receives it of his manly powers, just as does that of the henpecked husband, and that of the wretched man who tolerates his wife's lover. But it is well known that even the truly good and holy men of India gave little heed to this the dearest treasure of man, for Buddha and others gladly accepted charitable gifts from hetæræ. Cp. Manu, iv, 211 ; Yājñ., i, 215 ; Āpastamba, i, 6, 19.15 ; etc. While it is also impressed on the Snātaka, that is on the Brahman before all, that food from a king takes away his strength (tejas) (Manu, iv, 218) !

When this hero has overcome and slain Rāvaṇa, and dedicated Vibhīshaṇa in Laṅkā as king, the Rākshasa minister Avindhya brings Sītā to him, who with weeping eyes, pining, in black, filthy garb, her hair plaited in the fashion of mourners,[1] gazes on him. But he speaks and says : "Go, princess of Videha, I have restored [2] thee ; that which was to be done I have done. I have slain that spirit of the night, for I thought : 'After having won me for a husband, thou shalt not enter into old age in the house of the Rākshasas. How could ever one like me, one that knows the decision of things of law, keep even for a moment a woman that had fallen into the hands of another ? Be thy way of life pure or not, I cannot have thee any more for the joys of love, since thou art like unto a sacrificial offering polluted by a dog.' Then did the young woman, the queen, when she heard these awful words, reeling in anguish, fall suddenly to the ground, like a banana-tree that is hewn down. And the redness brought to her countenance by joy vanished in an instant again, like breath on a looking-glass. When all the monkeys had now heard these words of Rāma, they stood like Lakshmaṇa, too, without stirring, almost robbed of life." Sītā now takes a solemn oath : "In beings dwells the ever moving wind ; may he take life away from me, if I have done any evil. Let fire, water, ether, earth, and wind take my life, if I have done any evil. As truly as I, O hero, have thought of none other even in my sleep, so truly be thou, the one ordained for me by the gods, be thou my husband." The gods bear loud witness to the innocence of the noble woman (MBh., iii, 291.6 ff.). It is not so unfeeling as in the very compressed account of the Mahābh.[3] that Rāma comes before us in the beautiful description in the Rāmāyaṇa (vi, 112.22 to 118). Hanumant speaks to Rāma : "Let the princess of Mithilā be pleased to see the queen that is afire with pain, her that is the cause of these deeds, the fruit that is their reward." Rāma's

[1] Jaṭilā.

[2] Or : freed (muktā tvaṃ).

[3] But I cannot hold it to be so secondary and unimportant as it has been represented. It often shows a freshness and strength wanting in the Rāmāyaṇa ; and that it flowed from this latter seems to me highly problematic.

eyes fill with tears, he falls to thinking, sighs deeply, looks on the ground, and then gives orders for her to be brought, and to be brought " with her head bathed ", and in most splendid array. She would but hasten to him at once, as she is, but must obey, and is then carried there in a litter. Anger, joy, and gloom fill Rāma as she approaches. Vibhīshaṇa has all the people driven back by men in chamberlain's jackets, and with cane staves and drums in their hands. But Rāma upbraids him for thus harassing the folk : " Neither house nor garb, neither wall nor hiding-place, nor such royal honour, but virtue is a woman's covering. In misfortune, in pain and distress, in the fight, at the choosing of a husband, at a sacrifice, and at a wedding—in any of these to look on a (strange) woman is not held to be sinful. Sītā is to leave the litter, and come hither on foot." Lakshmaṇa and the monkeys are very disconcerted, and Sītā draws nigh to her husband, almost ready to hide away in her own limbs for shame, and gazing, full of admiration, joy, and love, into Rāma's face. But he says : " The insult is atoned for, I have shown my manhood, and fulfilled my promise, and am now once more my own lord : our undertaking was crowned with success." The eyes of the poor woman open wide, and fill with tears at these remarkable words of welcome. Seeing his heart's beloved thus standing before him, and with his heart in dissension [1] through fear of what the people say, he goes on : " That which a man has to do to wash away an insult I have done in my yearning after honour, but not for thy sake. But the sight of thee is to me as little pleasing as is a light to one with sick eyes, since thou standest before me with the cast of suspicion as to thy good way of life. Therefore go—I give thee leave—wherever thou wilt. Here are the ten quarters of the heavens, my dear one ; I have nothing more to do with thee. For what man born in a good family and of any worth would take back a wife again out of friendly yearning, a wife that has dwelt in the house of another man ? Rāvaṇa's bosom has hurt and soiled thee, his eyes aflame with sin have gazed on thee ; how could I take thee back again, who can point to high descent ? Turn thy purpose to Lakshmaṇa or Bharata, Çatrughna, Sugrīva, or Vibhīshaṇa, the Rākshasa,

[1] Or : torn (babhūva dvidhā 115.11).

or to whomever it please thee thyself.[1] For Rāvaṇa, who saw thee in such heavenly beauty and charm, assuredly did not leave thee long alone in his house." Weeping, she that is thus accused almost sinks into her own limbs for shame, and with noble dignity she remonstrates with him: "What meanest thou by uttering such dreadful and unworthy words to me, like some base man to a base woman? Because of the ways of some women[2] thou dost doubt the whole sex. That which was in my own power, my heart, dwelt but in thee; but what power had I over my limbs, that were in the power of another? Together with thee I grew up, and together with thee I have lived; if thou hast not thus learned to know me, and put me to the test, then I am lost for ever. But thou followest the way of thine anger, and holdest the fact before thee, just as a man of no account, that I am a woman. To thee it is nothing that in my childhood thou hast pressed my hand (at the wedding), and on my loving devotion and all my good life thou turnest thy back." Then she begs Lakshmaṇa to set up the pyre, which for her, for her that is cast off, is the only refuge. Wrathfully Lakshmaṇa looks on his brother, but he stands there only with downcast eyes, looking like the god of death. With folded hands the glorious one makes oath: "So truly as my heart never forsook Rāma, so truly shall the witness to the world, the fire god, shield me from all. So truly as the child of Raghu deems me, who am pure-living, to be stained,[3] so truly shall the witness to the world, the fire god shield me from all." Then before the eyes of the gods, of men, and of all beings she leaps into the glowing fire, and a loud wail rises all around. She is kept unharmed, and to Rāma, who stands there in gloomy thought and with streaming eyes, the gods come down, enlighten him as to his own real and everlasting nature, and out of the flames rises the god of fire in bodily form, brings him his beaming wife, and solemnly

[1] Any comment on these unspeakably base, but characteristic words is probably needless. But we must not forget that the whole thing is a state matter.

[2] Or: common (low) women (pṛithakstrī 116.7)?

[3] Or perhaps: So truly as Rāma (in his heart) knows me, the sullied one, to be of a pure life (dushṭadūshita)?

bears witness to her spotless purity, and heroic rejection of the amorous Rākshasa. Rāma says that he had thus to act so that his beloved, whose unwavering faith he had never doubted, might be cleared before the whole world also, and no shame come upon himself.

If here, too, the much-sung hero comes before us at first as very weak, nay, base, beside that gracious pearl among women, Sītā, yet this is not the view of the Epic and of the Indian in general, in spite of Lakshmaṇa's and the monkeys' disapproving attitude; and one can always forgive him, and even look with sympathetic interest on the struggle in his soul, perhaps even find greatness in his action, setting on one side, of course, a certain brutality which has perhaps been smuggled in by a later hand.[1] For often a ruler cannot, and must not act like an ordinary mortal, and the Indian especially sees, indeed, in the king's actions and example a curse or a blessing on his whole land. And it needs more than ordinary strength of soul to show oneself as inhuman as Rāma, and to practise such heavy self-denial. It would be a most clumsy and superficial reading of the case to choose to see in it only cowardice. But it is only repugnance that is aroused in us by the casting off of Sītā for the second time. The people now find fault with Rāma for having taken his wife to his bosom again, and it is put to him that this example will loosen morals. He therefore has Sītā taken in a chariot to Vālmīki's hermitage by Lakshmaṇa, whose heart is almost broken at this, without her having any idea of what is before her. At length with downcast countenance and weeping eyes he discloses to her that Rāma, because of what the people are saying, must give her up, though his heart is torn, and has ordered her to be brought away. In Vālmīki's penitential grove all will be well with her. In spite of her dreadful sorrow and this awful news she gives only

[1] The matter is in doubt. The Rāmāyaṇa often seems to show traces of natural, uncultured conditions—Vālin's widow falls to the conqueror, the slain man's brother; Sītā points out that as a widow she would belong to Lakshmaṇa. So that there may be here, too, some remains of an original barbarism: the woman cast off by the ruler may be taken by another man under him; she is always good enough for that. Cp. Meyer, *Isoldes Gottesurteil*, Anmerk., No. 4.

loving, kindly words to her brother-in-law as a last greeting for her husband : "It is for suffering that I have assuredly been born. How shall I live without him, and to whom shall I here pour out my grief? And what grounds shall I give in the hermitage for the high-minded Rāma having cast me off? Here in the waters of Gaṅgā I would leave my life behind, but then would the race of my husband die out. Thou knowest, O Rāma, that I am pure, devoted to thee in deepest love, and ever thinking of thy welfare. The happiness and well-being of thy subjects is thy duty and thy glory ; be thou towards them as towards brothers." Deeply sorrowing, Lakshmaṇa comes back over the river, and keeps looking across to her, as she stands in utter loneliness on the other side, and as he drives away on his chariot, racked with grief. What is left now to her forsaken by all? She weeps and weeps ever. The children of the hermitage see her, and run to carry the news to Vālmīki of the wonderfully beautiful stranger lady, who is overcome with sorrow. The holy man comes, tries to comfort her, and entrusts her to the women in the penitential forest. There she brings forth her two sons ; from there she comes once more many years later before Rāma's eyes ; he himself, to whom her sons and his have been brought, and in whom the former feelings have probably been roused again, calls her to him for purification before the whole people, and Vālmīki takes her there. The Ṛishi most solemnly swears to her spotlessness. Rāma would now be satisfied, but all the gods have come there, to be witnesses of Sītā's oath ; and she takes it, but otherwise than her lord has looked for : "So truly as in my heart I think of none but Rāma, so truly shall the goddess Earth grant me a cleft. So truly as in thought, word, and deed I honour Rāma, so truly shall the goddess Earth grant me a cleft." Then before her as she thus protests and prays there rises out of the earth a magnificent throne, resting on the heads of snake spirits, and on the throne is seated the goddess Earth, the mother of the noble lady of a thousand sorrows, and she takes her daughter into her open arms, bidding her a joyful welcome. Down sink the throne, the goddess, and her much-tried child—the fragrant, shyly folded flower, to which so short a happiness in the sun, and

but too much icy frost had been granted, has gone home again to whence she came (Rām., vii, 43–49 ; 95 ff.). Well may Sītā, the spirit of the field-furrow,[1] thus have vanished from the midst of mankind, and from her husband in tales of old, a sister in this to so many fays and spirit-women of legend who are only allowed to abide with their beloved one on earth for a time. But this part of the Rāmāyaṇa does not belong, at least in its present shape, to the original poem, and in the Mahābh., too, the second casting off is not found.

Rāma might now at first wildly show his sorrow and wrath—his lot was not an undeserved one. And in other ways, too, he seems to us to be too much the Indian ideal king and far too forgetful of the tender and true lover, as which he is so often painted for us. Long has Sītā been suffering in bondage, and he has very often given loud utterance to his yearning to see his wife once more ; but now that the bold robber has been slain and his town taken, he that gave himself out to be so heavily stricken by the sorrow of separation, with the utmost calmness first of all has Rāvaṇa burned, then Vibhīshaṇa dedicated as king, and then at last sends Hanumant to Sītā with tidings of his welfare, and of the end of the evil monster (Rām., vi, 112.22 ff.).[2] He also shares in a thought that often comes up not in India alone : "In all places a wife can be found, in all places kinsmen by marriage, but I do not see the place where one's own brother could be found" (Rām., vi, 101.14 ; cp. 87.13–17 ; MBh., xiii, 4.30-35).[3] In like wise does

[1] She, of course, came forth from the field-furrow, like the Etruscan Tago (Crooke, *Popul. Relig.*, ii, 287).—A weakened Buddhist version is to be found in the curious treatment of the Rāmāyaṇa material in Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, i, 177.

[2] It is only after Arjuna has told of all his own adventures to Kṛishṇa, who has come on a visit into the forest of Kāmyaka, that he asks after wife and child, after Subhadrā and Abhimanyu, whom he has not seen for many a long year (iii, 183.14).

[3] Cp. Jātaka, No. 67 : A woman whose husband, son, and brother have been condemned to death, is allowed to beg one off ; she chooses her brother ; for although she declares : 'Without water the river is bare, without a king the kingdom, without a husband the woman, though she have ten brothers,' yet she holds : 'The son I have in my womb, a man runs towards me on the road, but a brother I can

the Mahābh. speak : " Knowledge, valour, active skill, power, and strength of character—these are called the inborn (in man) friends (mitrāṇi sahajāni) ; with them it is that the wise live their lives. Dwelling and metal, field, wife, and comrades (suhṛid)—these are called the added (by chance, unessential, upahita) ones ; these a man finds anywhere " (xii, 139.85–86). A too violent love for one's wife is in general blameworthy. Sugrīva urges Rāma to have done with his sorrow and despair : " I, too, have known the great misfortune of learning of my wife being carried off, and I do not thus mourn, nor lose my staunchness. I do not grieve after her, and yet I am but a poor ape. How much the less shouldst thou do so, that art high-minded, well-schooled, and of a firm character ! " (Rām., iv, 7.5 ff.). The woman is, indeed, an object of the senses (indriyārtha), an instrument of pleasure, to use the Indian's expression ; she merely is one among the needs of life, such as a seat, a bed, a vehicle, a house, corn, etc. (cp. xiii, 145.4 ff.). It

nowhere find again.' The wife, indeed, of Intaphernes does the same in Herodotus. Cp. Antigone, 909–912 : Reinhold Klotz, *Antrittsvorlesung*, 15th April, 1850 (Leipzig, 1853) ; Finck, 764 and note ; Lippert, *Kulturgesch.*, ii, 55 ; Schweiger-Lerchenfeld, *Frauen d. Orients*, 358 f. ; etc. " In a folk-song the choice is left a girl whether she will save her brother, or save her beloved from certain death. She decides for the brother : ' For,' said she, ' I can find a lover at once, I only need walk once through the village ; but I can never get a brother again.' " Fr. S. Krauss, *Sitte u. Brauch d. Südslaven*, p. 166. Cp. *Ztschr. d. Ver. f. Volksk.*, Bd. 16, p. 459 (South Arabian form). And in Swinburne's " Atalanta in Calydon " Atalanta exclaims : " For all things else men may renew, Yea, son for son the gods may give and take, But never a brother or sister any more " ; and she kills her own son, who has slain her brothers (ed. Stoddard, p. 33). So, too, Edward III of Sicily mourned his father's death more than his son's, for : Jactura filiorum facilis est, cum cotidie multiplicentur ; parentum vero mors irremediabilis est, quia nequeant restaurari (Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, ii, 472, note 5). So, too, K., i, 173.20 : Parents easily get other and good children again, but these latter never get parents again. Cp. B., i, 230.13. And Dietrich in Konrad of Würzburg's *Engelhard* resolves to kill his two children, and to heal his leper friend with their blood, since a man, he says, can always get children again, but not a friend (6184 ff.).

is therefore not only foolish, but utterly unworthy of the man to set up a long wail, when an article of necessity such as this is lost to him.[1] Moreover—and this is the worst of it—he shows by attachment like this that he is far too deeply entangled in sensuality.[2] And finally: For the sake of the wife the

[1] So, too, Kālidāsa is quite in agreement with the second casting off of Sītā. He says of her in Raghuv., xiv, 35: "And when he had decided that the blame could not be turned aside by any other way, he yearned to wipe it out by renouncing his wife. For to those rich in renown renown is more than their own body, not to say than an object of sensual enjoyment." In the 73rd strophe, it is true, the seer Vālmīki utters his angry rebuke on Rāma because of this "sin-stained behaviour".—Cp. my translation of the Kuṭṭanīm., pp. 103–104, note. The South Slavs, like other peoples, also lay stress on a man being able easily to get a wife for himself again. Krauss, *Sitte und Brauch*, etc., p. 304.

[2] It is from this that we find an explanation, at least in part, of why in Indian literature the man often seems so much colder in love than the woman. Were he more fiery, he would be less exemplary. It is especially the Jātaka that is always showing how harmful, foolish, and evil it is to depend not only on any woman, but even on the wife. Pictures of the fondest, tenderest love in the man, pictures of a love that even in danger and death thinks only of the wife, are set before us, but all this is meant to be by way of a warning. A fish was playing in the water with his mate. Fishermen caught him, threw him on the hot sand, and put up a spit to roast their catch in a fire. But the fish only kept on wailing: "Not the spit nor the fire does torment me, but the thought that my dearest one believes I have left her for another." Bodhisatta, who was then a house-priest of the king in Benares, and who understood the sounds of all creatures, came by: he saw that the creature in its passion must go to hell, and set it free (Jāt., 34 and 216). In Benares a festival was being held. A poor man washed his coarse garment, and set it out in a thousand pleasing folds that it might serve him for the day of joy. But his wife said: "I want a safflower gown (cp. Kuṭṭanīmatam, 675), and, hanging on to thy neck, to enjoy myself at the festival in it." "Whence can I, a poor man, get it?" "Then go with another woman." At last he resolved on her persuasion to get one by night from the king's house of safflower garments. But the watchmen heard the fence crack as he pressed it down, caught the thief, and he was impaled. But from his lips parched in torment the cry that came in his agony was: "It is not the stake that tortures

man heaps up evil deeds, which he then must atone for alone in this world and the other; through their attachment to wife, child, and family men sink down in the slimy sea of sorrow (xii, 174.25 f.; 329.30; cp. 175.17).

me, but this, that the tawny one cannot enjoy the festival in a red robe." A crow flew by, he entrusted a tender message to it for his beloved, and sent her word where various things for her were to be found. At length death set him free from his torment on earth, but took him to a worse, to hell (Nos. 147, 297). Cp. also Jāt., No. 207, and in my *Hindu Tales*, p. 77 ff.

XXII

The Power of Woman

ALTHOUGH in the Old Indian Epic, as everywhere in the world, there may be the widest differences of opinion as to the worth and the nature of woman, on one thing, anyhow, we find an absolute agreement throughout the world, and in the view held by the two mighty poems : the Power of Woman. War and peace depend on her. What the Rāmāyaṇa hinges on is the rape of Sītā ; the adventures and battles of the poem all turn in the end about her. In the same way we are told in the Mahābh. that the great war broke out mainly on account of Draupadī and the wrong done to her (e.g. 11, 81.13 ff. ; v, 78.17 ; ix, 5.17–21).[1] At her very birth a voice " without a body " proclaims from the fiery altar : " Because of her great danger will arise for the children of Kuru " (i, 167.48, 49). It is true that the roots of that dire quarrel lay far deeper, as the poem shows in so many places ; and reference also might be made especially to v, 31.12 ff., where Yudhishṭhira, at least, is ready even to forget the insult done to his wife, if only his share of the kingdom is given him. But woman for the Indian, too, is looked on as the usual source of enmity, and of the worst, as has been already pointed out ; and according to xii, 139.42 hate arises on earth from the following five : woman, court pomp, words, rivalry, affront.[2] Woman also goads on to the fight and to courage through her mere presence. The man can never let her see him playing a small part, even at the cost of folly and destruction. So i, 170.68 ; iii, 11.55 ; 59.8 ; 249.6, 7 ; iv, 35.22 ; Rām.,

[1] Besides later passages there were some others belonging here : iii, 49.2, 9, 13 ; 51.9 ; 141.4 ; iv, 20.12 ; 50.14 ; v, 29.36 ff. ; 59.22 ; 79.17 ; 81.2 f. ; 90.80 f.

[2] Somewhat altered in the expression by Bhavabhūti, Mahāvīracar., 3rd strophe of Act 4 (p. 129 in the edit. quoted).

iv, 14.18, 19.[1] The company of women is vīru pāna for the man, heady drink before fight and danger (iv, 11.38). Any man, even the most ordinary, praises and puffs himself up in the presence of women (xii, 284.27). But as a peace-maker, too, who parts the fighters and makes them ready for reconciliation, she wields her power over men (xiv, 78.22 ff.; 84. 19 ff.), just as she does as a go-between who softens the angry man, and prevents the fight; for her very presence disarms the strong sex (Rām., iv, 33.28 ff., especially 33.36, 37).

But wherein lies woman's mighty power? We have already heard many answers to this. Here we give only a few more of them. Women's tears have their well-known effect in India also.[2] No wonder then, that in the Epic also tales are told of their magic powers of quite cosmic strength. Pulomā was first promised to the Rākshasa Puloman, but then was given by her father to Bhṛigu. Once when the husband has gone to bathe, the giant comes into the holy man's hermitage, is overcome by love, and carries off the wondrous fair one, who as a result has a miscarriage. The sight of the child burns the monster to ashes. The faithful wife's tears are turned into the river Vadhūsarā (i, 5.13 ff.). The hot tears of the loving wife, whose husband in the very moment of the love embrace was devoured by the Rākshasa-possessed King Kalmāshapāda, turn to a mighty fire that burns the land

[1] Especially instructive is the Mārk.-Pur., cxxii, 13 ff.: Prince Avīkshita at the Svayaṃvara carries off many of the kings' daughters, whose choice does not fall on him. So also one day the daughter of Viçāla. First he overcomes all the assembled kings, but on a new attack by vastly greater numbers, who fight unfairly, he is overborne and bound, all before the maiden's own eyes. His heroic mother, as being a true Kshattriyā, praises him for his deed, and prevails on her husband to make war. The young warrior is set free, but in spite of the maiden's love that has been kindled by his manliness, and in spite of the prayers of her father and his he takes his stand that "A man that has been overcome and insulted before a woman's eyes can never show his face before her again, how much less wed her" (see espec. cxxiv, 26–30; cxxv, 31); and he forswears all intercourse with women.

[2] "Pitiful, and yet full of strength to break down the wrath of the wrathful, tears are called the woman's weapon in the fight." Çiçupālav., xi, 35.

up (i, 182.16, 17). The tears of a lovely woman blossom into golden lotuses on the Ganges, as they drop one after another into its flood (i, 197.9 ff.).[1] The most enticing of spells lies in the smile of a lovely face, in a sweet voice,[2] speech, or tone, in the tender, loving play of features, in the glance of the eyes, and in all the many charms of the woman that carry the man away. The Epic reflects the susceptibility to them, above all in the frequent embellishing epithets. Excellencies of mind, and virtuous conduct in the woman likewise confer the sceptre on her, as can be seen at once from very much that has gone before. A wise saying has it: "To harm is the strength of evil men, the strength of kings is the power to punish, but obedience is the strength of women, tolerant patience the strength of the virtuous" (v, 34.75). As so often elsewhere, the same teaching as to the humility of woman is also set forth in the fascinating, though undoubtedly not so very old, section iii, 233, 234; and this shows at the same time how the means that were so frequent already in Vedic and in all later India, and were especially used by women, to ensure the man's love and devotion, flourish greatly in the Epic world, too. Kṛishṇa is on a visit to the Pāṇḍavas, accompanied by his wife Satya-bhāmā. She sits with Draupadī in long conversation on things that have happened among the Kurus and the Yadus. Then Satyabhāmā asks her friend: "What dost thou do, then, so to rule the Pāṇḍavas, those heroes like unto the wardens of the world, and men of exceeding great strength?[3] And how is it that they are at thy call and are not angered, O lovely one? For ever and always subject to thee are the sons of Pāṇḍu, O thou so sweet to look upon, and gaze on thy countenance

[1] Cp. e.g. also *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, p. 443; *Folk-Tales of Bengal*, p. 102.

[2] Cp. Jātaka, Nos. 159; 267; Vasishṭha, xxviii, 6; Baudh., ii, 4, 5; Yājñav., i, 71 (in the last three passages: Gandharva has given women their sweet voice). Thus Eugene Field, too, sings: "For it's everywhere known That the feminine tone Gets away with all masculine gender" ("The Doll's Wooing" in *Poems of Childhood*).

[3] Or: bound to one another (fast holding together). Cp. susaṃ-hata straitly united in v, 125.25; saṃhata more or less = aṇyonyasya hitaishin in vii, 112.44.

all of them. Tell me this, and speak truly. Is it the practising of vows of mortification, or fasting and other asceticism, or bathing arts; is it magic spells and herbs; is it the power of secret knowledge, or the power of roots; is it prayers, sacrifices, or remedies? Let me learn of it, princess of the Pañcālas, the means which brings renown and wedded happiness, that Kṛishṇa, too, may be under my sway." Draupadī spoke: "Thou askest me after that which evil women do. . . . So soon as the husband learned that his wife found her welfare in magic spells and roots, he would be filled with fear of her, as of a snake in the house. Most dreadful sicknesses sent by foes (they bring on their husbands); for they who wish to kill them give them poison through the magic of roots. What the husband touches with his tongue or his skin, on that they sprinkle a fine powder, and so quickly kill him; of that is no doubt. Thus have women made their husbands dropsical, lepers, old men, without manhood, weak-minded, blind, and deaf.[1] I leave thought of self behind me, and no less constantly desire and anger, and ever serve the Pāṇḍavas with earnest zeal, and their wives also. I keep my inclinations in the background, and shut my own self into my self, obedient, without pride, heedful of my husband's thoughts, fearful and watchful lest I speak unlovely words,

[1] Essentially the same in found in Kshemendra, Daçāvatāracar., viii, 509–513. Cp. Thurston, *Omens and Superstitions*, p. 239. So among "woman's duties" there is also especially given: mūlakriyāsv anabhiratiḥ to take no pleasure in magic by roots. Vishṇu, xxv, 7. How often, then, may the hurt Indian fair one along with other magic (especially well represented in the Atharvaveda) have made use, too, of that so often recorded in Western lands, making a figure of the hated woman, studding it with needles, arrows, nails, etc., and by this means, and through the recital of witches' words, hoping to bring her into the same plight and kill her. See e.g. Agnipur. (Dutt), 167.42–44; 306.4 ff.; Kauṭilya, 618.1–5, 27 ff.; 657.17–20; Thurston, *Omens and Superstit.*, etc., p. 246 ff.; Dubois-Beauchamp [3], p. 389 f.; Crooke, *Pop. Rel.*, ii, 278 f.; *Gesta Romanorum*, No. 102; Pauli, "Schimpf u. Ernst," *Stuttg. Lit. Ver.*, Bd. 85, pp. 156 and 500; Fr. v. d. Leyen, "Zur Entstehung d. Märchens," *Herrigs Archiv*, Bd. 114, p. 10.

show myself unlovely, cast unlovely looks, be unlovely as I sit, be unlovely as I walk, show an unlovely play of features. Before my husband has eaten I do not eat ; before he has bathed I do not bathe ; before he has taken his seat I do not take mine ; and this is my way with the servants, too. Laughing but at a jest, constant standing by the door, staying long in the privy, or in the groves by the house—these I avoid. I never have a wish for anything unless my husband is there. If my husband goes a journey on some business of the family, then I give up flowers, salve, and rouge, and give myself over to vows of mortification. And what my husband does not drink, and what my husband does not do, and what my husband does not eat—I avoid all these." She then goes on to tell how her husband is her god, how she never offends her mother-in-law in any way, how she superintends all the hundred thousand splendid, skilful slave-women, and all the huge wide-stretched charity of Yudhishṭhira, all those employed by him down to the herdsmen and bird-keepers, as also his revenues and expenditure to the most minute details. She is the first to rise in the house, the last to lie down.[1] "This is the great magic spell which I know, to win the husband's regard. What is pleasing is never won through what is pleasing,[2] but it is through discomfort that the good wife wins happiness and joy. So soon as thou hearest thy husband coming at the door, stand up and set thyself in the middle of the room ; and when thou seest he has come in, be swift to wait respectfully on him with a seat and water for the feet. If a slave-girl has been sent away, thou must rise up thyself and do all. If thy husband says anything before thee, then keep it to thyself, even when it is no secret ; some rival might bring it up before Vāsudeva, and he thereby grow cold towards thee. Do good to his friends,[3] keep away from his foes. Keep the company of good and noble women, and shun all others. Show thyself (before thy husband)

[1] Cp. ii, 65.37, where Yudhishṭhira gives her the same character.

[2] Cp. Rām., iii, 9.31.

[3] This calls for self-denial ; for Gottfried of Strassburg is probably not altogether wrong :

> Of women it is said that
> they bear hatred towards their husband's friends (*Tristan*, 13991 f.)

in fair garlands, splendid adornment, sweet perfumes. Thus wilt thou win good name and wedded bliss, and destroy thy foes."

It is, of course, above all through her beauty that woman carries the day: "The might of the king is his station as ruler, the might of the theologian is holy knowledge; beauty, youth, and charm is the incomparable might of women." He whose own good lies near to his heart, let him draw nigh with frankness to those that are mighty through these powers, for here the want of it leads to destruction (xii, 320.73 f.).[1]

This "incomparable might" of the woman shows itself still powerful and effective where everything else fails, overcomes the wildest and strongest of men. There once lived two giants, the enormously strong Daitya brothers Sunda and Upasunda. "Always theirs was but one sorrow and one joy. They ate not one without the other, they spoke not one without the other; lovingly they spoke to one another, lovingly did they deal with one another, one only was their character and life, they were but one being split into two." In the burning ambition to make all the three worlds to serve them they practised such dread asceticism that the Vindhya mountains began to smoke, and then they won from Brahma the favours they yearned after, and this one especially, that no one

[1] Even the unbending tree is filled with delight and life by woman's splendour: "Even the trees bloom through the secret of beauty of form," we find in Karpūramañjarī, ii, 49[1]. According to the poetical convention of the Indians the kurabaka, indeed, covers itself with blossoms, when a lovely woman clasps it, the tilaka, when she looks on it, the açoka, when it is touched by her foot, the mango, when her hand touches it, the priyala, when it hears her song, the keçava or the bakula, when sprinkled with intoxicant from her mouth. Raghuv., ix, 33; xix, 12; Gauḍavaha, 1087; Weber, *Ind. Studien*, xviii, 325; Karpūramañj., p. 62 ff.; Pārvatīpariṇ., iii, 6; etc. Indians often give a list of the charms through which woman puts a man in fetters. According to Buddha's saying (Schiefner, *Bull. d. St. Petersburger Akad.*, Bd. 23, "Indische Erzählungen," No. xliii) this happens in eight ways: through dance, song, play, aughter, weeping, look, touch and question. Cp. also Lalitavistara, ed. Lefmann, p. 320; Kalpasūtra, ed. Jacobi, i, 221.

could harm them unless it were themselves. No arrow now harmed them, no stone hurt them, they felt no weapon, even the curses of holy men fell away from them powerless. They now wielded a reign of terror over the whole of creation, drove the gods out of paradise, brought death and wrong on the Brahmans, turned all into a wilderness of woe. The gods naturally called for help, and at Brahma's bidding Viçvakarman now had to make a woman glorious beyond words. The sculptor brought together what was most worth beholding out of all that was most lovely in the world, and thus shaped a maiden in whom there was not one small part anywhere but held fast the ravished eye—Tilottamā. Brahma sent her off to sow strife between the inseparable brothers. They were taking their delight with women and other pleasures in a great forest on Vindhya. "Then went Tilottamā slowly to the place where the two Asuras were, plucking flowers and blossoms in the forest, and wearing a bewitching [1] garb, consisting of but one red garment. The two, who had drunk most excellent drink, saw with intoxicated red eyes this woman with the lovely hips, and were at once violently excited." Each one now wanted her, and so they fell to strife, grasped hold of their clubs, and beat one another to death (i, 209–212).

Even one that has grown up in the forest, and has no knowledge what kind of being a woman is, falls helplessly before the charms of the fair, as the old tale of Ṛishyaçṛiṅga tells us. His father's name was Vibhāṇḍaka, the Kāçyapa; his (V.'s) staring eyes were yellowish brown; he was thickly covered with hair down to the tips of his nails; he dwelt in the forest as a Veda-learned ascetic of pious life, and mystic powers of sinking deep in thought. Ṛishyaçṛiṅga's mother was an antelope, that had drunk the seed of his father which had escaped at the sight of the fascinating fay Urvaçī, and thus had conceived in her womb. He himself is said to have had a horn on his forehead. He had grown up [2] in the lonely forest, and had never seen any man but his father, to say nothing of a woman. But mighty was the magic strength of his chaste youth, and through it,

[1] So according to Nīl. But perhaps it is: sā ākshiptam "(lightly) thrown around".

[2] Read: abhyavardhata (iii, 110.38).

when there was a dreadful drought in the land of Aṅga under King Lomapāda, he forced the rain god Indra to send down the heavenly moisture. The king's own daughter, the lovely and youthful Çāntā, came out to him in the penitential grove to fire him with love, and entice him into her father's kingdom, that through his presence the rain so long in vain yearned for might fall ; and she was given to wife to the wonderful, wonder-working youth from the forest and served him with the truest love. The later story-telling art made a harlot instead of the princess carry out the conquest of this seemingly invulnerable youth, and so it reads in the Mahābh. also (iii, 110.22 to 113), although even only a few verses before this tale, the Mahābh. itself gives Çāntā as his seducer.

Lomapāda, the king of the Aṅgas, and Daçaratha's friend, had offended against a Brahman by promising him something and then not giving it.[1] Then the Brahmans turned away from him, and because of this offence against his house-priest it stopped raining in his land, and great want prevailed in it. He called on the Brahmans, "who had the power of making rain," and asked how the rain god could be brought to bestow his gift. An old Muni said that the king must first atone for his offence against the wrathful Brahmans, and then have the forest man Ṛishyaçṛiṅga sent for, who was upright, and wholly without knowledge of women ; so soon as he came into his kingdom,[2] it would rain. After consulting with his ministers the ruler bade hetæræ, washed with every kind of water, to come before him, and charged them to seduce the pious youth. They grew pale, and said the undertaking was an impossible one ; for they feared the holy man's curse. An old woman, however, promised to carry everything out, had a mighty, most splendid raft built, had it planted with trees

[1] K. reads tena kāmaḥ kṛito mithyā brāhmaṇebhya iti çrutiḥ (111.20). The Bomb. text has essentially the same meaning. As is seen from what follows, this Brahman was his house priest. Awful indeed is the punishment that the Brahmans hold out against the monster that promises a member of their caste something, and does not keep his word.

[2] Or more literally and perhaps better : "came down into his kingdom." He dwells up in the mountain forest.

covered with flowers and fruits, with bushes and creepers, and on this raft and penitential grove, together with a small following of lovely priestesses of love,[1] made her way to the neighbourhood of Vibhāṇḍaka's hermitage. When she had learned from her spies that the father was away, she sent her clever and moreover well-tutored daughter to the young man of holiness. The daughter asked him in the most penitent-like terms, whether the pious life in the hermitage was taking a prosperous course. He welcomed the "tall lord, shining like a light" most respectfully, begged him to be seated on the kuça-grass cushion spread with black antelope skin, and to accept water for the feet, fruit, and roots. Then he asked where was the stranger's hermitage-forest, and what was his penitential vow. The hetæra spoke: "My hermitage lies three yojanas beyond this mountain. There is the pious law of my life; respectful greeting is nothing to me, and water for the feet I do not touch." His fruits she refused, but gave him delicious baked wares that he found surpassing good, sweet-smelling wreaths, and bright coloured garments, as, too, the most excellent drinks. She played before him with her ball, bent coquettishly this way and that like a fruit-covered tendril, and kept on putting her arms around him, setting limb fast against limb. She pulled down the flower-laden boughs of the trees, and broke them off; she feigned bashfulness, and lured and led on, intoxicated, the youthful penitent. When she saw how Ṛishyaçṛiṅga had become deeply roused, she kept on pressing his body to hers, and then she went away, looking back again and again, pretending she must now make the sacrifice by fire. "When she had gone, Ṛishyaçṛiṅga was drunk with love, his thoughts far away; his heart winged its way to her only, and in his loneliness he sighed deep out of his tortured soul. Soon after his father appeared, with his yellow-brown eyes, wrapped in hair down to the tips of his nails, rich in holy learning, equipped with pious ways and mystic depths. He saw his son sitting there alone in deep thought, with his senses in a whirl, sighing mournfully, and ever and anon lifting up

[1] So according to 110.58, 113.8. In truth this troop of girls seems to us somewhat needless, for it is only the old woman's daughter who infatuates the youth. Do they go, indeed, as mascots? Or as a reserve?

his eyes; and he spoke to the sad youth: 'Art thou not, then, making the firewood ready, my dear one? And hast thou made the sacrifice by fire to-day? Hast thou well washed the sacrificial ladles, and put the cow, that yields the sacrificial milk, with her calf? It would seem, indeed, that thou art not as before. Thou art sunk in melancholy thoughts, and distraught; wherefore to-day art thou saddened beyond all measure? I ask thee: Who came hither to-day?'"
Ṛishyaçṛiṅga spoke:

"There hither came a chaste youth wearing tresses,
Truly not small, not too tall, of good understanding,
Golden his colour, long the lotus eye,
Self-shining like one of the gods,[1]

Of perfect shape, beaming like the sun,
His eyes soft and black, his skin bright-gleaming.
Blue-black and shining his long tresses,
Bound in a golden braid, and sweetly scented.

On his neck something, shaped like the runnel,[2]
Gleams, like lightning in the sky;
Two globes he has beneath the neck,
That have no hair, and ravish high the heart.

Thin is his body by the navel,
And his hips over-great in girth;
From his bast garb the girdle gleams forth,
Of gold made, just as mine.

Another thing, wonderful to behold,
Shines on his feet, and sounds;
The hands, too, are twined about by two skeins,
Sharp-tinkling, like unto my rose-wreath.

And when he moves, these gleam
Like in the pond the joy-drunken swans.
His bast garment is a wonder to behold.
Ah! mine here is not so fair and splendid.

His face is a wondrous sight to behold.
And what he says refreshes, as it were, the soul;
His voice rings like the cock-koïl's,
My heart quaked within me, as I listened to it.

[1] K. reads sutaḥ surāṇāṃ, as Lüders conjectured. But it may be a later refinement. "Wearing tresses" = an ascetic.

[2] Which especially is made round the young trees to water them.

As in the time of the spring moon sweet scents
Are wafted [1] from the forest, when 'tis stirred by the wind's breath,
So from him are wafted the purest of sweet scents,
When the wind fans him, father dear.

And his tresses hang down well tied,
Parted in two, curling on the forehead ;
His ears are decked with fair things,
They seem as many-coloured cakravāka-birds.

One thing more : With his right hand he held
A round fruit of many colours ;
So soon as the wondrous-shaped thing reached
The ground it flew up high again.

And as he hit it, he moved in a circle
And waved like the wind-stirred tree.
I gazed on him as on a son of the gods,
And, O father, utmost joy and delight was mine.

He took me by the tresses, lowered
His mouth to me, set mouth to mouth ; thus
A sound he did make, ever clasping me anew ;
This brought me shuddering blissful delight.

He heeds not water for his feet,
Nor these my offered fruits.
He said unto me : ' This my vow demands.'
And other fruits he gave me.

With those fruits cannot be compared
The fruits which until now I've tasted.
The peel, too, is not like those,
The flesh is not as the flesh of those fruits.

And wondrous-good water to drink
He gave me, who is so nobly made ;
The utmost bliss, when I had drunk it,
Filled me, the earth to totter seemed.

And those are his many-coloured, scented garlands,
Fair-woven, O father, with strips of ribbon ;
He strewed them here around, and with asceticism
Shining, he then went to his own abode.

[1] The Jātaka reads vāyati = Skrt. vāti, and according to that bhāti is perhaps to be changed to vāti. But it is hardly absolutely necessary.

His going has bereft me of my senses,
My body burns about me as with the glow of fire.
Ah! my longing is but to him speedily to go,
And that he for ever with us here do dwell.

To him I go, my father dear.
And what kind of chaste life may his be?
I will do with him the same penance
As he does, he, the man of noble ways.

To do it thus is the call of my heart's wish.
My soul doth burn, when I see him not."

Vibhāṇḍaka spoke:

"My son, devils here in the forest roam
In that same shape which is a wonder to behold,
Beyond compare in strength, sweet and lovely;
Their thought is always to hinder our penance.

Most fairly formed, they entice us to destruction,
My dear one, by ways manifold;
Of happiness and heaven these frightful beings
Deprive us holy Munis in the forests.

With them let the Muni have nought to do
That with self in check strives after heaven's worlds;
They rejoice, the evil ones, when they hindrance
Bring to penitents. Ne'er let the penitent gaze on them.
Wicked and forbidden are the mazing drinks;
They are drunk by evil folk only.
And these scented, brightly coloured wreaths
Are not for Munis, the tradition tells us."

He now set out to hunt for these devils or Rākshasas, but sought in vain for three days long, and then came back. But when he had again gone forth to fetch fruit, the bestower of love came once more, and he called to her: "Let us go quickly to thy place before my father comes back." She brought him onto the raft, and on this to the land of the Aṅgas. "So soon as the king had led the only son of Vibhāṇḍaka into his women's apartments, he suddenly saw the rain god rain, and the world fill itself with water."[1] He gave him his daughter Çāntā; then on the road from his capital to the

[1] Read pravṛishtaṃ (instead of pravishṭaṃ).

penitential grove of Vibhāṇḍaka, mighty in his wrath, everywhere he established tilled fields and herdsmen's stations with much cattle, and gave orders to the men there that, if the holy man came to look for his son, they were to entertain him most handsomely, and tell him that all this cattle and the fields belonged to Ṛishyaçṛiṅga. When the penitent came back, and could not find his son, he hastened, "bursting with anger, and suspecting that it had been contrived by the king, to Campā to burn up the king together with his city and kingdom." But as he was received everywhere with such kindness and humbleness, and was told that all the splendour had been given to his son, he blessed the union of Ṛishyaçṛiṅga with Çāntā, and only made the condition that his child should after the birth of a son come again to the forest. Thus, too, it was done, and Çāntā joyfully followed her husband.[1]

[1] Besides all the forms that H. Lüders sets forth in his studies on the Ṛishyaçṛiṅga tale in the *Göttinger Nachr.* of 1897 and 1901, from India here belongs first of all the very interesting variation of the Ṛishyaçṛiṅga tale (mentioned, moreover, also by Lüders) in Hemacandra's Pariçishṭaparvan, translated by Hertel, p. 29 ff. Cp. his *Nachweise*, 223, 224; Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, No. 453; Pālijātaka, Nos. 191, 523, 526; Oesterley's Baital Pacchisi, pp. 16–18; Tawney's Kathākoça, 179–183; Daçakum., p. 205 ff. and 4 together with the citations there; Winternitz, WZKM, xxiii, p. 119 ff.; id., *Gesch. d. ind. Lit.*, i, 344 f.; Jacobs, *Barlaam and Josaphat*, cxxx; Kuhn, *Abhandlungen d. Bayr. Akad.*, Bd. 20, pp. 80, 81; Dunlop-Liebrecht, 230, 462 f.; Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, pp. 112, 441; Liebrecht, *Übersetzung d. Barlaam u. Josaphat*, 220; Chauvin, iii, 104, 105; Boccaccio, "Prologue to the 4th Day"; Landau, *Die Quellen d. Dekameron* [2], 171, 223 ff.; Zambrini, *Libro di novelle antiche*, No. xxii; René Basset, *Contes pop. d'Afrique*, p. 127 f.; Sercambi, *Novelle*, ed. Régnier, p. 122 ff.; Hagen's *Gesamtabenteuer*, ii, 41 ff.; i, p. lxxxiii, note 2; "Die Komödie des Hans Sachs" in *Kürschners Nationallit.*, "Hans Sachs' Werke," ii, 268 ff.; *Bibliothek d. Stuttgarter Liter. Vereins*, Bd. 28, p. 148 ff.; Pfeiffer's *Germania*, Bd. 17, pp. 306 ff.; Cardonne, *Mélanges de Littérature Orientale* (à la Haye, MDCCLXXXIII, p. 10 ff.); and so on. That Daṇḍin in his tale should have re-modelled the Ṛishyaçṛiṅga legend, as is assumed by Lüders and after him Hertel, I still hold to be a mistaken idea, although my views on Daṇḍin's originality have greatly changed since my Daçakum. was published. I now credit him here, too, with little of

his own, with still less, indeed, than does Lüders for this part. I hope some day to be able to undertake a second edition of this book so long out of print, and will therefore only briefly set forth my present views. The following tales are found in India from early times :

(I) A youth grows up in utter innocence ; in particular he knows nothing about women. But so soon as he sees the first female being he feels himself powerfully drawn to her. In spite of his father (or : his teacher) warning him that such beings are fiends leading on to perdition, he gives himself to a sweet demon of this kind.

(II) As the king has the supernatural power of making the rain fall in his kingdom at the proper time, the Brahmans naturally had to credit themselves with the same magic power. It is, indeed, the primitive inheritance of the shaman, and in India, too, may have fallen to the ruler in a secondary way only. Cp. MBh., iii, 110.44 ; i, 78.40 ; K, iii, 130 ; Nirukta, ii, 10. The Brahman as a rain-maker is treated by Oldenberg, *Relig. d. Veda*, 420 ff. As an altogether extraordinary heroic deed of Vasishṭha, the devarāj, it is told that during a drought he bestowed life on all beings (xii, 234.27 ; xiii, 137.13). But here the rain-making is not expressly mentioned. Cp. Rām., ii, 117.9. So now we have had the tale of this Brahmanic counterpart to the king, Ṛishyaçṛiṅga, rich in asceticism and wholly chaste, whose mere presence brought the rain down in streams, and who during the drought in Aṅga-land made a brilliant show of his wonderful powers. Perhaps use was now made of the merry tale of the innocent youth, already to hand. That this delightful and suggestive tale in its original form gave us the blunt humour of the Jātakagāthās is not at all certain, although the Jātaka does indeed show that such a form already arose at an early time. In the MBh. (as to all seeming in the Padmapur. and the Rām. also) Ṛishy. keeps his body chaste until he comes into Aṅga-land, as is needful for the Brahmanic account, while Lüders's account would lead us to suppose otherwise. For quite needlessly the MBh. (110.24) also expressly says that he brought rain through the power of his asceticism. Any man that lives in unbroken chastity can do this. Āpastamba, ii, 9, 23.7. In his sexual purity, therefore, there lies magic power ; this is a widespread belief, indeed, in the world, and still alive to-day even among cultured European mankind. In an older form this may well have been the leading thought, and the partisan purpose of glorifying the priests have been wholly lacking.

(III) A wise man, perhaps an ascetic, fills the world with his renown. A lovely woman, probably from the beginning an hetæra, undertakes to seduce him. She is successful, brings him triumphantly into the city, and doubtless rides on his back in the way that is already

very old (cp. Hiuen Thsang, and Jāt., No. 191). Here belongs the well-known history of Aristoteles and Phyllis, which is so beautifully told in the "Lais d'Aristote" of Henri d' Andeli (*Œuvres*, ed. A. Héron, Paris, 1891, p. 1 ff.). Cp. there p. xxviii ff.; Hagen's *Gesamtab.*, i, p. 17 ff., lxxv ff.; F. v. d. Leyen in *Herrigs Archiv*, Bd. 116, p. 298 ff.; Cardonne, *Mélanges*, p. 10 ff. (English transl., i, 14 ff.); Benfey's *Panschat.*, i, 46 ff.; ii, 306; Lacôte, *Guṇādhya et la Brihatkathā*, p. 241; etc. (A whole set of references are already given in the first paragraph of this note. A great number of forms I have undoubtedly not seen, and so not mentioned them). Borgeld, *Aristoteles en Phyllis*, Groningen, 1912, I do not know.

In Daṇḍin's version there are elements from the Ṛishyaçṛiṅga tale, and that of the wise man through whom the power of woman is so strikingly shown. Both tales are actually fused into one already in the remarkable Buddhistic story in Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes*, iii, 233 ff. (cp. ii, 282 ff.), which I only came to know after writing this note. The subject of the tale (of the wise man) is much like that of the merry tale of the innocent youth, and both, indeed, may possibly have grown out of one root. But, seeing the great number of tales of the seduction of ascetics, so narrow and one-sided a derivation would be highly risky. In the same way the rain-wizard Ṛishyaçṛiṅga in India might possibly be the original hero of the tale of the untutored forest man who is at once carried away by the woman.

I must further stress the point that Lüders in his criticism is beside the mark. My translation is enough to show that the account in the MBh. is not at all such a contradictory jumble as this learned man believes. Moreover Lüders, to all seeming, has not seen the delightful humour running through the MBh. version. The shaggy forest-bear in Vibhāṇḍaka, and his simple holiness is deliberately stressed. What a contrast on the one hand with the young man's tender love woes, and on the other with the harlot's cunning! She herself, therefore, probably has to thank above all a calculated artistry for the part she plays, which originally belonged to Çāntā; and for the later Hindu, too, the thing could thus be made far more piquant. The humour now becomes irresistible in the contrast between the real character and life of the delightful new-comer, and the innocent youth's idea of him. It is capital there, too, how the virtuous and simple hermit goes looking for the devil in the forest for three days, and then through this very thing loses his son to him. This account thus shows a refined art; whether also a lower age at the same time is a question in itself. One of the lists, so beloved in India, of holy men who are led away by women is given in Buddhacaritam, iv, 16–20. In it Ṛishyaçṛiṅga is also given, and Çāntā as his conqueror.

APPENDIX

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

P. 8, n. 3. At Draupadī's choosing of her husband her mother had no joy whatever, for her only thought was: "What kind of husband will she get?" K., i, 200.20.

P. 11, n. 1. Since the maiden, particularly the virgin (kumārī), is a lucky object, she is also called in for divining by dice, but not as the "substitute of the faithful wife", as Lüders holds ("Das Würfelspiel im alten Indien," *Abhandlungen d. königl. Gesellsch. d. Wissenschaften zu Göttingen, phil.-hist. Klasse*, Bd. ix, p. 9). He is mistaken also when in the same place he believes that Nala is determined to play, because Damayantī is looking on, and thus by her presence ensures him success. It is rather in the first place the inciting presence of woman, especially the beloved one. See p. 534. But it is to be noted that the magical help of the wife, especially the chaste wife, has a powerful influence on the man's luck. Cp. Meyer, *Isoldes Gottesurteil*, note 104; Elsie Clews Parsons, *The Old-Fashioned Woman*, 1913, p. 61 ff.

P. 13, l. 31. Devayānī says: "Why art thou taking my clothes, my disciple?" She is, or has been, teaching Çarmishṭhā, as teachers' daughters in India often have women-disciples.

P. 15, l. 17 from end. According to K., Çukra becomes anxious at Devayānī staying away too long, and he sends the nurse off after her. The nurse finds the poor girl in tears and quite worn out under a tree, and makes her tell her what has happened (72.29–34).

P. 18, l. 10. The reading in K., mahākavim, is smoother: "Vṛishaparvan spoke to the great wise man."

P. 19, l. 8 from end. Devayānī says: "Thy semblance is like a king's, and yet thou speakest the speech of the Brahmans." In his mouth, then, this speech is something unusual. Devayānī's ill-humoured words are made easier to understand in K.: There in several çlokas he praises the wonderful loveliness of Çarmishṭhā, and declares that D.'s

charms are not to be compared with those of her slave-girl (75.14–17). Here çl. 24 betrays to us that Yayāti's secret reason in rejecting D. is that he wants Ç. for his wife.

P. 29, l. 14 from end. K. reads probably better " gehe suvihitaḥ ", well quartered (provided, treated) in thy house.

P. 32, ll. 18 ff. It is probably safer to keep to the usual meaning of kare gṛihītvā : " How could I then, who am now so alarmed, make a headlong marriage, and perform the giving of myself away, which lies not with me, out of my own full powers ? "

P. 34, n. 2. P. 33, l. 9 must be : " be a maid *again* (wieder)." " *Still* (noch) " is what I put in when reading the proofs (when the primary text was not by me) for an original " again " (punar), since I thought the reading was kanyaiva tvaṃ bhavishyasi, as immediately follows (" thou wilt be a maid "). For this expression is the usual one, and it is often hard to decide whether it means " to be still a maid unharmed " or " to become a maid again ". That these two conceptions were not distinguished is shown e.g. by the following passages : Satyavatī bore Vyāsa as a virgin (kanyaiva, i, 60.2). So, too, K., i, 114.32 makes Parāçara say to her : Garbham utsṛijya māmakam . . . kanyaiva tvaṃ bhavishyasi (cp. B., i, 105.13). But in the next çloka we find : Kanyātvaṃ ca dadau prītaḥ punar, etc. And to Mādhavī the Brahman says : Kanyaiva tvaṃ bhavishyasi (v, 116.11), and then we are told of her kumārī kāmato bhūtvā (116.21), and kanyā bhūtvā (118.1), which can hardly mean anything but : " having become a maid again." Kuntī herself says : punar eva tu kanyābhavam (xv, 30.16).

P. 34, n. 1. As to sādhayāmas (sādhayishyāmi, etc.) with prasthita following with the same meaning cp. i, 3.126 ; iii, 206.47 with 207.5 ; 294.32 with 294.33 ; see e.g. also xiii, 85.27.

P. 40, l. 11. " On the other shore." So according to K. B. (64.114) has : " on both shores," and this is found also in the interpolation in K., 114.7.

P. 47, l. 15. As Svāhā takes the shapes of women desired by Agni, so does Anna Perenna take that of Nerio beloved by Mars, and she, too, has success.

P. 47, l. 36. According to 99.19 f. a mortal who drinks the milk of the wonderful cow lives for 10,000 years with no loss of youthful power.

Appendix

P. 48, bottom. Pratīpa's son is, of course, the re-embodiment of that same Mahābhisha. K. here not only describes in a dozen çlokas what a paragon of a ruler Çāntanu was, but also sets before our eyes in pleasing colours that are almoſt modern a picture of how Gaṅgā, who has juſt bathed, and is combing her loosened hair with her fingers, shows off the wealth of her wanton charms, and makes all kinds of voluptuous movements (103.31 ff.). Cp. how Hiḍimbā entices Bhīmasena (K., i, 164.24–32); also B., v, 9.9 ff., and who knows how many other passages.

P. 50, l. 4. "She so delighted the king that he found the utmoſt delight," sounds ſtrange, of course. Perhaps sā is to be read inſtead of saḥ: "As she with her . . . gave pleasure to the king, so she herself found pleasure" (98.10). K. has yathā rajyeta sa prabhuḥ (204.16).

P. 61, l. 14. Bhīshma after the Indian cuſtom calls Bālhīka his father. He was his father's brother (e.g.: i, 94.61–62; v, 149.15 ff.). Some lines below ("Therewith is judgment, too," etc.) we could also have: "For the greedy, the evil-minded, the decision may lie therein (in buying and selling)," etc.

P. 73, l. 36 would be literally: Because of the want of foundation in the nature (of women). But perhaps far better would be: "Because, indeed, the attributes (of the wooer) give no grounds." As the scholiaſt reminds us, in love women give no heed to heroism, learning, etc.

P. 75, l. 4. Baladeva probably wants to make all the Kauravas pay at once for Arjuna's crime.

P. 76, n., l. 30. K., i, 238 ff. relates: Arjuna hears through Gada of the lovely and moſt excellent Subhadrā, falls in love, and goes as a Yati with three ſtaves, a water-pitcher, a wreath of roses, etc. to her home, to see the fair one with his own eyes, and to sound Vāsudeva's feelings in the matter. During the rainy season (or: a rain) he ſtays in a hollow tree, and thinks of Vāsudeva. V. is lying with Satyabhāmā in bed, through his divine knowledge is aware of all, and laughs. S. wants to know the reason, and Kṛishṇa enlightens her. He goes to the Yogi Arjuna, and comes with him to the mountain Raivataka. It is now essentially the same as in B., 218.3 ff. But next morning Kṛishṇa dismisses A. who is ſtill disguised as a Yati. A. sits down on a ſtone outside the city in the foreſt, and thinks sorrowfully of Subhadrā. The Yādavas with Baladeva at their head see the holy man on their

way back from the festival of Raivataka, and do him reverence. A conversation takes place; they welcome him as a stranger in the place (deçātithi), and bid him to stay during the four rainy months. Kṛishṇa also comes up now; the guest is entrusted to him by Baladeva. It is Baladeva who first advises that the penitent be housed in the maidens' abode; but the cunning Kṛishṇa rejects this idea in the first moment, as being dangerous with so handsome and excellent a Yati. But he then quickly agrees to it. Subhadrā has already heard of Arjuna through Kṛishṇa and others, and has long been in love with him on hearsay. The rest is then as in the note. But not only Kṛishṇa, but the other kinsfolk, too, purposely give Arjuna free play with Subhadrā during that thirty-four days' island festival. They have long known, indeed, about the matter. For Devakī, Rukminī, and other women have been let into the secret, and have helped. Nay, even Subhadrā's father himself, and the whole council of state have long ago discussed the matter, and resolved on a splendid wedding. The carrying off is therefore here no more than a romantic pretence. It is with the woman's own consent that the carrying off is often brought about in Old India, too, and then it is thus a seduction. So iii, 224.1–4. And Rukminī indeed was agreed that Kṛishṇa should carry her off, although she was already betrothed to Çiçupāla. It is several times pointed out in the Epic that it is wrong to carry off an unwilling woman. Even the splendid Svayaṃvara sometimes appears only as a means whereby the girl may get him whom she secretly loves. So with Damayantī. Ambā, the daughter of the king of Kāçi has secretly betrothed herself to the king of the Çālvas, and this marriage is also after her father's will (otherwise on p. 381). Together with her younger sisters she holds a choosing of a husband, but with the arrangement that she shall choose the Çālva (i, 103.61 f.). This plan is upset by Bhīshma. And Drupada, too, at the Svayaṃvara of his daughter is bent on thus getting Arjuna as a son-in-law (i, 185.8 ff.). It is true that possibly this is a later falsification, in spite of i, 193.12–20, where the same underlying thought may well be. Cp. 195.8 ff. But love marriages without some such embroidering seem, therefore, among the nobles not to have been quite "seemly". Arjuna's fight for Subhadrā is found also in B. According to iii, 80.28 he had first overcome all the Yādavas before he took his beloved with him; and iv, 49.6 even says that on this occasion he challenged Kṛishṇa to fight.

P. 78, l. 6. Çiçupāla carried off this girl not for himself, but for another man. She was the daughter of the ruler of Viçālā, and according to K., ii, 68.21 had been chosen for his bride by Kṛishṇa's father. This explains Kṛishṇa's moral wrath, who even charges Çiçupāla with having

tried to win Rukminī by a trick. Yet she was Çiçupāla's betrothed! His horror, indeed, is not only towards the robber Kṛishṇa, but likewise towards the shameless man that takes a woman who is no longer looked on as a maid (ii, 45.17–19). Cp. p. 44.

P. 82, l. 6 from end. In iv, 14.18 also aṃçu has the meaning "moonbeam". Cp. the more usual haṃsenduvarṇa.

P. 84, n. 1. In chapters i, 187–194 all that is written in çlokas belongs to a later version of the material, and all such passages are interpolations, often very clumsy withal, alike whether these verses were already to hand, or whether they were composed *ad hoc*. If all the çlokas are discarded, then we have a good account in the trishṭubhs, complete in all essentials. Çlokas 191.11–16 alone seem hard to dispense with. There probably trishṭubhs of like content originally stood.

P. 86, note. I have made a mistake—the nobody announces himself. K. in an interpolated passage (203.18–20) makes Dṛishṭadyumna expressly proclaim: "Brahmans or Kshattriyas, Vaiçyas or even Çūdras—whoever strings the most excellent bow, to him shall my sister be given." In fact it was felt that in the foolish account such an assurance was very needful. The trishṭubh passage in B., i, 193.23 f. is more important. But probably as elsewhere, so here also Yudh. does not shrink before distortion, where personal aims are at stake.

P. 93, n. With Stone-breaker Hans's saying cp. the fine essay of L. von Schroeder, *Reden u. Aufsätze*, p. 185 ff.

P. 103, ll. 19 ff. It is true that in K. (i, 107.86, 88, cp. 107.101) the fisherman expressly calls the succession to the throne the çulka of Satyavatī, as does Bhīshma in B., 103.14. How greatly the purchase price stood, or anyhow had once stood in the foreground is probably shown also by the usual word vīryaçulkā, and e.g. by i, 190.4: The mighty bow with which Arjuna wins Draupadī is called çulkāvāpta "wrested as the purchase price", and in harmony therewith Draupadi herself is called pradishṭaçulkā (i, 193.23 f.). In note 3, p. 103, it should be remarked: In spite of the agreement with Citrāṅgadā's father, Arjuna looks on the son thus begotten as also the Pāṇḍavas' (i, 217.33).

P. 105, l. 20. The children of the first wife, it would therefore seem, cannot offer up the ancestral sacrifices.

P. 111, mid. K. inserts between the adhyāyas corresponding to B., 196–7 two others (212–13). They tell the tale of Indrasenā (Mahendrasenā) Nālāyanī (Nārāyaṇī, B., iv, 21.10 ff.), whom L. v. Schroeder has awakened again to so full a life (*Mysterium u. Mimus im Rigveda*, p. 346 ff.): Indrasenā is the wife of the old penitent Maudgalya. This holy man not only has a spiteful and covetous disposition, but is also a leper, nothing but skin and bones, full of wrinkles, bald-headed, and "reeking with a smell that is very different from a perfume". But the young wife serves him with the greatest faithfulness. One day the leper's thumb falls off, and right into her food. She calmly picks out this nasty addition, and goes on eating. This so pleases him that he tells her he is not really so bad or so old. He tells her to choose herself a favour. She answers: "Do me the pleasure of dividing thyself into five." He does so, and now leads a life of delight by her side, climbing with her in his various shapes into the sun, to the heavenly Gaṅgā, into the moon, to the gods, and so on, turning into a tree which she winds round as a creeper, and doing other things of this kind. Thus for her with the five-fold husband did years go by like a moment. Then the holy man turned away from the delights of the senses, and left her. The sorrowing woman fell senseless to earth, and made lament that she was not yet sated with joys. Because of her unseemly words he laid the curse on her of becoming in her future life Drupada's daughter, and having five husbands. Then she practised the sternest penance. The rejoicing Çiva came; and now follows the well-known and here very needless tale of the words five times spoken: "Give me a husband." As Çiva keeps to his decision, she utters the wish that in her union with each of the five she may at least keep her maidenhead.

P. 124, l. 12. Or: "looked on him as one that gave the lie to the firmly laid down order" (frustrated, destroyed, harmed vitathamaryāda, i, 104.27; cp. bhinnamaryāda in the following çl.).

P. 126. Perhaps also xii, 207.40 speaks of the introduction of marriage. The passage might be translated: In the Dvāpara Age it was that the usage of copulation arose among creatures; then in the Kali Age mankind came to pairing (dvandvam āpedire). Cp. e.g., xii, 301.37, which has dvandvānāṃ viprayoga, where Nīl. is undoubtedly right in saying: dvandvānāṃ dampatīnām. Thus: while in the Dvāpara there was simply sexual union, it was only in our evil age that mankind took to marriage.

[From Melanesia for a time when the true sexual act was not yet

known cp. the tale and notes in G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore*, pp. 42–3, 242–3 (Translator).]

P. 130, l. 32. "Here the philosopher has the word": It is significant that K., i, 128 after Pāṇḍu's words that "hetæriśtic" conditions are a favour towards women puts in several çlokas describing the insatiable sexual greed of woman (8–11). According to Nīl., MBh., ii, 27.16 speaks of seven peoples in the Himālaya who had no marriage, but woman and man came together and then parted juśt like cattle.

P. 131, note 5. With Kshemendra Yudhishṭhira is in agreement in iii, 189.31–32.

P. 132, n. 2. According to MBh., v, 109.9–10 King Raivata on coming back home finds his wives and miniśters dead, and his kingdom in other hands; so he goes off into the foreśt to lead a pious life.

P. 149, n. 1. Here mention may be made also of MBh., i, 229.5 ff.: Mandapāla lived wholly chaśte, and was great in holy knowledge and asceticism. But after his death he found himself ill rewarded in the other world. He then asked why, and was given the answer: Man has to wipe away on earth a three-fold guilt by sacrifices, by chaśtity and Veda śtudy, by offspring (read sutaiḥ for çrutaiḥ). Thou art rich in asceticism, and one that makes sacrifice, but thou haśt no children. Hand thy blood on, and thou shalt enjoy glorious worlds.

P. 160, l. 17. Kalmāshapāda's subśtitution in marriage by Vasishṭha, his Purohita (i, 177.38–39), is to be found in i, 177.32 ff. The curse is the same as in Pāṇḍu's case.

P. 163, middle. That Pāṇḍu is to beget sons by his Yoga power is perhaps not altogether certain. Kuntī's expressions (121.3–5), and her recital seem to invite him to aćtual union. Tapoyogabalānvitaḥ would then mean: Since thou art endowed with the might of the penitent's Yoga, thou wilt be able to do it in spite of the curse. Manasā, it is true, can be so explained only at the cośt of some violence. By means of thy mind, that is, because thou haśt such a great manas, perfećted furthermore through asceticism? Or: if thou only wilt (through thy wish)?

P. 163, n. 1. "Go of his own will into heaven" is venturesome. What indeed seems to be meant is only the journey to the brahmaloka, which

is spoken of in B., i, 120, and K., 125, or Pāṇḍu's resolve to win heaven through penance (120.2 = K., 125.2).

P. 164, near end. As to Kuntī's fear of moral stain cp. in the interpolated adhy. in K., i, 213, çl. 20–21 : In " misfortune " and when authorized, there is for the woman according to the holy tradition one other besides the husband ; but to a third man she must not go, otherwise she must atone for it. If there is a fourth the woman loses her caste, and if a fifth then she becomes a vardhakī (is the reading bandhakī ? Or is it from vardh to cut ? Cp. chinnikā in Milindap., p. 122 ; Jāt., ii, 114, line 3 ; chinnāla " a loose fellow " (chinna + suff. āla) ; Uttarajjh., xxvii, 7 ; Deçīnāmam., 3.27 ; ZDMG, 58, p. 372 ; Charpentier in ZDMG, Bd. 70, p. 243. Skt. chinnā, according to the lexicographers " loose woman ").

P. 165, ll. 6–8. These words are said by Dhṛitarāshṭra to Vidura (i, 127.4). Duryodhana, be it said, reckons the Pāṇḍavas among those who are not of particularly good blood (i, 137.11–16).

P. 168, n. 1. Dārāṃç ca kuru dharmeṇa of course only means: Take thyself a wife, as the holy law bids. There is probably no suggestion of a marriage with Vicitravīrya's widows. Satyavatī makes two requests of him : (1) Raise up offspring for thy brother ; (2) Found a household, and have thyself consecrated king (for a king must come to the land). Probably it is a case of either the first or the second of these. For instead of caiva in 103.11 a better reading probably would be vaiva ; *c* and *v* indeed are always being confused. Nīl., it must be said, even takes caiva = eva vā. But his caiva, too, is probably a mistake in copying. Bhīshma answers : " I have taken an oath not to have offspring, and that I keep to." Now she throws herself with all her strength onto the first part only of her words (i, 103, 21 f.). She wished probably to tell herself that the sons begotten in Niyoga were held to be not Bhīshma's but Vicitravīrya's children. Bhīshma takes his oath literally : That also will not do ; but I recommend thee a better substitute : a Brahman. Satyavatī then seems to have become reconciled with his strait view also (105.34–35).—The Khaças are according to MBh., i, 175.37 ff. Mlecchas, just as the Kirātas, Çabaras, etc.

P. 172, l. 8. Therefore the man who sows seed in another's field is one among the seventeen arch-fools who beat the air with their fist (v, 37.1 ff.) ; while Brahma declares : Yasya bījaṃ phalam tasya (xiii, 85.120).

Appendix

P. 173, l. 23, and earlier. Cp. the statements on p. 314 on the *Jus primae noctis*.

P. 191, n. 1. The Ṛishi Bharadvāja burns himself in the fire that is devouring the body of his only son (iii, 137.14).

P. 212, n. 2. Further iii, 270.18–19; iv, 19.37–40; K., iv, 4.14. Subhadrā is just as loving to Draupadī's sons (iii, 183.27, 235.10 ff.).

P. 223. Furthermore L. v. Schroeder in *Mysterium und Mimus* has shown that already in primitive Aryan belief the departed souls are likewise fructifying spirits, just as their leader is likewise the god of procreative life (and of the storm; Rudra in India, Wotan among the Germans; etc.).

P. 225. If the menstruating woman comes into contact with the sacrificial fire, then as atonement a fixed offering must be made to a form of Agni (iii, 221.27).

[P. 231, n. 1. For the flatus in Melanesia cp. G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore* (London, 1926), pp. 42, 244. (Translator).]

P. 232, middle. For Agastya and Lopamudrā cp. Sieg, *Sagenstoffe des Rigveda*, i, 120 ff.; Schroeder, *Myst. und Mimus*, 156 ff.

P. 232, l. 22. Like Phyllis with Aristoteles, the fair one while picking flowers makes her way herself into the king's neighbourhood. He has himself carried home together with her in a comfortable litter (çibikā avaghoṭitā), and then gives himself up so earnestly to the joys of love with her that he no longer admits anyone to himself (K. says more clearly: ramamāno na kāṃççid apaçyat, 15). The first minister naturally wants to put an end to this. He asks the women who wait on the couple: "What is the matter here? (kim atra prayojanam. According to Nīl.: "What is there to be done here?" This seems not to fit so well). They answer: "We notice the strange thing that no water is brought." The minister, cleverly guessing, now has the pond made so that the king, too, believes there is no water whatever in it (cp. how Duryodhana is tricked in ii, 47.3 ff.). The prince's request to his wife is therefore jestingly meant. Cp. Hertel, *Indische Märchen*, pp. 33; 369.

P. 236. The tale of Pāṇḍu's and Mādrī's death is found in i, 125. Cp. 95.58–68.

[P. 242. For sexual perversion in Melanesia cp. G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore*, pp. 44–5, 196–7, 42–3, 242. (Translator).]

[P. 251, nn., l. 9 from end. For adultery through speech only in Melanesia cp. G. C. Wheeler, "The poele . . . among the Mono people," *Anthropophyteia*, x, p. 313. (Translator).]

P. 271, l. 10. For reasons of state-craft and his personal dislike for Duryodhana Kṛishṇa, indeed, does not make any use of these rest-houses (v, 85.18).

P. 310, n. 1. To the translation : " Mine house and my women's apartment . . . allotting all to thee (putting at thy disposal), I have come at all speed "—to this translation the foregoing çloka also points. The use of uddiçya, it is true, is not then the usual one.

P. 314, n. A noteworthy case of the *Jus primae noctis* from Old India is to be found in Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes et apologues*, iii, 95 : The people of a newly founded kingdom induce a strong man, who has done them a great benefit, to be the first to lie with every newly wedded woman among them. They wish thus to get fine children, and, secondly, to show him their gratitude. Later a wife makes them see they are all women, and they are revolted with the custom.

P. 316, l. 22. " Chambermaids are unprotected in the world, they are slave-girls, O Bhārata." So according to B. K., iv, 4.31 is probably more right with : sairandhryo rakshitā strīṇāṃ bhujishyāḥ santi, Bh. = " Chambermaids are the protected servants of women." They have a higher standing than other strolling women, as both texts hint in what follows (K., ekapatnyaḥ striyaç caitā iti lokasya niççayaḥ).

P. 324, n. 1. These kalpavṛiksha also were probably a kind of maypole like the Indradhvaja ; and the festival in honour of the mountain Raivata also may have been a fertility festival, or anyhow one held at the same time as the other.

P. 325, n. 2. The kind of merrymaking that went along with the sacrificial festivals of Vedic times has been described by Schroeder in his great work *Mysterium u. Mimus im Rigveda* in various places.

P. 334, n. 1. The transl. given in this note for v, 33.55 is probably the right one. K. even reads : mūrkhāḥ pūjitapūjakāḥ (çl. 62).

P. 346, n. 1. The saying that the service of the husband is for the woman the only religious means to favour (nāsti strīṇāṃ) is found also in xiii, 46.13 ; K., iv, 20.47 ; and probably elsewhere in the Epic.

Appendix

As religious duties falling especially to the house-wife, iii, 233.34 f. names: bhikhshā (to give to beggars), bali, çrāddha, sthālīpāka (on the Parvan days), mānyānāṃ mānasatkāra, as also the niyama.

P. 351, n. 2. Arjuna first stays three years (according to K., however, only three months) with Citrāṅgadā, then visits the tīrtha in the south, comes back to her for a short while, and hands over the son begotten with her as a çulka to her father. As he has neither house nor home, he leaves her with her father, but arranges for her to come to Indraprastha, when the thirteen years shall be over (215.27; 217.23 ff.).

P. 356, l. 15 from end. "Indra had slain Vṛitra, and thereby burdened himself with the guilt of Brahman-murder. He therefore crept away at the edge of the world into the water" (according to xii, 342.42 ff. into the lake Mānasa). This is in agreement with v, 13.12–13, but should perhaps rather be as follows: "Indra had maliciously slain Vṛitra, and moreover through slaying the pious demon Triçiras—in the MBh. a Veda-learned brandy-hero—had burdened himself with the guilt of 'Brahman-murder.'" The reminder may here be made that Apollo, too, appears as a murderer, and like Indra has to flee and make atonement, because he has killed the python. Schroeder, *Mysterium und Mimus*, p. 213, after Aug. Mommsen, *Delphika* (Lpzg., 1876), p. 296 f. Odin also has to flee from his kingdom into banishment; another comes to his throne, and takes his rule for himself, until the god captures his place once more. W. Golther, *Mythologie der Germanen*, p. 304; E. H. Meyer, *Mythologie der Germanen*, p. 377. His wife is not faithful to him (Golther, 433). The name itself of Triçiras ("the three-headed one") seems to point to an original snake spirit. Vṛitra is a dragon.

P. 370, at top. K., i, 98.32 lays it down: The children (or: the sons putrās) are like the father in their bodily characters, while those of the soul arise through their contact with the outward world (through intercourse, the world around) (teshāṃ çīlaguṇācārās tatsamparkāc chubhāçubhāt. Tatsamparka is probably hardly that fortunate or unfortunate mingling of the parents for the purpose of begetting). K., i, 99.39–40 on the other hand gives besides some bodily ones a whole set of mental characters.

P. 374. Birth from the mother's side is, of course, quite well known. So already in the Veda Indra comes into the world after having too long tarried in his mother's womb. See Sieg, *Sagenstoffe des Rigveda*, i, 79 ff.; Pischel, *Vedische Studien*, ii, 42 ff.

P. 390, last l. of text. Moreover, others know about it, too, for in v, 50.34 Saṃjaya gives a short account of the whole thing before the state assembly, and evidently as being well-known, too.

P. 391, last l. text. Perhaps this is the place for a more detailed account of the demons that are especially dangerous to children according to iii, 230.16 ff. The six Kṛittikā (Pleiades), Skanda's nurses, in various shapes torment and eat children, but also protect them, if they are given worship; a horrible demon sprung from Skanda's body is called Skandāpasmāra, and would seem to cause convulsions in children; Pūtanā (Çītapūtanā) carries off the fruit of the womb; Diti, the mother of the foes of the gods, as also all the youthful male and female beings born from Skanda's body, and the husbands of these latter (Kumāra and Kumārī, cp. 228.1 ff.) have a taste for children's flesh. On Surabhi, the first mother of cows, rides the foremother of birds and Garuḍa's mother, Vinatā, and together with her eats children. In the very womb Saramā, the first of bitches, steals the tender forms; the mother of trees also, who dwells in the tree Karañja, and is worshipped there to get children, is dangerous to them, but becomes very friendly if she is shown fitting honour. All these graha, who all like flesh and honey (cf. p. 240, note 1), stay for ten days in the lying-in room. The mother of the Gandharvas, and the mother of the Apsarases carry away the fœtus. The daughter of the "red sea" (cp. iii, 226.28; 231.11), who is worshipped in the kadamba-tree, and takes the same high place for women as does Rudra for men, is also one of the demons who show their maliciousness towards pregnant women and children; but also she bestows well-being, if service is rendered to her, as do all the other male and female beings that surround Skanda (cp. 228.1–9). For making these favourable or to ward them away praçamana (appeasing rites), snāna (bathing), dhūpana (incense), añjana (annointing), upahāra (dedicatory gifts) are used. Then they bestow powers of life and manhood. People, be it said, are children up to the sixteenth year. In 231.16, too, we are told of man-eating female genii of growth, called Vṛiddhikā, who have their birth-place and probably abode in trees, and must be worshipped by those who wish for offspring. These spirit-beings are therefore nearly all clearly marked out as being demons of plant life and of fruitfulness. The Indian "Mars", Skanda, usually the son of the procreative godheads Çiva and Pārvatī, is himself a phallic being. One of his faces, and indeed that which his "mothers" like best, is that of a ram, his weapon is the spear, known as a phallic symbol; his mothers and his often half-animal following are likewise spirits that have a connection with growth and procreation. This following according to iii, 231.11–12 arises from trees. He is

lord of the bhūta, the ghosts of the dead that grant the blessing of children, and also do harm to them (xii, 122.34). His names also may point to the phallus: Skanda, "the springer", taken from the spurting seed; Kumāra, "the boy" (as our old German story-tellers call the man's member); Guha, "the hidden one". Indeed, Çiva, who is of the same nature as he, is called Praskanda, Bindu, and Visarga as a discharge of the seed (xiii, 17.63). The following also, among other things, seems to point in the same direction: Skanda's wife is called Shashṭhī and Sinīvalī, both being godheads of fruitfulness and birth (iii, 229.50 ff.; 232.6); he is kanyābhartar (husband of girls ?), and has everything in red (clothing, banner, etc., 229.2, 32; 231.19, 93); his creature and plaything is the sexually lusty cock, which often is found as a symbol of fertility (225.24–25; 226.14–15; 229.33; 232.16). On Skanda much that is important is furthermore given in ix, 44–46. But I am thinking of bringing out a separate work, "Die Kindlifresser". Here, therefore, I give only a few suggestions.

The Yakshas, already marked as genii of plant life and fruitfulness through the fact of their abiding in trees and water, likewise eat children, at any rate the female ones do, as we are shown especially in Buddhistic literature. The Rākshasī Jarā is painted on walls as youthful and surrounded by children, and is worshipped with flowers, incense, perfumes and food. If this is done, then well-being holds sway in the house; otherwise it fares ill (ii, 18.1 ff.). In Magadha a festival was held for her (çl. 10). Now the souls of the dead in Indo-Germanic belief further the growth of plants and fruitfulness; and in India the Pretas, like the Rākshasas, dwell in trees (e.g. K., i, 163.28), and from trees there comes, indeed, in India, as is well-known, the blessing of children. Cp. my notes on pp. 158 and 223.

The Rākshasas likewise are among the ghostly figures of the dead, and like the Yakshas, with whom in Buddhistic literature especially they are near akin, among the genii of fruitfulness. Also the Gandharvas, so important for women's life and for conception, really represent, according to Schroeder's account, the souls of the departed (*Die Wurzeln der Sage vom heil. Gral*, p. 84, and passages there quoted). Cp. in J. J. Meyer, *Über das Wesen d. altind. Rechtsschriften u. ihr Verhältnis zu einander u. zu Kauṭilya* (Leipz., 1927), the passages given under "gandharva". But in view of the original singular this is probably hardly the older belief. Anyhow, the Gandharvas (or: the Gandharva) are indeed found as the possessors of woman before marriage, and undoubtedly causing fruitfulness, just like the moon (Soma), the "lord of plants" or god of growth (and houser of the blessed), and like the fire god—this last probably here as life-bringing warmth, as a form of Kāma or the genius of Love, hardly as Agni

of the hearth and warden of the ṛita, which binds the daughter to the father's house. Cp. my notes on pp. 227 and 312.

We have therefore no lack of kindly supernatural powers, although in certain circumstances they are also highly dangerous. It is no wonder then that the ideal Indian wife lets only an interval of one year come between the different children (i, 221.86; K., i, 134.1 ff.; etc.).

P. 404, n. Majjh., i, 190, speaks with emphatic and quite unmistakable words: Seyyathā pi āvuso suṇisā sasuraṃ disvā saṃvijjati, saṃvegaṃ āpajjati, evam-eva, etc., "just as the daughter-in-law, when she sees her father-in-law, is disconcerted, is abashed, so, etc." This comparison is also found elsewhere in the Majjh. I have only just seen the short communications on Indian examples by M. Winternitz and B. Liebich, WZKM, xxvi, 237 ff.; xxvii, 474 ff.

P. 405. Draupadī, as queen, did not pound her own sandal-salve (udvartana), but probably Kuntī's (iv, 20.23).

P. 431. So, too, to Iseult one who likewise is not in love with her says: "As this day raises daylight from the dead Might not this face the life of a dead man?" Swinburne, "Tristram of Lyonesse," *Poems*, Lond., 1904, p. 20.—In K. several verses have been interpolated which explain v, 116.2 ff., and give further happiness-bringing charms of woman. We find: the two hips, the forehead, the thighs, and the nose—these six arched (unnata, 116.3). On the other hand strophe 7 states: chest, neighbourhood of the girdle (kaksha, that is, probably, hips, pubic region, and buttocks), nails, nose, shoulders, and the region between them (or: loins? aṃsatrika)—these are the six unnata. According to str. 6 these must be long: jaws, eyes, arms, thighs, nose.

P. 444. "Coward" and "dull" is my translation for alpacetas, of small insight? of little courage? (ii, 67.25; cp. v, 105.28; vii, 72.50).

P. 445, 1st strophe: ("Loud cries"). The text is in disorder. The second half of 67.33 must be put before the first at least. But what is still more likely is that for vikroçati Yajñasenī we must read: vikroça hi (vikroçahi? vikroça tu?), Yajñaseni (or: vikroçatu Yajñasenī). Cp. viii, 86.18. The passage in other ways, too, will thus be far better: "Then spoke he to Kṛishṇā, hotly holding her fast by her ravishing black locks: 'Cry to Kṛishṇa, Jishṇu, Hari, Nara, That he may save thee, Yajñasenī.'" The second half of the trishṭubh in the text has probably been thoughtlessly transplanted here from 68.46. Duḥçāsana uvāca must now naturally be struck out. K., indeed, has not got this at all (89.45–46).

Appendix

P. 446, n. 4. Yudh. has over and above this taken the special vow never to refuse when he is challenged to play (ii, 58.16; 59.18; 76.4, 20).

P. 450, n. 1. The "three lights" are after all, it would seem, only the well-known trinity: sacrifice, offspring, and Veda study (cp. p. 150, note). Also K., i, 107.73.

P. 471, middle. Here we give a few more details throwing light on the life and standing of woman in the Epic. v, 59 = K., 47.17 ff. relates: Saṃjaya is led to Kṛishṇa and Arjuna in the women's part of the dwelling. There the two heroes are sitting, splendidly adorned and bewreathed, drunk with sweet intoxicating drink, both on a great golden seat, adorned with precious stones, and bespread with many kinds of rugs; Kṛishṇa is using the lap of his wife Satyabhāmā as a pillow, and his feet are lying on the lap of his friend Arjuna. (So K. According to B., Arjuna's feet are resting on Draupadī's and Satyabhāmā's lap.) The envoy Saṃjaya now brings forward his most weighty business of state. This voluptuous Eastern picture, however, probably comes from a later time. In any case this section does not belong to the older body of the poem. Adhy. 49–61, which arouse suspicion at once from the much too woeful and effeminate words of Dhṛitarāshṭra, have been put in at some time or other. If we reject this whole set of çlokas, and go at once from the trishṭubhs in 48 to the trishṭubhs 62.1 ff., then we get a smoothly running recital. Another proof is the unskilful tacking on in the last çl. of 61: Dhṛitarāshṭra is made out to have spoken earlier, but it was Duryodhana! v, 67.1 ff. is more pleasing: Gāndhārī at Saṃjaya's request is called into the sabhā, when the decision is to be taken as to war or peace with the Pāṇḍavas. Then too in ii, 58.26 ff.: Yudhishṭhira and his friends have come to Hāstinapura to dice. First of all they greet Gāndhārī, and only then King Dhṛitarāshṭra, her husband. They are welcomed by all the Kauravas, and called upon in their temporary abode, and this with Draupadī and the other women there. The daughters-in-law of Dhṛitarāshṭra also come, and are vexed at Kṛishṇā's loveliness. The heroes first converse with the ladies, then they enjoy themselves with bodily exercises. If this description so far reminds us of knighthood's days, on the other hand we are told that it is an honour for the woman if a stranger asks of her, who asks no questions, her name, family, husband, etc. (iii, 265.4–5). But how often this honour is done to the fair in Old India is shown countless times in the Epic. Thus King Jayadratha, who is on the way to the Çālvas to find a bride there, sees Draupadī in the forest, is quite lost, now wants her only, and without further ado sends a king from among his followers to find

out more about her. As a woman dwelling there alone she should really not have spoken to this messenger, but she does so, first, because no one else is there to speak with him, and secondly, because the messenger is not unknown to her. She therefore invites them all to enjoy Yudhishṭhira's hospitality (iii, 266). But Jayadratha carries her off, her that is already wedded. Since we find an offence of this kind now and then only appearing as such if the woman is unwilling (or does not love the man carrying her off, akāmā, ii, 45.10; cp. note 1, p. 490), so this, just like the commandment which holds for the maiden-lifter, to leave her alone who loves elsewhere, is an indication that the woman's inclination had something to say. A maiden taken in the fight must be left alone a full year before she is asked (as to marriage, doubtless). xii, 96.5. But intimacies before marriage are looked on as shameful (iv, 72 : esp. 4–7). In the marrying of a child, particularly a daughter, the mother in Indian literature as a whole has an important, not seldom the first, voice; and the men in the Epic take counsel, as so often on other important things, so especially on this, with the wife.

The relation, too, between sister and brother comes to us in a bright and beautiful light. Subhadrā is married to Arjuna in Indraprastha. Her brother (really her half-brother) Kṛishṇa comes there on a visit, and, when he leaves again, directly he has taken leave of the high personages Yudhishṭhira and Kuntī he goes to his sister. "When Hṛishīkeça had come to the sweet Subhadrā of the sweet speech the holy and august one, shedding tears for love of her, spoke to her deep, true, wholesome words, that flowed easily and pleasantly, fitting and without compare." She entrusts him with greetings and messages to her own people, and again and again shows him honour. When he has taken his leave of her, he at once goes to Draupadī, just as in the Epic he is ever showing the most friendly marks of attention to this lady (ii, 2.4–7; cp., too, 24.54 f.). Then when the Pāṇḍavas go off into banishment, he comes and takes Subhadrā and her son home with him for the thirteen years, as Dhṛishtaketu takes his sister, Nakula's wife, from Cedi. Draupadī herself, indeed, shares the fortunes of her lords and masters. But her children are brought by her brother into his own city; from there they go later, it is true, to Dvārakā (iii, 22.47–50; 183.14, 24 ff.; 235.10 ff.; iv, 72.21 f.). The natural abode of the woman that has no children (and no husband) is with her brother (v, 33.70). Such things are, indeed, good Indo-European customs.

P. 474, l. 12 ff. fr. end. The same wise man, indeed, seems to be of opinion that jealousy is the natural way of woman, just as intrigue is.

He goes on to say : Even the pattern of a good wife, Arundhatī, did angrily suspect her noble, faithful husband, Vasishṭha, one who was wholly pure, and thought only of what was for her good and dear to her ; therefore she now twinkles down as though with but one eye, the other being shut like that of one taking aim, smoky-red, ugly, and only slightly to be seen (nimittam iva paçyati ; nimitta probably here means : (1) target in shooting ; (2) mark, proof, of the husband's wrong-doing, for which she keeps a sharp look-out. MBh., i, 233.27 ff.). Arundhatī is the small, weak star Alcor, Vasishṭha one of the seven Ṛishis that make up the Great Bear.

[P. 476, n. 2. For jealousy between wives in Melanesia cp. G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore*, pp. 26–7, 189–92 (Translator).]

P. 547, n., (II). I have already in my Daçakumāracaritam, pp. 4–5, given it as my opinion that in an earlier version, which can be inferred from the MBh., the love which is kindled by the royal maiden Çāntā in the wholly innocent and truthful youth, brings down the longed-for moisture. A new, and not only surprising but also convincing light is thrown on the matter by the newer treatment of the Rishyaçṛiṅga legend by Schroeder (*Mysterium u. Mimus im Rigveda*, p. 292 ff. ; *Wurzeln d. Sage vom hl. Gral*, 76 ff. ; *Reden u. Aufsätze*, 410, 413). All these writings, I am sorry to say, I did not read till I was going through the proofs of the last sheets. Schroeder sees here a " generation rite "—the sexual union of the two in itself brings about rain. This undoubtedly exposes the root of the matter. Quite rightly the Buddhistic versions make the rain to fall so soon as the youthful penitent has carried out the copulation. Other, more polished versions have probably put love in the place of the procreative magic : the MBh. seems to show traces of this. Here also the absolute purity of body and soul is necessary for the miracle, and it is, indeed, several times given in the MBh. as the very reason (cp. besides iii, 110.24, espec. 110.47–48, also i, 2.168).

My translation on p. 542, ll. 15–16, is not the most obvious one. This would be : " There respectful greeting is no right of mine." This is also how the passage is understood, indeed, by the following çloka (iii, 12), an interpolated one, however. In spite of all the unsuspecting simplicity of heart in the youth, however, the hetæra could not help being afraid of betraying herself. Or is his stupidity to be stressed ? That would be too clumsy. Ṛishyaçṛiṅga, indeed, has asked pressingly about the newcomer's particular form of ascetic piety (vrata). The fair one would say : So much in earnest do I take my self-denial that I decline the honourable show of politeness which

other penitents are glad to accept. Ṛishyaçṛiṅga understands her, indeed, far better than the foolish interpolator (112.13).

In German we have, besides the fine version of the old tale in J. V. Widmann's *Buddha* (Song 9), the pleasing version by Isolde Kurz: "Die Büsser" (*Gedichte* [2], p. 168 ff.). The tale of the woman on horseback has been given a fresh life by Rudolf Baumbach.

[P. 371, l. 16. From Melanesia for Cæsarean birth cp. G. C. Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folklore*, pp. 54–5, 178–80 (Translator).]

INDEX

Preliminary remark.—It was my wish to present in this book as many as possible rather long and undivided pieces, but, at the same time, not to repeat more often than seemed absolutely necessary, certain statements, which, quite naturally in another connection, were again important, perhaps much more important. The Index should, therefore, not only serve to retrace passages, but also to collect together again the details of a particular subject. Here I will give just *one* example, right from the beginning of the book. On games and amusements of girls, page 9 gives only a very scanty account. If one reads on, however, then one receives, particularly from those sections of the Epic that have been translated, very much further information, and, finally, one has, after all, some of the main lines of the picture. If one wishes to read these together, one should refer to the Index, under Girl: games and amusements.—Add. means addition (to be looked up in the Appendix).

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Printed in Great Britain by Stephen Austin & Sons, Ltd., Hertford.